THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEB. 11, 1911 — 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Franklin

The new sloping hood, blending perfectly with the body lines, makes the Franklin above all others "The Car Beautiful".

The riding ease of the Franklin comes from full-elliptic springs and a chassis frame of laminated wood which take up and absorb road shocks.

The wonderful success of the Franklin air-cooled motor in the face of world-wide competition leads many people to predict that all automobile manufacturers will adopt air cooling.

Cooling efficiency in the Franklin does not vary in the hottest or coldest climate. In tropical countries, on the hot plains and in mountain climbing, where water-cooled cars overheat, Franklin cars cool perfectly.

Four hundred and eighty-five miles in 16 hours, 16½ minutes in the Los Angeles-Phoenix desert race; 134.6 miles at a speed of 61.8 miles per hour in the Santa Monica road race; 68 miles in 60 minutes in the Los Angeles Motordrome hour race, are records made by a 1911 thirty-eight-horse-power Franklin in November.

Besides saving in weight and complication Franklin air cooling removes all cause for worry, as there is not anything about the cooling to get out of order, freeze, overheat or break down.

A Franklin saves two thirds of the usual tire expense and at the same time goes faster and farther in a day than other cars.

The secret of Franklin tire service is large tires on a light-weight, easy-riding automobile. The tires are not overloaded and, road shocks being taken up by the springs, the tires are not pounded to pieces.

So free are Franklins from tire trouble that extra tires are not carried even on long tours. Service from a set of tires is two to four times greater than obtained with other cars.

You can buy a Franklin of the size and power best suited to your requirements. There are two six-cylinder cars, Model H, 48 H. P., seven-passenger, and the "little six" (Model D) five-passenger car. Either can be had with four-passenger torpedo-phaeton body.

Model M and Model G are four-cylinder touring cars, 25 and 18 H. P. respectively. The most interesting, high character runabout ever put on any market is the new G.

Limousines and landaulets are made in both four- and six-cylinder models.

Our special light speed car is unquestionably the king of the road.

The universal favor accorded Franklin design is a tribute to be highly prized.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

We Jump—They Jump
But They Can't Imitate Our Last Jump

Carl Freschl, Pres.

Every pair of genuine Holeproof Hose, the original guaranteed hose, now bears the signature of "*Carl Freschl, Pres.*" Every **box containing** genuine "Holeproof" bears the signature of "*Carl Freschl, Pres.*" You need never again be fooled in buying. This is the latest jump of the "Bellwether" among "the guaranteed hosieries." We don't think the flock of imitators will be able to make a similar jump.

The Bellwether always leads because he thinks first and has the ability to quickly turn his thought into action.

That's how Holeproof Hosiery earned its right to the "Bellwethership." That's why it's the finest hosiery ever made and why you should get it when you buy guaranteed hose. We planned for years to make such a hose before we were **able to produce quality** that would stand a six months' guarantee.

Twelve years ago we succeeded—we put the first guaranteed hose on the market, hose backed, then, by 26 years of experience.

The sales were phenomenal from the first, simply because the results were phenomenal, results due to these years of hose-making experience. Immediately, and without forethought, hundreds of makers rushed a "guaranteed hose" on the market just to compete for the trade we'd created.

They gave the hose names that mean the same thing as "Holeproof." They worded their guarantees as we word ours. They "jumped where we jumped." They took our **idea**, but they couldn't duplicate our **goods**. That is why the original is the supreme guaranteed hose.

But you must be a cautious buyer to get the genuine "Holeproof," for imitations are everywhere.

Carl Freschl is a man who has made hose for 38 years. His signature guarantees you the results of all his hosiery-making experience—you don't want an amateur make.

Thousands daily buy other brands, thinking they have the "experienced" kind. In justice to them and to ourselves we publish this ad with the hope to correct these mistakes.

Please don't judge "Holeproof" by imitations.

Don't let clever salespeople persuade you to take something else when you want the "original." We spend thousands for quality that no other hose in the world can boast.

"Holeproof" are soft, lightweight and stylish—never cumbersome, heavy and coarse.

They are made in eleven colors, four weights and four grades—an extensive assortment, so you can suit your particular taste.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Yarn
at an average of
70c per lb.

Here is one way we insure our quality. We pay for Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn an average of 70c per lb. That is the top market price for yarn. We could get common 2-ply yarn for 30c. But 3-ply is finer and stronger. The hose, therefore, can be made thinner and lighter.

We spend $33,000 a year merely for inspection, to see that each pair sent out is right.

"Holeproof" sells for $1.50 for six pairs, up to $3, according to finish and weight. Six pairs guaranteed six months.

They are made for men, women and children.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. There is no need to accept anything but the genuine "Holeproof."

Note the Signature

This is our trade-mark and Carl Freschl's signature as they appear on every genuine "Holeproof" sock, stocking and box. The name "Holeproof" is always stamped inside. The crown is always at the top, **and the signature will always be written underneath.**

You can't make a mistake if you remember this.

Don't think the word "Holeproof" means **any** guaranteed hose. **"Holeproof"** is the **name** of the **original** guaranteed hose **only.** Don't say merely Holeproof Hose in buying. Look for that name **on the toe** in the **trade-mark** and be sure to see the signature of *Carl Freschl Pres*

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." It tells all about "Holeproof."

THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 815 Tenth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

Are Your Hose Insured?

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

(111)

Does It Pay to Bake Beans Like These?

Last year we paid, on the average, $2.40 per bushel for beans. Last year each quart of tomato sauce cost us five times what common sauce sells for.

Our friends used to say that we were extremists—that such care was Quixotic—that we might save all the extra cost and people would never know it. But we are now the largest user of tin cans in America. Our beans outsell all other brands combined. And every month a new army of users changes from home-baked beans to Van Camp's. It does pay to bake beans like these.

Folks eventually find out what they like best. Some are misled for a time—some are slow to change from home baking. But we tell them again and again what we tell you here. And most people sometime get a taste of Van Camp's.

That settles the question forever.

Beans are the choicest food we have. They are 23 per cent nitrogenous—84 per cent nutriment.

They are richer in food value than sirloin beef, and cost but a third as much. They deserve the utmost care.

People who know baked beans at their best often make them their chiefest food.

But the dish is hard to prepare. It requires sixteen hours for the soaking, boiling and baking. And home-baked beans are very hard to digest. Some people can't eat them. Instead of digesting they often ferment and form gas.

The reason is lack of sufficient heat. The top beans crisp, but the beans below rarely get more than 100 degrees. So beans remain, where the faults exist, only an occasional dish.

Van Camp's Beans are baked when you get them. They are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Digestion is exceedingly easy.

The beans are not broken as they are in home ovens—not mushy and soggy and flat. They come from the oven nut-like, mealy and whole because we don't use dry heat.

And we bake the tomato sauce—like the pork—with the beans. We bake into each bean all the flavor and zest that we get from whole, ripe tomatoes.

We use only the choicest of Michigan beans. The whitest and plumpest are picked out by hand—beans all of one size so they all bake alike.

We make our sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes—not of tomatoes picked green, not of scraps from a canning factory.

The result is baked beans as you like them—baked beans at their best. And so many people have found them out that we sell millions of cans each month.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

You cannot bake beans like Van Camp's at home. It is utterly out of the question. And you can't get such beans in any brand not prepared with equal care.

You want beans digestible—want them mealy and whole—want them as all people like them.

You ought to be glad that there are such beans ready to serve in a minute. You can have a dozen meals on hand all the time, ready for any emergency. They taste just the same when you open the can as they tasted when they came from our ovens. And that means a savor which never before was found in a dish of baked beans. Be fair to yourself and try them.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

(99)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch Street Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 11, 1911 Number 33

A WOMAN WINS

By Anne S. Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

How She Made Good at a Man's Job

"No, Decidedly I Will Not." But I Know All the Time That I Should

WOMEN so often and so persistently say to me, "You are so lucky!" that I am going to let them on the inside, that they may see just how much luck has to do with what they are pleased to call my success and how much of it is due to unceasing perseverance, close concentration, never-sleeping vigilance—and a little bluff.

There is such a difference in the quality of women's work—the quality of thought, of concentration. It is one thing to sit long hours at a desk, going through laborious routine; it is quite another to sit there, every faculty alert —— But to go back to the beginning:

Never, so far as I can trace my ancestry, was one of my family, as the English put it, "in trade"; ministers, physicians, writers, predominated. Personally I was utterly devoid of any taste for commercial matters; I could never wade through a legal paper; I disliked even shopping, that delight of most women. I was a dreamer, a builder of airy castles that had little connection with mortar and stone. I mention these facts merely because women so often say to me: "Oh, well; you are just naturally a business woman."

When I went to Chicago in 1900 from the Pacific Coast, where I had grown up, I presume I carried with me a certain Western optimism, belief in self and freshness that in a measure made up for an absolute lack of business or newspaper experience. I had determined to become a writer and to that end bombarded the press of that city.

Some editors held out successfully; others gave way as the easier course. In a couple of years I had my experience—and a valuable one it was: then I became editor of a small magazine in connection with a large advertising concern.

My desk was in one corner of the president's office, this being the quietest spot on the floor, so far as the noise from typewriters was concerned; and here, whether I would or not, I was compelled to hear the subject of advertising discussed in all its phases. I sat day after day, writing editorials, working over manuscripts, editing copy, in an incessant din of advertising talk. All of the leading magazine representatives of the country made this office sometime during the year: tall and short, good-looking and homely, of ingratiating manner and well armed with arguments, they followed one on the heels of another, all after a generous bite of our appropriation cheese.

Often they would stroll over to my desk—you never can tell, you know, when an obscure woman in a quiet corner of a great office may have the casting of the determining ballot when it comes to distributing the advertising appropriation. Never miss an opportunity to make a good impression—that is the advertising solicitor's slogan. Later, when the contracts were made, I was given the size of space and asked to write the copy. In this I worked with the president of the company who, by the way, has the best equipment of advertising brains of any one I have ever met in the business. I learned all about rates, type, paper stock—its quality and prices—making up dummies, reading proof; in fact, all the many details of the advertising business. In this way advertising parlance—advertising stories that go the rounds of big offices—stories of tremendous successes, of terrific failures; of one campaign, carefully planned, putting the firm in a hole for millions of dollars; of another, thrown off over night, netting a fortune; of how well-known brands got their names—the whole advertising world—became as familiar to me as the walls of my own room.

Unexpected Laurels From a Business Men's Convention

ONE day, after I had been at the desk three years, the president, smiling rather quizzically, said to me: "Do you know you are getting to be a first-class business woman? And you were about the poorest material to start with I ever got hold of!"

"I am no business woman," I said irritably, "and I have no desire to be. My ambition is to be a writer."

"Just the same, you're making good."

I wondered if I really was. The idea interested me, but I doubted it; for I had never asked for a higher salary. I had been satisfied with the small raises vouchsafed me from time to time; had been satisfied because—I was loath to admit it—I was in the thrall of advertising; I was constantly excited, watching the game, and my own personal gain was not uppermost in my mind.

One day a request came from a convention of business men from all over the United States for some one to give them a talk on advertising. The president turned to me.

"I simply can't!" I remonstrated. "No telling what questions they might ask."

"I'll back you to answer any question on advertising any business man in America can put," he asserted pugnaciously; "or to get out of it in an impressive way."

It ended in my accepting the invitation. I was questioned for three mortal hours; and, as I was full of the subject and exhilarated by the experience, I suppose I made a good impression—at least, the convention was very enthusiastic and I returned to the office with laurels.

Almost instantly they faded. I took myself to account. What was I about?—allowing this business of advertising to suck up all my being, losing sight of my first fixed goal, blotting out my vision—all for the sake of a peculiarly exciting and tormenting game in which one ever won only to throw the dice again, and lost only to throw them with more skill next time.

The president had never taken much stock in the little magazine; and, the last year, time for it had been crowded into cracks and crannies left over from advertisement writing. I was not making progress as an editor—that was sure; and I was not getting rich—that was still surer.

What Came of Working Day and Night

MY OFFICE hours began at eight and ended at five-thirty; often I took work home to finish—especially for the magazine. On Sundays and holidays I wrote the stories and articles that appeared during this time, in various magazines, over my signature. I never lost a moment; on the street cars I carried a notebook for jotting down ideas; and at night a pencil and paper lay by my pillow—I became quite expert in writing in the dark without mixing my notes; often I waked suddenly out of dreams to jot down an idea and as suddenly returned to sleep.

At length all this close application to one idea, accompanied by a tugging undercurrent of rebellion, began to wear on me. I woke fagged and found that I needed an extra cup of tea to start the day on; often I went out in the afternoon and had an extra cup of tea. What drink and cigars were to the men, tea was to me; but tea, full of merit as it is, could not make up for the overstrain. A trembling seized me; shivers and thrills went over my body; one day I broke down utterly in the throes of a severe nervous chill.

A doctor patched me up—I insisted that he must—I couldn't afford to stop work; but after a few days he said: "If you don't stop and take a long rest—you'll have to; and that won't be so nice."

All at once the feeling that I had to stop the advertising business came to me with great, deep joy. What a fool I had been to waste all these years! The physical breakdown was just the thing; I was glad of it. Now I would have to quit and I would get back to my first dream.

I told the president I was going to quit—going West. He asked me for two weeks. I hesitated about giving him even two weeks; I was afraid if I didn't go quickly, while the mood was strong, some new campaign might be started; some advertising scheme that would catch and hold me. However, I couldn't leave him so abruptly.

At the end of the two weeks he came to me with a nice little plan. "You go West and take a long vacation," he said. "Then come back with your mind made up to

"Miss Gale, I Never Copy Anything: All My Work is Original"

"Shall I Go Back to the Office and Let Your Bookkeeper Satisfy Me on These Details?"

make it permanent and I'll make you a partner in the advertising business. I think we'll sell the magazine."

"Make it permanent!"—just what I was trying to escape. I swallowed hard—and refused.

He said I wasn't so good a business woman as he had thought me; that it was a very fine offer. I looked stupidly out of the window; I didn't even thank him. It seemed to me that some awful power was drawing me remorselessly into the thrall of advertising; that I was never to be a writer of other than selling talk. Breathless, as one making a desperate escape, I packed my trunk and fairly flew from the city.

All the way across the Western plains my nerves thumped and throbbed in time with the throbbing engines. I arrived at a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants—chosen for climatic reasons—a nervous wreck; the let-down had not relieved the nerve sensitiveness; every sound startled me; the feel of my clothes on my body and the pressure of the bedding at night irritated me.

I went to a quiet suburban place, where the most startling noise was the tinkle of a cow-bell, and began a rigid program of long walks, full, regular meals, rest and sleep.

Back in the Game Again

I HAD never attained a salary above one hundred dollars a month and on this I had been able to save very little. One hundred dollars a month is a small allowance in a city, where certain demands as to boarding-houses, clothes, club dues, and the like, take three-fourths of it, and the other fourth must pay for incidentals such as dentists and doctors. To be exact, I possessed two hundred dollars to show for six years of hard, close work—two hundred dollars and a disorganized nervous system.

Gradually, out of the friendly earth and the air and the skies, nerve restoration came to me. I secured a position on one of the local papers that would pay my expenses—a light position requiring about three hours a day. My work was to interview the business men of town and glean news for a breezy business column; all winter I loafed on this job and let my mind play at whatever it wished. Sometimes it was an article, sometimes a short story; then again a novel or a drama. I had dozens of themes in mind, but I wanted to get the virus of business entirely out of my system before undertaking any of them. Then again I could not do good literary work while I was engaged in anything else.

Although I studiously avoided the subject of advertising I could not help hearing, through my connection with the newspaper, that conditions in agencies in the town were far from satisfactory—the most advertised firm was on the brink of bankruptcy; two other firms were short of clients; new firms sprang up now and then, to languish along for a while before dying in obscurity. I had a business acquaintance who loved ads as an Irishman loves potatoes; he bought the magazines just to read the advertisements. He had a dream of some day going into the business. Much to my displeasure he was always talking to me on the subject.

"First good chance," he would say, "I'm going to open an advertising office; and I want you to help me get started."

"Not on your life!" I would retort with more force than elegance and rush from his presence.

One day this man called me up over the 'phone and blurted out: "Say, now, Miss Gale, I've opened that advertising office—won't you come down and give me some pointers?"

"No!" I called back; "decidedly I will not." But I knew all the time that I would.

I went down. My friend knew as much about practical advertising as the average woman does about banking; he was starting everything wrong. I knew his wife and I didn't want him to fail, so I pitched in. Several days I worked with him, getting everything in shape. When I was ready to leave he threw himself on my mercy.

"Stay," he begged; "lend me your name and experience just till I get going. You won't have an earthly thing to do; just put your name in the firm and help me get clients, then you can quietly draw out."

I felt the toils tightening about me. I subconsciously knew what was coming, but I saw he had lost confidence in himself—was thoroughly frightened—so I stayed.

At the end of a month he accepted a salaried position in a line he understood and I was left with a full-fledged advertising business on my hands.

I was thoroughly angry. My instinct was to close the doors, return the contracts and put the business out of existence; but my pride was at stake. Several business men had signed up with me—men whose acquaintance I had made while on the paper—and it was hard to go to them and explain how it had all happened. It was so feminine and illogical; and—well, to make a long story short, advertising had got me once more.

I drew a long breath, viciously scolded my nerves that were again crying out with the persistent abandon of spoiled children, went into the inner office, sat down in the manager's chair, wrote an order for a new name to go on the door, "The Gale Advertising Company," and placed my limit at one year. At the end of that time the contracts already signed would expire and I should have at least a few hundred dollars on which to retire to literature.

I had two rooms—a reception room, where my stenographer ruled, and an inner private office. I had few trappings of luxury or beauty; everything spoke of business and utility.

I chose my stenographer, Nelda, for her neat, businesslike appearance; she never chewed gum or patted her puffs. Her chief duty was to keep the outer office in order, bring me messages from people, always be there and do almost no talking. She was well trained and had a lot of good sense of her own to start with.

At first the office was quite a joke with the men—the usual run of solicitors, agents for specialties and advertising representatives that collect about an advertising center as flies do about a molasses jar. But they soon discovered that, though the office might be a joke in their minds, there was no time for joking in the office. We had no loitering, jollying or killing time. I early gained the reputation among them of being "as hard as nails." There was a tendency, too, among women to drop in and visit; but they were promptly told that I could not be disturbed except on business—not even to say "Howdy." They soon lost the idea that a woman's office is a rendezvous for tired shoppers and club committees.

My days were crowded. At my desk by eight, I seldom left it for the day before seven. Often, when an ad was being run in the morning paper and there had been no opportunity to see a proof, I remained downtown until midnight, went to the composing room and corrected the proof before going home to bed. I stood over each campaign like a mother watching a child for every sign of health or sickness. I never left a vital point to another's care. I took no chances.

I soon saw that I should have to get additional help; so, when a very brisk and dapper young man called and represented himself as an advertisement writer, I was glad to consider his application for employment.

"Are you good at copy?" I asked.

He straightened up with much dignity. "Miss Gale, I never copy anything; all my work is original."

"I see," I answered pensively. "Well—I've nothing just now."

He seemed very good material, but I felt that if he hadn't had sufficient experience to know that the word "copy" stands for all advertising matter ready for the printer he would not be of much assistance. Shortly afterward my help problem was solved in an amusing way by a reporter who dropped in for an item.

"Only women, eh?" he said, glancing toward my stenographer. I had not thought of that. I meant to get the best help I could, as business increased, regardless of sex. To me sex is to be taken into account only in the choosing of a person to be a father or a mother—it affects only those vocations—but his remark sounded like good advertising.

"Yes," I said; "women are the best detailists, you know."

"You're right," he exclaimed. "By George! a man is all right on the outside; but in an office—especially an advertising office—it's women every time for the best work. Funny, ain't it?"

"Women do all the buying; all the household economies are up to them—it's a heritage, Mr. Horton. Look through the newspapers and magazines: nearly all of the advertisements are written to appeal especially to women—naturally women are on the inside—they know their own vulnerable points better than a man does. That is why we write better copy than you do."

Free Advertising That Helped

HE SAW a good story in it, went back to his office and wrote up "The Woman's Advertising Company" breezily—and with a few exaggerations. The story was copied all over the country and a New York journal sent West for a special story, with photographs, of the "only woman's advertising company in existence."

After this, of course, I could employ only women—on the inside. Where could I get these women? Advertising writers were not plentiful. I decided if I was to have efficient help I must manufacture it. At once, therefore, I ran an ad in the daily papers to the effect that a woman's advertising class would be started immediately; a dozen applicants were there next morning. By the process of elimination I started a promising class of eight. They were to have two lessons a week and, as fast as they developed into good material, I was to take them into the office. Two of the most businesslike ones I took in at once; in this way I gained my office force.

A small portion of absolute knowledge is worth many pounds of theory; this I proved early in the game. Among the clients who had intrusted their business to me were the Western Fruiterers, a large packing concern. The advertising appropriation ran into the thousands monthly. The head of the company didn't believe much in advertising—it was a kind of necessity, he supposed; he guessed he couldn't get out of it—but, so far as he could see, it had never paid. I had guaranteed to make it pay, though what value lay in my guaranty I could not say. I wondered at the time what value he thought it had, for I knew as much about marketing jellies and jams and canned fruits as the usual person who adds these foods to his general diet. The head man admitted it was an awful nuisance the way solicitors bothered the life out of him for copy; he usually gave it to the most persistent ones to get rid of them. He was willing to pay me my commission—fifteen per cent of his appropriation—to take the beggars off his hands. He had turned all his live contracts over to me; but I had not gotten to the task of sorting them, finding out when they expired and considering renewals, when a solicitor

"Make it Permanent and I'll Make You a Partner in the Advertising Business"

for the Temple Weekly called. Very affably, slightly condescendingly, he opened his contract pad and sat down at my desk. He took out his fountain pen, dated a contract and then looked up in smiling assurance.

"Mr. Doane, of the Western Fruiterers, tells me you are to furnish their copy in future. I congratulate you—nice people to do business with. I congratulate them as well."

I merely smiled. The fewer words the fewer blunders in business.

"You see," he resumed, with more unction, "this little contract with the Temple Weekly has just expired—so I found, glancing over the files—and I thought I'd just run up and let you sign a new one for them—you are empowered to make their contracts, I understand?—and get next week's copy at the same time. Sign here, please."

"I don't know the Temple Weekly," I said. "Have you a copy with you?"

"Why, certainly!" He pulled it out and with much gusto spread it before me, opening it to the center, where a handsome half-tone occupied the largest space.

I picked up the sheet, turned the pages slowly from front to back cover; then examined the outside. "A fine grade of paper you use," I said.

"Yes; isn't it? Makes a fine appearance."

"And what is the circulation?"

"Twenty-five thousand," he reeled off glibly.

Again I went through it, sizing up the advertising matter.

"And the price of space?"

"Twelve dollars a month for two inches double; the Western Fruiterers get a better rate than some, being old advertisers."

A Bluff Called

"TWENTY-FIVE thousand copies on this highly calendered paper would cost you at least three hundred dollars an issue for paper alone. Besides this there are your editors' salaries, yours, the printing bills, half-tones—why, Mr. Sloth, you don't break even; you go behind every issue. Is this a new publication—or a philanthropic affair?"

Mr. Sloth colored, hemmed and hawed; then compromised.

"You see, Miss Gale, this paper is run by a man who is not a business man; he thinks only of building up his paper from an editorial standpoint, see? He has money; he can afford to run the paper at—well, a slight loss, even if there should be a slight loss."

"I think he is a very fine business man; twenty-five thousand circulation for a weekly of that kind in a town of five hundred thousand inhabitants—why, that is one copy to every twenty people. That's excellent!"

"Isn't it?" Mr. Sloth was still red and fumbled nervously with his contract blank. He wanted it signed.

"I shouldn't want a better medium for the Western Fruiterers' business if ——"

"Certainly not—right here, please." He pushed the contract nearer me.

"If," I continued, "you can bring me irrefutable evidence that you do print twenty-five thousand copies and that they go into as many different homes—not as sample copies, but on bona-fide subscription."

"You doubt me, then," he said stiffly. "You demand proof!"

"Evidence was my word," I replied calmly. "Proof is shorter and therefore better."

At once he folded up his contract pad, put his paper back into his pocket and took up his hat.

"Miss Gale, it's an unheard-of request in this town; but I shall humor you, I shall comply with it. I will be back here in twenty minutes with a sworn statement from my printer ——"

"No; that won't do," I broke in. "I want to see your subscription files, your paper bills, your printer's bills and your post-office receipts."

"What!" He stopped, fairly stunned.

"It is asking a good deal," I agreed, also rising and reaching for my hat. "Shall I go back to the office with you, Mr. Sloth, and let your bookkeeper satisfy me on these details?"

That woke him up.

"No, indeed, Miss Gale; I wouldn't think of troubling you to that extent. Besides—I am not going back to the office immediately. This afternoon, or tomorrow—I'll be back." And his coat-tails whipped out of the office.

I opened my private detail book, entered the Temple Weekly and after it the line, "The little man with the big bluff!" Later, on information secured in a roundabout way, I entered the correct circulation—five hundred copies! This was the number he could afford to print on the kind of paper he used and come out even with the amount of business he carried. I had sized up his circulation at this figure as I looked over his paper.

In no other instance was there such an outrageous misrepresentation of facts, but with most of the smaller publications it was a matter of exaggeration or silence. When representatives would not state their circulation then I had to judge by the general appearance of the publication; and usually this was quite as satisfactory. The process of cataloguing them all, with their correct values, was not always easily accomplished. Many inquiries had to be made and much indirect work done; but in no case did I renew a contract until I had made a correct estimate of actual circulation.

On an average those that claimed eighteen thousand printed ten thousand and had a subscription list of four thousand. There were many catch phrases and the commonest subterfuge was to offer to bring a printer's certificate—a thing many friendly printers would be willing to give, stretching the number printed to suit the customer's needs. In time, however, the solicitors told me at once their actual figures; they would say: "Well, we're talking twenty thousand, Miss Gale, and actually printing twelve thousand, which you know is a very fair number." It was true that everybody exaggerated, and had one firm given the merchants the correct figures its publication would not have been in the running with others whose representatives overstated. It was a knotty problem for the publication people. I kept this information for my own use, of course, saying nothing to any of the clients about overstatements.

With programs for church fairs and other charitable functions I had a still harder fight. Their representatives lied even more glibly as to the issue and, when confronted with facts, fell back on a plea for charity. It was always: "In the name of charity, give us an ad!"

That appeal had always worked pretty well in this town; in fact, it was a queer town for advertising—the people would throw their copy about like paper in a whirlwind and then grumble because they saw no results.

I came down on the charity business right from the start.

"Advertising is not charity," I said. "It does not come under that head. Show me how my client can get returns from using these highly inflamed programs and we'll talk business, but I can't discuss public charities during my private business hours."

Many solicitors were incensed—they went to my clients over my head. Often my clients called me up and suggested that I had been a little hard—perhaps I'd better give them an ad.

"Then," I would return, "I can't guarantee your advertising results. Give me a charity fund—tell me how much you want to spend in a year on these charities—and I will distribute it as justly as I can; but don't ask me to take it out of the advertising appropriation."

I found that the merchants were called on for private subscriptions to these charities in addition; the ad was just another little gouge. I put my foot down and kept it down. Often I would give the begging solicitor a check for five dollars in the name of the firm and charge it up to charity; but whenever I could I refused to put advertising in these worthless mediums.

The church people were particularly aroused. Wasn't I a church member? What did I have against the church? So-and-so, my client, was willing to give, had always advertised with them before. What was it to me, they wanted to know.

I answered: "Common honesty. I am hired to spend that appropriation to get results in business; I can't use for one purpose a fund set apart for another."

A church representative brought a dummy of a small magazine he was starting. All the advertising pages were nicely blocked off and half the leading firms were represented.

"Right here's a good section for a lot of your people," he said briskly. "Only twenty dollars a page, you see," drawing his chair up cozily. "I'm starting this enterprise—it's all my own idea," he went on; "and I want to be sure to come out even from the start. By gum! I can't afford to lose a dollar on it. If I get my paper and printing bill out of it for a few months, till I get on my feet, I'll be satisfied."

He was a nice, clean-minded, ambitious young man and I was sorry to disappoint him.

"Right-About Face and Get Out of Here as Fast as You Can!"

A Deserved Failure

"AND so you are asking the business men of town to put up the money for your little private enterprise without even a promise of interest, much less a return of the original loan?"

"What do you mean?"

"You say yourself you can't afford to lose one of your own dollars getting your venture started; you are not sure you will sell enough to let you out on the printing and paper bills. You know, in fact, you won't sell enough to pay postage, for you can't get pound rates for some time. And yet you ask these business men to put in something—from five to twenty dollars apiece—to float your enterprise. What do they get out of it?"

"The advertising."

"To whom?—those people who won't buy enough to pay your printing and paper bills? To whom are they advertised, may I ask?—to the men who set up the copy?"

"It'll look nice—good paper—I'll use cuts—and they will buy it because they all know me. I've got lots of friends in this town," he said in an injured tone.

"Then let your printer and your paper house look to these friends—who will pay ten cents apiece for your magazine—for their money. You have more claim on them than on these business men."

He was nonplused. I had meant to speak kindly; I was merely trying to combat a wrong idea of advertising—an idea so ingrained in this town that nearly every solicitor felt personal umbrage at my attitude.

"I'll succeed yet," the young man said defiantly as he started to leave.

"I sincerely hope so," I answered; "and when you have a well-established, substantial organ, with warrantable circulation, I'll sign up as many of my clients as are suitable to your audience. Come to see me—a year from now."

The magazine was a failure. It was poorly planned, poorly printed, and after floundering through three months of weak existence fell by the wayside—the young man never paid his second call.

Another thing about these program and small-circulation people: not one in five would admit that his circulation was not suitable to any kind of an advertisement. One day a representative came in with a milling publication. It carried a good line of business, was well established, printed on paper in keeping with its pretensions, and the man gave such a reasonable figure on circulation that I believed him.

"I have one milling-supply house," I said. "I think I can give you a little business."

"But you have many of the largest firms in town—surely some of those others could be signed up with me. We're a good old firm, Miss Gale; no fake."

"I know it," I said. "There's millinery—I have a fine millinery firm. Do you think your millers would like to buy my client's hats?"

He smiled. "Their wives would."

(Continued on Page 80)

LITTLE JOE

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

All Day the Boy Had to Stand Guard Over His Horses While They Cropped the Grass

HIS name was Bill—Bill Blackburn; but they called him Little Joe—this by reason of that meritorious ballad, Little Joe the Horse Wrangler. It is a very sad song, with many quavers in the last line, and we shall not give it here; for, of all things, let us have a cheerful tale.

Joe did not show his twelve years in bulk. Perhaps his legs were responsible, they being accurately bowed to fit a saddle; but one cannot bestride a horse twelve hours out of the twenty-four from the age of six to the dignity of wrangler to a big outfit without affecting to some extent the symmetry of the nether limbs. His other features were a freckled face and a vagueness of nose that pained the Big Un's feelings. The Big Un used to spend his leisure hours teasing Little Joe and showing him how he might order his life with improvement to his morals. Also he taught him the innermost mysteries of horse nature, to the end that the boy might flourish.

It was Joe's job to take care of the horses—only two hundred of them—and it was the boast of the Triangle that the boy had never lost a horse—rain, shine or stampede. They will admit under questioning that a mule once walked off while Joe was filling at a waterhole; but then, "a doggone mule is like for to do most anything," as Ike pointed out. Moreover, the hybrid returned of his own accord within two days, his stomach clamoring for the crusts he was wont to loot from camp. Joe took to him with a rope's end and the mule affected to feel the punishment. This clash established a feud between the two which waxed extremely bitter and personal.

"The Remuda's in the Pasture. Li'l' Joe, He Didn't Lose a Hoss"

"Who done snaked my bread and beans?" the boy demanded at dinner one day. The cook had wheedled him into going to the tank for a bucket of fresh water and on his return he discovered his plate licked clean.

"I swan I don't know, Joe," Ike assured him. "It looks like a animyle done it. It looks like you might of eat it yourself."

Joe cast his eye about and beheld the mule aforementioned picking his way blithely out of camp. He was munching on a bun, a charred end of which protruded from his flopping lips.

"It's that ol' devil, Speakeasy," Joe wailed. "Gimme a pothook, Sam."

The cook proffered it with alacrity, a heavy score against Speakeasy rankling in his soul, and Joe advanced with hand outstretched and honeyed speech. He held the pothook behind his back and his voice took on a tremolo of affection as he called: "Whoa, Speakeasy. Come here, ol' feller. Now, boy. Now-how!" But the mule had survived years of blandishment and continued his progress the more briskly, his head slantwise and his eyes rolling back at Joe.

It was an education and a joy to see the boy bring his horses to camp for the roping of fresh mounts. They would come helter-skelter, some loping, some at a long, swinging trot—the two hundred massed like a flying wedge. Their shrill neighs and whinnies proclaimed their advance from afar. There would be jostlings and one would snap viciously at a neighbor with his teeth, splitting the band apart. Then Little Joe's long rope would crack on the culprit's ribs and the remuda would instantly close in again. He rode behind, whooping them on and throwing the stragglers back.

"Hey, Waspnest! Hey, Beanbelly! Git in there! You, Curly—I'll shore bust you wide open. Hi-yi, boys! Git in! Git in!"

He knew every horse by name. He could tell without counting, the instant he gathered them, if one were absent. An Easterner may find this hard to believe, considering how many scores of them would look absolutely alike to an unpracticed observer; but I have seen Jake Raines much upset because, in a roundup of three thousand cows and calves, a red, white-faced cow he had chased on the drive was not present—and there were fourteen hundred precisely like her in the surging horde he circled.

Joe never lost a horse. That is to be remembered, because it concerns his history very closely. Indeed, the Big Un once beat a gentleman of Garza County almost to death because he had intimated that a Mexican wrangler of his acquaintance rather laid it over Joe in the science of handling horses. They tried to put the Big Un in jail, but he had sixteen witnesses to prove that the trouble occurred over the theft of a calf and that the injured man's abrupt assault on him could not be justified on any grounds whatever.

At twelve years seven months and nine days of age Little Joe fell in love. Some mortals fall in love and fall out again with light mind and scatheless hearts, but Joe decided that it was high time for a man to marry. The lady slightly overlapped him in years, it is true—being, in fact, eighteen—but Joe felt that this was no obstacle. When two persons love deeply, what are years and a certain discrepancy in height? What boots it that she outweigh a man seventy pounds? Besides, he was earning twenty dollars a month and owned the finest horse in Texas, however Ike might decry it as that "pore li'l' starved runt." Some day he would acquire a quarter-section of land in Duck Creek Valley, with a big house of three rooms, and the outfit would cease calling him Little Joe and the women in town would address him as Mr. Blackburn. Who knows that he might not become a rich cowman, with hundreds of thousands of acres and monster herds of smooth-coated Herefords? He already possessed one cow with calf and a "dogy," whose mother had perished from a fall in the J2 brakes. Joe had acquired it by carrying it two miles across his saddle; also he claimed part ownership in a pied steer, which a buyer had thrice cut back as worthless, though Ike disputed this property.

Yet his suit did not run so smoothly as he could have wished. It was rather difficult for Joe to meet his intended, because they worked him seven days a week and often he was a day's ride from her home; but whenever the outfit camped within ten miles of the Birdsall place—the Triangle was making its beef roundup—Joe would bring the remuda up early after the day's work, that the hobbling might be done before dark. After he had seen the horses hop stiffly away to their night's grazing he would strike straight across country. Anniebelle was always there to greet him, taking much pride in the wrangler's attentions. She had two brothers older than her admirer, but they toiled in the fields planting corn and cotton, and Joe properly patronized them.

"It's great to be a cowboy," Jem sighed enviously as Joe alighted at the gate with the deliberate calm of the master of a situation.

"I reckon a man has to be born that way," Anniebelle said, her eyes glowing. "Joe, he's always been a man. Just look at him!"

The wrangler was rolling a cigarette as he came nonchalantly up the path to the house. Viewed coldly in the light of bald facts, there was nothing heroic in the figure. An onlooker would merely have beheld a stunted boy with curving legs and a roll to his gait, intent on licking a bit of brown paper—for which he should have been spanked. Anniebelle and Jem did not know that Little Joe indulged this habit but rarely, his stomach not being proof against it; but it was in reality a Spartan effort to appear a man in all things. So the girl welcomed him as she might have welcomed Ike—or even Claude, the reckless bronco-buster.

Joe accepted a seat on the bench beside the door and blew smoke up among the gourd-vines. Mr. Birdsall, who was scrubbing his face in a basin after a day in the fields, stuck his head out and grinned at him and the boy nodded curtly. He hadn't an especially high opinion of Birdsall's intelligence, the latter being given to levity when the occasion called for sober mien, and he frequently wondered how the man happened to be the father of Anniebelle.

"Well, how's the horses, Joe? Lost any yet?" the nester called out cheerily.

"Baldy's gone lame in the off foreleg and Judge done burned himself with his hobble," Joe answered. He considered it superfluous to deny losses. "Say, Mr. Birdsall,

there's some loco-weed in the corner of your pasture. You ought for to kill it out. One of the chuckwagon horses is shore going locoed."

"I seen your remuda yesterday. They're in fine shape, Joe. I wish I had them two big workhorses. One of these days that whole bunch'll be dragging plows."

The wrangler spat disdainfully, his gaze roving over a kingdom of virgin land. For miles and miles was rolling country, dotted with mesquit and dark green in shin-oak; patches of dark red marked where the wash of floods had scooped gullies. Not a house stood in all that immense domain. Said Joe: "I reckon it won't be in your time or mine, Mr. Birdsall. How do, Miz Birdsall? No; I'll set here—thanks. It's cooler. If this country does take to hoeing cotton I'll hit for Arizona."

"Oh, Joe!" Anniebelle murmured.

"You cain't raise cattle so it'll pay," the farmer retorted with emphasis, "on land worth more'n three dollars a acre. Now, this here country is worth eight. So, there you are. Them ranches is only holding out until they kin sell. Why, I done took half a bale of cotton to the acre off'n that strip of shinnery I broke only last year."

"Huh-huh," said Joe. The argument was old to him. "Wait till a dry year strikes you, though. You'll be trailing back to Arkansas with the stove in the wagon and the dog tied behind. No, sir; some of this here country won't never be fit for nothing but cattle."

"And some of you boys won't never be fit for nothing but cattle," Birdsall answered irritably.

"I reckon you're about right." Joe spoke reluctantly. "We'll git old and cain't do anything else. Look at Uncle Henery—sixty years old and nothing but a pore li'l' ol' cowboy, all stove up."

"But you'll be a cowman, Joe, and run your own brand," Anniebelle cried.

The wrangler flashed her a grateful look. "If they close out the cattle in this here country," he said, "I'll hit for Arizona. They'll run cows there yet awhile. And the boys wear guns and chaps there all the time, Anniebelle."

"Oh, Joe; wouldn't you look cute?" she exclaimed.

This confirmed Joe's private opinion and he flushed pleasurably.

"Pshaw!" said Birdsall—"Pshaw! You go in for farming, Little Joe. That's what all the young fellers have got to learn nowadays. Leastways, if you don't want to be broke in your old age."

Mrs. Birdsall called them to supper, which saved the boy the necessity of a reply. Joe was positive that he could never be anything but a cowboy. They had fried chicken and corn, beans and bread and coffee, but Joe ate sparingly, with an oppressive observance of niceties. It became too irksome for Jem, especially as his sister was frowning at his method of tearing a wing apart.

"You cain't git that gravy up with a fork, Joe," he broke out.

Joe shifted uncomfortably in his seat, but held fast to the line of deportment he had laid down for himself. He had read in a book, acquired through accident, what a gentleman ought to do under given circumstances in the presence of ladies and he was going to see the thing through. He had been wolfishly hungry on the ride over, but something had dispelled his appetite. As for Anniebelle, she crooked her little finger at every bite and resolutely refrained from blowing on the coffee she poured into her saucer to cool.

After the meal the girl helped her mother wash the dishes and Little Joe sat on the bench and discussed rainfall and cattle with Birdsall very learnedly. He had a theory that cows might survive drought better if fed plenty of salt—he had not listened to Ike's talk for nothing—and the farmer gave ear with increasing respect, wondering where the boy had picked up his knowledge. Then Anniebelle joined them and Birdsall winked at the north star and went indoors, making rolling noises in his throat.

For a long time Joe said nothing, being unable to think of anything to say. Such was his wont and Anniebelle respected the dignity of reserve. Then he coughed and ventured an opinion that the wind bade fair for rain. She murmured, "It sure looks that way." Having demonstrated that he could carry on a conversation, the wrangler felt better and bothered his head no further about small talk. Quite by accident his fingers touched Anniebelle's when he laid them on the bench and he started violently; but she clasped his reluctant hand and Joe was emboldened to look at her. They—but why lay bare to curious and perhaps unsympathetic eyes events that ought to be held sacred in a man's life?

Spake Ike at dinner next day, his mouth full of beef: "The Big Un says as you were gal-ing last night, Joe. How about it? He says you come in asniggering to yourself close to one o'clock."

"Aw, shut up!" said the wrangler, not ill-pleased.

"That ain't polite, Li'l' Joe. You're gettin' awful vulgar lately," the Big Un reproved.

"Was it that brown-haired gal of Birdsall's?" Ike continued. "The one with the peachy skin? Say, Joe, I bet she done gripped hold of your hand before you could cross your fingers. Honest, now—didn't she?"

"And she done cried softlike when you kissed her?" Shorty said. "I swan, that made me feel bad for a minute."

The wrangler stopped chewing on a bit of gristle, his face gone chalky, and glared at them.

Joe Was in Front and About a Million Horses Were Following Him

"It's a lie!" he blurted out. "A dirty lie, Shorty. She didn't do that with you. Anniebelle, she's a lady."

"Ho, indeed!"

"I didn't kiss her."

"Where's them ol' leggins'?" Shorty demanded soberly.

The boss held Little Joe on his back with his legs in the air while Shorty applied the leather chaps. He did it thoroughly and without malice, in the way of discipline.

"Say, Shorty, I reckon that's enough," the Big Un observed. He had turned away, wholly unable to stand the sight of any one else whipping Joe.

Now it is a very embarrassing thing for an engaged man to be spanked, and Joe recovered very little by walking with added dignity afterward, difficult as the feat was. A shamed, guilty feeling possessed his back and crawled tinglingly up his spine. He felt naked there, knowing that the boys were all agrin.

He loped eleven miles to Birdsall's that night and had a very painful scene with Anniebelle. On the way back to camp he laughed at intervals, but without mirth. It was a terrible laugh. Again he stared straight ahead with stern visage. All women were alike; he would know them better now. Anniebelle had blasted his life, but he would show her that he did not care. Again that awful laugh!

Accordingly he determined to plunge into dissipation. The outfit finished working the herd at four o'clock next day and five gentlemen, grown old and stiff in the saddle, sat them down on the ground to a quiet game of poker. Little Joe approached the circle and bespoke admission. They looked at him stonily.

"It ain't right for a kid o' your age to gamble," the cook said sternly. "And besides, you ain't got the money. This is a cash game."

"Ho! haven't I? You owe me two dollars, Sam, and here's six more." Joe rummaged in his overalls and produced some very dirty silver.

The cook counted it and made a place for him. "You kin sit beside me," he offered; "but mind, now, this is a gen'l'man's game. No hollering if we take it off'n you."

"Shore," Joe agreed.

The boss rode in when they had Joe down to seventy cents and peremptorily stopped the game. He cautioned the boy.

"What's got into you?" he queried, noting the gloomy bravado of Little Joe's manner.

"Nothing," the wrangler responded, with a bitter smile. "Oh, nothing at all."

"Then you stick to your horses and let gambling and gal-ing alone," came the short order.

The boy was wretched for quite a month. At the expiration of five weeks he grew less sensitive when any reference was made to his unfortunate attachment.

"She done told me you had the funniest face she ever saw, Shorty," he said irrelevantly as they were preparing for bed one night.

Within a week he was replying to their badinage and could even make a jest of his plight. Which goes to prove, of course, that any normally constituted individual can shake off disappointments of the heart by observing certain rules, wisest of which is to keep away; when he cannot there is something wrong with him and his digestion needs looking after.

Other business, too, diverted his mind. Joe and Speakeasy were having a constant duel for leadership. All day the boy had to stand guard over his horses while they cropped the grass. They might be scattered over a square mile, for it was one of the secrets of Little Joe's success that he permitted them to graze loosely. Bunch a remuda and you lessen their feeding capacity fifty per cent—which is to say, they are that much less fit for hard riding. When one considers that the entire work of the range depends largely on the condition of the horses the importance of Joe's duties can be gauged. If a wrangler does his work well he ought really to rank next to the boss.

Joe would make the circle of his contented band, whistling a tune and noting with an all-registering eye the state of each horse. If one were scalded by the blanket Joe knew it as well as did that horse's rider. As he ambled about he turned back those horses that showed a tendency to stray.

"Ho, Neversweat! You will, will you? Git back, you rascal. Howdy, Scrapper?"—this to his favorite. "Jim-in-ee, but you're fat, boy! That Baldy horse of Shorty's needs baking powder on his cinch sore. Hey, Comanche! Go it! Go it!"

They all knew his voice and it required very slight effort to bring them together when necessary. Only Speakeasy gave trouble. The mule always grazed craftily at the extreme edge of the band and whenever Joe relaxed his vigilance for an instant Speakeasy walked off. Screened by trees or a ridge or a butte, he would break into a trot and give the boy an hour's chase. All this out of pure cussedness. For a considerable time the mule tried to entice the horses into following him. One Curly—a rattle-headed beast with inset eyes—accompanied Speakeasy when the mule first joined the remuda; but, finding that the run only got him into trouble, he forsook the mongrel leader. None of the others could be persuaded to steal away, though Speakeasy went through all the herd setting forth inducements, much as an agitator

(Continued on Page 43)

MADE IN GERMANY

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Dealing With Germans

THE first time an American goes out in Berlin to do business with the Germans he begins to run up against things different from what he is used to at home. Anybody might anticipate that. At the same time it never fails to rouse the protests and astonishment of some Americans.

The Yankee jumps into a taxicab and gives the driver the address of a Berlin firm. The taxi man does not go to a downtown office building, but whirls out some secondary business street and halts before a place that looks doubtful and unbusinesslike. The Yankee thinks an error has been made until the taxi man proves that this is the street and shows him the right number over a massive door—a highly ornamented door that looks as though it were seldom opened, but yields at a push and shows a great open courtyard instead of an office building. The Yankee is now certain that he must be in the wrong place; this looks like a brewery. At this juncture a husky German porter pounces out of a dark corner, asks whom he wants and points to a stairway. Maybe the building is new and he takes the *Nordamerikaner* up in a lazy little lift that the good Germans fondly imagine is an elevator. The porter expects him to walk down.

More carved and decorated doors upstairs—so much like stage scenery that for a while the unornamental American feels as though he were playing a part in a German comic opera. He walks into a stuffy office, where some leisurely clerks are working at high desks such as we sometimes see here at home in the foggy old houses down in the wholesale district. When the man he has come to see asks him into his private office he finds it more like a sitting room than a business workshop. There is a sofa that looks much used. The American is forced into a rocking chair.

The German business man works abominably long hours. He and his clerks are on hand at eight in the morning, after a cup of coffee at home. At nine-thirty everybody stops fifteen minutes to eat a bread-and-butter snack brought in the pocket. At noon, two hours to go back home for a hearty dinner. In the afternoon another snack, with tea or coffee, after which everybody works through till eight in the evening; so that German business people are catching cars for home and supper about the time our people are coming down to the theaters.

The Six-Meals-a-Day Schedule

EVEN in retail stores and factories the *Pause*, or powza as it is pronounced in German, is rigidly observed. Workmen stop in the morning and afternoon for bread and beer, and every retail shop, large or small, has a place where clerks are allowed to heat and eat their food.

At noon, many of the employees find time for a nap at home, and the boss almost invariably takes a snooze of an hour or so on the sofa, which is a fixture in every private office. This habit is so ingrained that in many cases, especially outside of Berlin, business men will halt a transaction at the sacred dinner hour, to resume it after they have eaten and slept.

Because his days are long, the German has his office in an outlying street convenient to his home; and so there are few office buildings like ours, with each trade housed together in the downtown section. Retail shops are open till eight in the evening. Until a recent law went into effect, they were open as late as nine. Saturday is as long as other days. Sunday is the only playday for industrious Deutschland.

The German business man admits that his hours

The Tailor Has His Own Idea of a Coat

are inhuman and understands that more goods would be consumed at home and everybody be better off if there were more time for reading, theaters and fun. But suggest the short, sharp spurt of the American business day and he draws back in horror. Like most of our trans-Atlantic cousins, the German has a vast assortment of quaint beliefs about his stomach. Food must be put into it cautiously six or more times a day, and his strict ideas as to what may be done to the stomach and what may not leads him to condemn our three simple meals. His stomach guides him in selecting a wife and its general state after marriage is the latter's rating of efficiency. Stomach governs German business ways too; for, just as he and his staff are getting on with the day's work under a good head of steam, the whole machine is stopped for a *Pause* and laboriously steamed up again after each snack, with the outcome that no more real work is done, usually, than in our shorter day. Now that the American visitor has located his man, perhaps he lays before him a novelty in goods or a new project, or some improved mechanical device. The German business man is very accessible, as a rule, and stands on few formalities. Occasionally a conservative specimen is found who puts his back against the wall and declares that he doesn't like Americans, but even he is willing to listen.

When an American has told his story to a German, however, he is morally certain to be met with the skeptical objection:

"Oh, that is just one of those American swindles!"

And here comes in another trait that must be met in dealing with Germans—namely, an instinctive suspicion of our goods and to some extent of ourselves.

A Costly Shipment of Cheap Bicycles

ABOUT fifteen years ago, during the bicycle craze, some of the shoddiest American bicycles obtainable were shipped to Europe. Foreign dealers sent over for these machines and unloaded them on their own market. In one instance the whole output of a questionable American factory was bought for export at seven dollars a machine and taken abroad. The Germans got their share of these rattletraps, along with the English, the French and other nations. To this day the memory of them is keen. The foreigner invariably has his story about what a fall his brother-in-law got when his flimsy American bicycle collapsed on a hill. Or he has heard of a man who put the parts on the stove to dry after cleaning and found them melted later, because they were made of Babbitt metal. One authentic case of that sort goes a long way with the trans-Atlantic cousin.

Our country has paid a heavy price in reputation for those imitation bicycles.

Much other American shoddy has been dumped; and it is these memories that lead the German to pronounce every new American idea *Mumpitz*, or a swindle. He remembers the money his grandfather lost in American railroads in the days of the wreckers. Moreover, he regards every American as an adept poker-player and therefore an accomplished bluffer. The Germans know something about poker themselves, for they play it now, though we are replacing it with auction pinocle, a game that was popular in the Fatherland forty years ago in a crude form, but has now been forgotten there.

Fortunately for us, the German is thorough and patient. After he has stigmatized a thing *Amerikanischer Mumpitz*, he will listen to the whole story again and follow a demonstration of merit. With a good American article and the right sort of American salesmanship, he is won over nine times in ten. The general suspicion, far from being a handicap, is a decided advantage to any American with a solid project.

The Germans admire the directness of the Englishman in dealing and the briskness of the Yankee, and criticise themselves as slow. After a few years in London or New York, they are inclined to be impatient with their countrymen.

"Ah, they do things differently in America!" exclaims the German. "There is my brother-in-law. When he landed in New York he knew nobody. Five years and he had a fine business of his own. Then the doctors said his wife

His Private Office, More Like a Sitting Room Than a Business Workshop

must live in a milder climate. What did my brother-in-law do? He went to California, where again he knew nobody and in a little while was established there—and in another kind of business! In America you can change as you please—even the workmen change their trades. In Germany that would be impossible—we are too slow."

The German, however, is not slow so much as he is painstaking and cautious. He gives endless attention to the minor points in a proposition and likes to stick to his own way of doing things; but it must be remembered that he operates in a country very different from our own. With us, a man is never beaten by failure so long as he keeps his ambition. Therefore Americans take long chances in business. But in Germany, once down, the chances for getting up again are not good. The whole organization of the country is such that a business man's first thought is to keep intact what he has in the way of capital or income, and his idea in business is, if possible, safely to add a little to it.

In every German office may be seen large files of correspondence and other papers that an American would have thrown out long ago. In Germany, however, these must be kept—the law requires records to be preserved ten years. Germany is a land of long credits, the monthly salary and leisurely arrangements generally. Under some circumstances it is necessary, by law, to keep an undesirable employee a couple of months after it has been decided to part with him, or to pay him salary if discharged.

Five years after a German clerk is hired he will appear before his employer, click his heels together, bow deeply and call attention to the fact that he has been there five years. Does he expect an increase of salary? Not at all! This is merely the German respect for length of service. By doing so, he politely intimates that he thinks he must be of some use around the place or he wouldn't be there. At the end of ten years, fifteen years and twenty years the same reminder is given; until, when the twenty-fifth anniversary comes round, the boss is looked to for a handsome jubilee dinner.

The German workman is deliberate in much the same degree. He has the excellent fault of loving to put finishing touches on whatever is intrusted to him. An American mechanic stops work on a piece of machinery as soon as it will operate smoothly, and it is English practice to set up a machine as soon as it runs tolerably and to make the final adjustments while it is working. The German makes the machine run and then goes over every part to smooth away roughness on boltheads and castings. His love of finish is such that very often the superintendent must take the work away from him; and even then, unless this is done tactfully, his sense of order may be outraged and he will quit and find another job.

Any American who, at home, has tried to disarrange the system of a German waiter in even some slight detail, such as having coffee served in a beer-glass, has had a little first-hand experience of something that will be found almost universal in the Fatherland. Wherever he may be in Germany and whatever he has to propose in the way of an innovation, he will find the orderly Teutonic mind pursuing its own carefully arranged system. The tailor has his own idea of a coat and would consider it reckless gambling to make anything else for a customer. The shopkeeper has his own idea of what the customer ought to buy and is genuinely disturbed if the latter insists on having something else. There is a certain way that purchases must be paid for and this universal standard appears in all business transactions. Suggest another way of dealing and the delicately poised Teutonic mind often stops on a dead center. The German is endlessly patient with a disturber. He will reason with him as though he were a spoiled child, but he seems to suffer acute physical pain if his method of doing business is altered.

An American in Berlin liked some eleven-pfennig cigars he had been buying singly from a tobacconist. When the customer asked for a discount on a box of fifty the tobacconist had to figure long and distrustfully before he could agree to make a reduction of about twelve cents. The Yankee took that discount as a ratio and offered to buy five hundred if he threw off a dollar. The tobacconist hesitated and the customer quickly added that he would take a thousand if he threw off two dollars and a half. That utterly demoralized the tobacconist. The Yankee put the matter in strong, succinct argument, showing him that he

(Concluded on Page 44)

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

Hints for Getting There First—By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THERE are few places in which the small farmer stands a better chance of "getting next" to Opportunity than the great market street of a big city. The experienced men there know the things in the produce line that are "just coming in," the things that "go" and the latest whims of the consumer's appetite. A hint from one of these veterans of the street has more than once put a small grower upon his feet and on the road to fortune. They are shrewd observers of the public taste in the products of the soil; and a market-street man who knows the game and has the interest of his customers at heart is an adviser whose words should carry weight with any grower who has put on the gum-shoes of Ambition and is making a still hunt for Opportunity.

One of the leading commission men in South Water Street, Chicago, is a confirmed sportsman. For many years he has been in the habit of paying an annual visit to Union County, Illinois, during the quail-shooting season. In the course of these periodical visits "down in Egypt" he came to know the locality quite intimately. One day, at the dinner table of a certain farmhouse, he was served with tomatoes fresh from the garden.

"These are the best tomatoes I have seen in a year," was his comment; "your soil must be peculiarly adapted to tomatoes if you can grow such specimens. If you will just turn your attention to tomatoes and put out a few acres of them you will make more money than you do now from your whole farm."

This farmer was too busy thinking how he could meet the interest on the mortgage that covered his little place to hear Opportunity's first knock. Next year, when the quail season opened again the commission man was once more on hand with his gun. Once more he was served with the delicious tomatoes from the farmer's garden and this time he spoke with greater seriousness and emphasis.

"I tell you," he declared, "that you are missing a big chance. There is something in your soil here that grows tomatoes with a richness and flavor that I have never known equaled anywhere. There is really more money in tomatoes for you than in anything else that you could put into your land. You are making a mistake if you do not take my advice and make tomatoes your main crop. I'll undertake to sell every bushel you raise and get you a good price for them too."

Riches in Full-Flavored Tomatoes

"IT'S a mistake to think that you must go on raising just what your neighbors are growing and what their fathers grew before them. The way to make money on land is to grow the thing that the land is suited to produce and the thing that is not overdone. Now take my advice: get a hustle on and learn all you can about tomato growing between now and the time to put out your plants for next season. If you'll put in ten or fifteen acres of tomatoes next year you'll have more money at the end of the season than you've ever had before at one time in your life."

"I'll Undertake to Sell Every Bushel You Raise and Get You a Good Price for Them Too"

This time the words of the commission merchant took effect, but the farmer had traveled too long in the trail of tradition to let himself go into a new enterprise in a whole-hearted way. The next season he put four acres into tomatoes and thought he was a little reckless to undertake so large a patch; but for the tomatoes grown from those four acres that year the commission man sent his farmer friend almost five thousand dollars. This was the turning-point in that farmer's fortune. He not only paid off his mortgage but entered upon a period of prosperity beyond his wildest dreams. In fifteen years from that time his estate would have cleaned up not a dollar less than eighty thousand dollars—and probably a hundred thousand. When he made his first planting of tomatoes his farm consisted of only forty acres and the mortgage. He believed the land to be poor and had no expectations of getting ahead on it.

This same commission merchant was lately asked what he considered to be the best opportunity in the way of a special crop for a small farmer.

"If I were running a small truck farm," was his answer, "I should take up the growing of head lettuce. However, if I were located far enough south I should certainly grow the true French endive, which is altogether a different article from American endive, commonly called chicory, and is extremely hard to get and consequently expensive. It is imported from France in wicker packages, each stalk being wrapped in oiled paper. Only those who live well can afford it, but it is undoubtedly the most delicious salad obtainable. Growers in Florida and Louisiana are raising it to some extent, but I have no doubt that it can be successfully grown in more northern latitudes and that truckers generally will soon begin to wake up to the profits to be had from its production. However, there is fair money in growing the American endive and this crop is particularly adapted to the small grower, with a little patch of ground, who wishes to make the most of every inch of his soil and is willing to do intensive cultivation in the strictest sense of the term."

The Demand for Winter Lettuce

"THOUGH it is true that a good many growers are already specializing in head lettuce, the fact remains that the market has not enough of this commodity and that it is one of the most profitable kinds of truck that can be grown today. It is especially to be recommended to truckers living south of the Ohio River, for the reason that their lettuce comes into the northern market at a time when it commands a high price; but this statement should not be taken to imply that it is not a decidedly profitable crop for the small trucker in the North, for it is. An astonishing amount of head lettuce can be grown on an acre of ground."

Occasionally a farmer is led into the arms of Opportunity through his natural love of his occupation. If he has a genuine liking for growing things he will scarcely be able to resist the temptation to try his hand at new things whenever his attention is attracted to them. This spirit of experimentation has led more than one grower to rich results.

One day a certain commission merchant was standing in front of his house of business when an express wagon backed up to the sidewalk and the driver unloaded a barrel, which was faced with burlap. It was an odd-looking package and the commission merchant's curiosity was stirred. He tore up the burlap and took a look at the contents of the package. The barrel was packed with miniature melons and the commission man immediately reached the conclusion that here was a man whose crop was blighted when about one-third developed, but that the farmer had decided to send his goods to market anyhow and see if they would not get past the buyer.

Just then the buyer for one of the largest grocery houses in the city came up and the commission merchant held out one of the tiny melons and remarked:

"I guess this fellow takes us for suckers."

"Looks like it," was the terse comment of the grocery buyer as he started away.

The commission merchant had drawn his jack-knife and cut open one of the melons. It was almost solid with rich, yellow meat and the seed cavity in the center was hardly

of a greater diameter than his finger. In surprise he called back the buyer and handed him half of the melon. As this man tasted the fragrant meat, his eyes snapped and he asked:

"What are they worth—the whole lot? They're just the thing for my fancy trade."

"Ten cents apiece," replied the commission merchant.

"Make them a dollar a dozen," returned the buyer, "and I'll take the lot."

He Had in This Way Doubled the Price That He Would Have Received for the Live Hogs

The farmer who had shipped the melons was immediately notified of their sale and told to send his entire crop as fast as it ripened. In the course of that season this commission house sent him six hundred and forty dollars. At the close of the season a very quiet-looking man walked into the commission merchant's office and said:

"I'm the man who sent you the little melons and I am calling today to see what you would advise me to do next year."

"How many acres have you?" asked the commission man.

"Oh, I've got a hundred and sixty acres," was the answer, "that I call mine when the banker who holds the mortgage isn't around."

"Then my advice to you," said the South Water Street man, "is to go back home and put every acre you have into those melons."

Little Melons Lift a Big Mortgage

BEFORE the farmer left the place he disclosed the fact that he was a retired minister who had a liking for farming and had bought a cheap farm and gone into debt for it. All of his friends had soon discovered his inclination to plant new things and many of them had sent seeds to him with the request that he try them out. The seeds of the little melons had come to him in this manner from an acquaintance in Texas. He knew little of the seeds before he planted them. Had it not been for the fact that this spirit of investigation was so strong in him that he was unable to let any new seeds remain untried he would have missed the opportunity to become the first producer of the famous Emerald Gem melon for the Chicago market.

Early the next season the commission man heard from a traveling salesman that there was a man in Illinois who had "gone crazy" on the subject of little melons and was planting his whole farm to them. From this rumor the commission merchant guessed that his advice had taken root and that the retired minister was going into the melon business in good earnest. Later he learned that his clerical customer had planted fifty acres to Emerald Gems. At the close of the season the books of the house showed that checks to the amount of four thousand dollars had been sent to the farmer for his melon crop. Not only did this enable the grower to pay off the mortgage but it also helped to buy a hundred and sixty acres more of cheap but desirable land that adjoined his farm.

In a very few years fully five thousand acres of land in that immediate locality were planted to melons of this particular variety and all of the growers were prosperous. None of them, however, made the profits that were taken by the minister who first found the melon opportunity and cut it before the others got into the game and took the edge off the price by general competition. Invariably the richest cream of profits is skimmed by the opportunist who is first in the market with a new thing that suits the public taste. "Do something different!" is a watchword that has paid handsome profits to many a courageous grower. Not that everything that is new will find a ready sale in the market; it must have merit, but if it has the merit it will pay the profits.

A grower not infrequently misses the full harvest of his opportunity by a failure to grasp it with sufficient decision. This was the case with a certain progressive, alert fruit grower in Michigan, who has since become one of the foremost orchardists in America. Early in his undertaking he realized the advantage of keeping in touch with the market and getting advice from his commission merchant as to new lines that were worth taking up.

"Blackberries are the right thing now," said his adviser; "if you want to make a killing go in for them strong this season. The demand is going to be keen for them and you will have the big advantage of being practically without competition."

This advice was followed, but in a very cautious way, the grower deciding that plunging was poor policy and that he would better hold down his acreage until he had tried the thing out. His yield was abundant and that year his shipments brought him two dollars and fifty cents for each sixteen-basket crate. His profits were large and the next year he planted about fifty or sixty acres of the Early Harvest blackberry; but the news of his initial success had traveled the length of his state and when his berries came into the market he found that they had to make their way against keen competition, with the result that he received an average of a little less than two dollars a crate. Then, too, his immediate locality was visited by a disastrous hailstorm, which beat a considerable part of his crop from the bushes. Although this second season netted him a substantial profit on his labor and investment, his winnings were small compared to what they would have been had he acted upon the advice of his commission merchant the first year and planted fifty acres to these berries instead of about five.

No mistake could be greater than to suppose that opportunity for the small farmer is synonymous with a crop that is new, at least to his particular market. In the fat farming country of Illinois, for example, hogs are as common as wayside weeds; but at one town in that state is a small edge-of-town farmer by the name of H. E. Cooley who has found his opportunity by a special handling of the commonplace "mortgage lifter." In a hog country Mr. Cooley has contrived to give a new twist to pork production that has added materially to the profits of his little farm—profits that he admits are capable of much greater expansion along the same line of effort.

Mr. Cooley may credit the finding of this new avenue of profit to the fact that he had a discriminating and rather old-fashioned taste in the matter of his food—particularly of his meat. Though his neighbors in the village -and even some of those on the farms about him—were content to eat the ham and bacon of commerce and save themselves the bother of butchering, Mr. Cooley could never bring himself to partake of this line of packing-house products with any degree of satisfaction. Therefore he always raised his own family porkers, killed and dressed them himself and cured hams and bacon enough for his own family, with a little surplus to distribute among his own particular friends. Those who were fortunate enough to receive a home-cured ham or a side of bacon from the little smokehouse on the Cooley farm were quick to discover that there was a fragrance and a flavor to this meat that were distinctive. To the older men and women of the community who sampled these meats they suggested the hams and bacon that they had eaten in their childhood back East.

In a comparatively short time Mr. Cooley found an increasing number of friends and acquaintances who asked him either to take one of their own hogs and kill and cure it for them or to provide them with enough smoked meat to furnish their tables through the winter. But the man with a knack for curing meat invariably returned the answer that he could not get just the right turn to a ham unless he took it in its infancy and that he would have to start with the pig and grow it into a hog himself in order to get the right results.

The first few requests that he received suggested to him that he could probably make a contract with the local hotelkeeper to furnish all the ham and bacon that the hotel would require. The landlord explained that he would be glad to get the meat, but that he could not pay more for it than he was in the habit of paying to the branch distributing market of one of the big packing-houses. Consequently the arrangement was made on that basis. At the end of the year Mr. Cooley found that he had in this way doubled the price that he would have received for live hogs. In his accounting he deducted nothing for the meat consumed by his family; neither did he add for his labor. As he studied over the results of his first venture into the home-cured pork business he became convinced that, though he had done well at it, he could do much better in the future. In his analysis of results it was plain to him that he had made much more money, to the pound of meat, on the retail sales than on the sales to the hotelkeeper. The only question then was whether he could find enough retail customers to take all of the home-cured pork that he cared to produce. This question answered itself as soon as the private customers began to sample for themselves the hams and bacon that had been cured in his smokehouse. In a surprisingly short time the reputation of his smokehouse products had so carried through the community that the orders poured in upon him at a rate that indicated that his townspeople were determined to get hams and bacon from him without undue regard to the matter of price. Consequently he refused to renew his contract with the hotelkeeper and told even his private customers that he would be obliged to charge from two to three cents above the ordinary retail price. This was satisfactory to his customers and when he felt that he had booked orders for all the hogs he could handle without employing extra help, except at killing-time, he closed his books and began to turn customers away.

Last year he raised about fifty special porkers and finished them in his smokehouse, all of them for private customers willing and eager to pay a nice margin above the prevailing retail price at the local meat market. His output for next year could be easily doubled, and perhaps trebled, were it not for the fact that there is a limit to the number of hogs to which he can give his personal attention. Many processes go into the making of home-cured hams and bacon that give them the distinctive flavor possessed by the meat that he has thus far furnished to his neighbors and townspeople.

One Way to Cure Hams

MR. COOLEY is so thoroughly convinced that the peculiar flavor and quality of his hams are not so much a matter of the formula that he uses for curing them as of the minute attention and painstaking care given to every detail of the process, that he is entirely willing to make public his methods and recipe:

"The quality of the meat depends much upon the feeding of the hogs from the time they are pigs. They should have a diet of corn; plenty of water and a little sweet skim-milk. Then, too, they should be given a generous amount of exercise. This point is important. You cannot get the finest quality of meat from a hog that is too fat. Many of my hogs I kill when they are seven months old and I never like to attempt to make fancy pork from them after they are ten months old. After the hog has been killed and dressed, hang it overnight in a good circulation of air and let it remain until the animal heat has entirely gone out of it. Then carve the carcass after the manner of the ordinary butcher, using the whole side, with the exception of the loin, for bacon. Almost all of the fat should be removed from the hams, the trimmings and shoulders being utilized for sausage and lard.

"Make Them a Dollar a Dozen, and I'll Take the Lot"

"The meat for the smokehouse is then packed into a barrel with a light sprinkling of rock salt on each layer. Pack the meat as closely as possible, putting a heavy weight on the top to hold it down and compress it. Painstaking care in the preparation of the brine is essential to success. My formula is as follows:

"10 quarts of pure water
4 pounds of rock salt
1 pound of granulated sugar
1 ounce of saltpeter

"Stir this compound thoroughly and, if possible, dissolve all of the salt before the brine is poured upon the meat. Let the solution stand three or four hours and skim from the surface any froth that may form. Then pour this solution into the barrel without removing the weight. Be sure that every particle of the meat is covered with the brine and allow the salty sediment in the bottom of the vessel in which the brine has been mixed to go in upon the top of the pork. The meat should remain in this brine about four weeks and should be kept in a cool place.

"No fuel can be used in a smokehouse that will produce so fine a flavor and so delicious a smell in the hams as

green hickory wood and clean corncobs. Dampened sawdust is a very effective means of keeping the fire banked, to prevent the fuel from blazing. Of course the meat should be hung high enough above the fire so that no blaze can possibly reach it. Just how long the meat should be smoked is a matter of taste. Some customers like it rather undersmoked; others prefer to have it thoroughly saturated. A man going into this business for the purpose of increasing the profits of a small farm should be sure to consult the individual tastes of his customers in this particular. He will have no difficulty in finding customers for all the home-made sausage he can put up, provided he knows how to make sausage and is scrupulously careful never to put anything into it that he would not relish himself. If he does not know how to make good home-made sausage let him ask any farmer's wife who is more than fifty years old and has lived sometime on a farm back East."

It is probably safe to say that there is not a community in the country in which a small farmer, anxious to increase his income, could not profitably pursue the same side line that Mr. Cooley has developed. Certainly this applies to all localities in the corn belt, but it is particularly adapted to all communities having a large class of well-to-do people, who can afford a generous table and appreciate good living.

Another example of the fact that Opportunity may be found in the original handling of a very ordinary and commonplace product is the success of a certain Connecticut woman in selling her garden vegetables. Although the nearest town in which she could hope to dispose of the output of her garden was eight miles away, she determined to try the experiment, as she had urgent need of the money. Her first care was to see that her garden contained vegetables in abundant variety. She then attacked the more difficult problem of how to market her products. To this she gave very careful thought and attempted to put herself in the position of a town housewife without a home garden. To her success in getting this viewpoint is undoubtedly due the success of the enterprise itself.

"If I lived in town," she reasoned, "there would be three things that I should consider in buying the vegetables for my table. First, I should want to know that they were fresh and good. Next, I should see that they were reasonable in price; and in the third place I should like to have at all times enough variety to please all tastes and to vary the menu of the table."

Profitable Trade in Choice Vegetables

SHE had watched the markets in town long enough to know that it was not always possible for a buyer at the grocery store to get a really pleasing variety of fresh vegetables every day. Ordinarily there were one or two kinds either missing entirely from the grocer's stock or else of poor quality. The conclusion of this woman's cogitations was that she would offer to the housekeepers of the village a little hamper of fresh vegetables in variety. The beginning of her trade was secured by correspondence. She wrote to a score or more of the leading women in the nearest towns whose names she knew and offered to deliver to them each week from her garden, or oftener if they desired, a generous hamper of vegetables that would contain a full variety and be absolutely fresh and good. Her letters brought her four customers and in time these customers sent her others. At the close of her first season she had taken in more money from her garden than she had expected at the outset, but her commercial instincts were awakened and she became thoroughly determined to increase her sales the following year. By this time it was clear to her that the "hamper idea" was a success and appealed to the thrifty and discriminating housewife.

True to her expectations, her second season brought her some twenty regular customers; and last season, her third in the hamper business, she held thirty-two regular customers from practically the beginning of the season to its end in the fall. The expenses directly chargeable to her little enterprise have been very small and she looks upon her thirty-two dollars a week as almost in the nature of a raise in salary. Her only complaint is expressed in the exclamation: "Oh, if this farm were only right on the edge of town—then I could do business!"

In Fifteen Years His Estate Would Have Cleaned Up Not a Dollar Less Than Eighty Thousand Dollars

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Forrest Crissey on Neglected Opportunities. The third will be published in an early number.

Back to the Land

By William R. Lighton

WHAT about this "back-to-the-land" proposition anyway? Is there anything in it? Is there, in fact, a movement—present or impending—from the very real stress of middle-class living in town to the fancied tranquillity of broad outside acres, and mild-eyed cows, and gentle-mannered hens, and fat, contented pigs—and all that sort of thing? Or is the whole business just a myth? Is it actual, this cry of the farm—genuine, honest? Or is it, like so many others of the movements of our excited day, merely a much-discussed something that doesn't exist?

That is to say, is there a real chance for the harassed townsman to leave the forehead-wrinkling puzzle of conditions, as he knows them, and better himself by cultivating a little patch of ground in the outskirts? Or might he, in an extreme case, cut loose altogether from his town job and his town traditions and successfully tackle the management of a real farm? And are the townsmen, in fact, doing it? What about it anyway?

There's a lot to be said about the matter—both ways. It ought to be taken for granted, though, at the start, that there's some sincere and general interest in the question. It's too vital and goes too near to the roots of life and contentment to let us fairly suppose that all this agitation is no more than a piece of four-flushing, or that the backers of the idea are mere faddists. Lots of rot has been written and printed about it, of course; that's inevitable. But away back of the buncombe there's something real—no doubt about it in the world.

To put it as crisply as possible, hundreds of thousands of townsmen, finding themselves barely equal to the struggle of the office and the flat, are today putting up this question in the bosoms of their families or in the privacy of their own hearts: "If I had a farm could I make a living on it better than the living I'm making now? Could I manage to play ahead of the game at the year's end, instead of hustling breathlessly along in the dust at the rear?"

Yes, they're asking that—hundreds of thousands of them; and they're earnestly digging around for a rational answer. Now, what's the answer to be?

When you come to think of it, isn't it a bit queer that there should be a "problem" on one side and none, or next to none, on the other? Isn't it queer that the man in town should be so dubious of his ability to make it "go" on a farm, when for unnumbered generations the farmer, supposedly so much less trained in the complexities of life, has been so ready, so eager to quit the farm and take his chances in town? Is the farmer the more courageous of the two, or only the more reckless? May it be that it's easier to go from naturalness to artificiality than to go back the other way? Or is it possible ——

Oh, wait! There's absolutely no need to go into psychology or to scratch around hunting for a theoretical explanation. There's a very simple one lying right in plain sight.

Until our own immediate day, farming has been only half intelligent in any true sense. There were plenty of rules and maxims in the almanacs and in the lore of the corner grocery for plowing and planting and harvesting; but it has been proved later that most of these rules were crude half truths or altogether dead wrong. There was no scientific precision in any of it. Such success as was ever reached was haphazard, negative.

The Commission Man Sent His Farmer Friend Almost Five Thousand Dollars

There were no fortunes made in farming a generation ago; there were no "bonanza" farms, no modern dairy plants, no modern orchards, with every detail administered according to the strictest scientific and business principles. About the best thing that could be said of the average farmer then was that he managed to keep afloat. The long and short of it is that the farmer really didn't know his business; and there was no way to learn it except by fighting it out for himself.

The life and work of the towns had been long on a better basis—systematic, methodical. To succeed in industry or trade was to possess some definite knowledge and apply some native sense. That knowledge might be acquired by any one who applied himself—if he had the sense he could succeed. There was no blind chance in it, no mystery, no struggle with unknown forces of the dark, as there was in farming. Why shouldn't the farmer turn townward?

Why Town-Farmers Sometimes Fail

NOW that there's talk of the tide setting the other way, the townsman is making a great to-do over the question, "Can I succeed?" And that's natural enough too; for, unless he has been at great pains to wade through a lot of pretty dull reading, which is widely scattered and hard to get at, he cannot know that within a brief span the business of farming has become scientific—that is, a business based upon exact knowledge. He does know that the farmer is now faring better; but he has a notion that that's most likely because the prices of farm products have gone up at such a staggering rate. He cannot know that the modern farmer—the really intelligent farmer—is as much master of his destiny as the banker, the manufacturer or the railroad builder.

You see, with all the talk and all the eager thinking, not enough townsmen have given it a full trial to prove the proposition, one way or the other, to the complete satisfaction of everybody. The farmward movement isn't as yet by any manner of means amounting to anything like a crusade. Those who have actually gone from the town to the farm of late have been, in numbers and in the effect of their work, merely skirmishers. Some have succeeded—a few handsomely; but, frankly, it's likely that the failures have outnumbered the successes.

Both are instructive. The failures, no less than the successes, are a part of the logic of the matter. Both must be taken into account if there's to be a fair understanding. The successes show how to do it; in any right analysis they're what counts. The failures are nothing more than fine-print explanatory footnotes. The successes make the real text of the argument.

Here's the proposition, boiled down: An average townsman—a man of good, sound, average judgment and sense and grit—can, beyond all doubt, go straight out to a farm and make a winning—if he takes pains to go properly equipped. That's what the successful ventures prove conclusively. If he doesn't go properly equipped he's pretty certain to fall down. That's what the failures prove.

Right equipment doesn't mean merely the provision of plenty of money. It doesn't mean merely a knowledge of the sound principles of crop growing and stock breeding, and such-like necessary things. These two items are necessary enough, but both put together won't make a successful farmer unless there's something else.

Lots of town-farmers have failed because they went at the job without money enough to see them through—others have failed through ignorance of even the elements of farm practice; but most of the disasters have come because the job was undertaken without a plan. There's the stumble, nine times in ten.

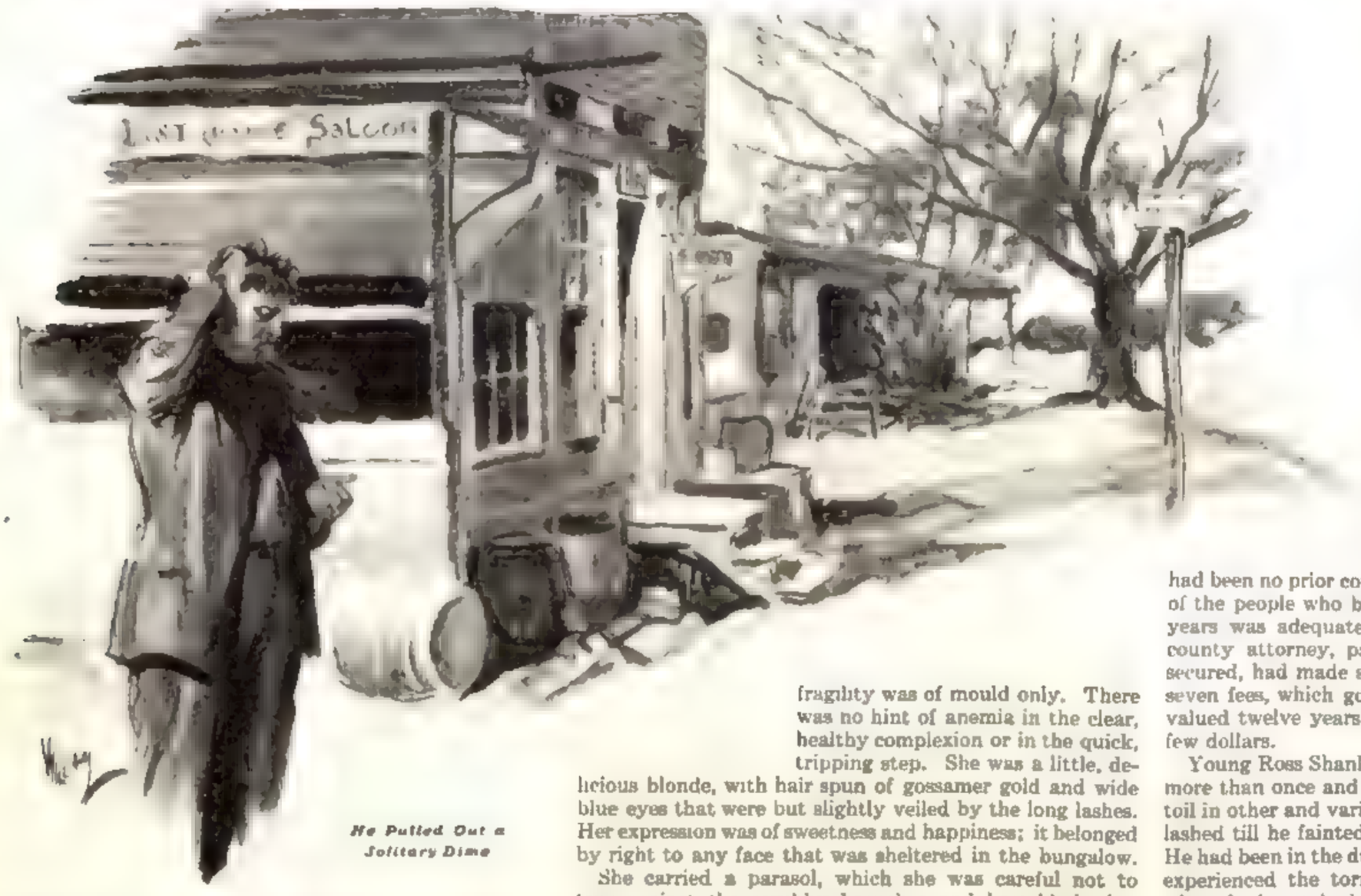
Before the townsman goes near a real-estate agent to inquire the price of land he ought to have spent gray matter unstintedly in working out a clear, consistent scheme of what he intends to do with his farm when he gets it. That's the only way to make farming profitable. To

(Continued on Page 33)

The Hobo and the Fairy

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



He Pulled Out a Solitary Dime

HE LAY on his back. So heavy was his sleep that the stamp of hoofs and cries of the drivers from the bridge that crossed the creek did not rouse him. Wagon after wagon, loaded high with grapes, passed the bridge on the way up the valley to the winery, and the coming of each wagon was like an explosion of sound and commotion in the lazy quiet of the afternoon.

But the man was undisturbed. His head had slipped from the folded newspaper and the straggling, unkempt hair was matted with the foxtails and burs of the dry grass on which it lay. He was not a pretty sight. His mouth was open, disclosing a gap in the upper row where several teeth at some time had been knocked out. He breathed stertorously, at times grunting and moaning with the pain of his sleep. Also, he was very restless, tossing his arms about, making jerky, half-convulsive movements and at times rolling his head from side to side in the burs. This restlessness seemed occasioned partly by some internal discomfort and partly by the sun that streamed down on his face, and by the flies that buzzed and lighted and crawled upon the nose and cheeks and eyelids. There was no other place for them to crawl, for the rest of the face was covered with matted beard, slightly grizzled, but greatly dirt-stained and weather-discolored.

The cheekbones were blotched with the blood congested by the debauch that was evidently being slept off. This, too, accounted for the persistence with which the flies clustered around the mouth, lured by the alcohol-laden exhalations. He was a powerfully built man, thick-necked, broad-shouldered, with sinewy wrists and toil-distorted hands. Yet the distortion was not due to recent toil, nor were the calluses other than ancient that showed under the dirt of the one palm upturned. From time to time this hand clenched tightly and spasmodically into a fist, large, heavy-boned and wicked-looking.

The man lay in the dry grass of a tiny glade that ran down to the tree-fringed bank of the stream. On each side of the glade was a fence of the old stake-and-rider type, though little of it was to be seen, so thickly was it overgrown by wild blackberry bushes, scrubby oaks and young madroña trees. In the rear a gate through a low paling fence led to a snug, squat bungalow, built in the California Spanish style and seeming to have been compounded directly from the landscape of which it was so justly a part. Neat and trim and modestly sweet was the bungalow, redolent of comfort and repose, telling with quiet certitude of some one that knew and that had sought and found.

Through the gate and into the glade came as dainty a little maiden as ever stepped out of an illustration made especially to show how dainty little maidens may be. Eight years she might have been, and possibly a trifle more, or less. Her little wrist and little black-stockinged calves showed how delicately fragile she was; but the fragility was of mould only. There was no hint of anemia in the clear, healthy complexion or in the quick, tripping step. She was a little, delicious blonde, with hair spun of gossamer gold and wide blue eyes that were but slightly veiled by the long lashes. Her expression was of sweetness and happiness; it belonged by right to any face that was sheltered in the bungalow.

She carried a parasol, which she was careful not to tear against the scrubby branches and bramble-bushes as she sought for wild poppies along the edge of the fence. They were late poppies, a third generation, which had been unable to resist the call of the warm October sun.

Having gathered along one fence she turned to cross to the opposite fence. Midway in the glade she came upon the tramp. Her startle was merely a startle. There was no fear in it. She stood and looked long and curiously at the forbidding spectacle and was about to turn back when the sleeper moved restlessly and rolled his head among the burs. She noted the sun on his face and the buzzing flies; her face grew solicitous and for a moment she debated with herself. Then she tiptoed to his side, interposed the parasol between him and the sun and brushed away the flies. After a time, for greater ease, she sat down beside him.

An hour passed, during which she occasionally shifted the parasol from one tired hand to the other. At first the sleeper had been restless; but, shielded from the flies and sun, his breathing became gentler and his movements ceased. Several times, however, he really frightened her. The first was the worst, coming abruptly and without warning. "How deep! How deep!" the man murmured from some profound of dream. The parasol was agitated, but the little girl controlled herself and continued her self-appointed ministrations.

Another time it was a gritting of teeth, as of some intolerable agony. So terribly did the teeth crunch and grind together that it seemed they must crash into fragments. A little later he suddenly stiffened out. The hands clenched and the face set with the savage resolution of the dream. The eyelids trembled from the shock of the fantasy, seemed about to open, but did not. Instead, the lips muttered:

"No! No! And once more, no! I won't peach." The lips paused, then went on. "You might as well tie me up, warden, and cut me to pieces. That's all you can get outa me—blood. That's all any of you-uns has ever got outa me in this hole."

After this outburst the man slept gently on while the little girl still held the parasol aloft and looked down with a great wonder at the frowsy, unkempt creature, trying to reconcile it with the little part of life that she knew. To her ears came the cries of men, the stamp of hoofs on the bridge and the creak and groan of wagons heavy-laden. It was a breathless, California Indian-summer day. Light fleeces of cloud drifted in the azure sky, but to the west heavy cloudbanks threatened with rain. A bee droned lazily by. From farther thickets came the calls of quail and from the fields the songs of meadow larks; and oblivious to it all slept Ross Shanklin—Ross Shanklin, the tramp and outcast, ex-convict 4379, the bitter and unbreakable one who had defied all keepers and survived all brutalities.

Texan-born, of the old pioneer stock that was always tough and stubborn, he had been unfortunate. At seventeen years of age he had been apprehended for horse-stealing. Also, he had been convicted of stealing seven horses that he had not stolen, and he had been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. This was severe under any circumstance, but with him it had been especially severe because there had been no prior convictions against him. The sentiment of the people who believed him guilty had been that two years was adequate punishment for the youth, but the county attorney, paid according to the convictions he secured, had made seven charges against him and earned seven fees, which goes to show that the county attorney valued twelve years of Ross Shanklin's life at less than a few dollars.

Young Ross Shanklin had toiled in hell; he had escaped more than once and he had been caught and sent back to toil in other and various hells. He had been triced up and lashed till he fainted, had been revived and lashed again. He had been in the dungeon ninety days at a time. He had experienced the torment of the straitjacket. He knew what the hummingbird was. He had been farmed out as a chattel by the state to the contractors. He had been trailed through swamps by bloodhounds. Twice he had been shot. For six years on end he had cut a cord and a half of wood each day in a convict lumber camp. Sick or well, he had cut that cord and a half or paid for it under a whip-lash, knotted and pickled.

And Ross Shanklin had not sweetened under the treatment. He had sneered and cursed and defied. He had seen convicts, after the guards had manhandled them, crippled in body for life or left to maunder in mind to the end of their days. He had seen convicts, even his own cellmate, goaded to murder by their keepers, go to the gallows cursing God. He had been in a break in which eleven of his kind were shot down. He had been through a mutiny where, in the prison yard, with gatling guns trained upon them, three hundred convicts had been disciplined with pick-handles wielded by brawny guards.

He had known every infamy of human cruelty and through it all he had never been broken. He had resented and fought to the last; until, embittered and bestial, the day came when he was discharged. Five dollars were given him in payment for the years of his labor and the flower of

"I Know What You Are! You're an Open-Air Crank. That's Why You Were Sleeping Here in the Grass"

his manhood. And he had worked little in the years that followed. Work he despised. He tramped, begged and stole, lied or threatened, as the case might warrant; and drank to besottedness whenever he got the chance.

The little girl was looking at him when he awoke. Like a wild animal, all of him was awake the instant he opened his eyes. The first he saw was the parasol, strangely obtruded between him and the sky. He did not start or move, though his whole body seemed slightly to tense. His eyes followed down the parasol handle to the tight-clutched little fingers and along the arm to the child's face. Straight and unblinking, he looked into her eyes; and she, returning the look, was chilled and frightened by his glittering eyes, cold and harsh, withal bloodshot, and with no hint in them of the warm humanness she had been accustomed to see and feel in human eyes. They were the true prison eyes—the eyes of a man who had learned to talk little; who had forgotten almost how to talk.

"Hello!" he said finally, making no effort to change his position. "What game are you up to?" His voice was gruff, and at first it had been harsh; but it had softened queerly in a feeble attempt at forgotten kindliness.

"How do you do?" she said. "I'm not playing. The sun was on your face and mamma says one oughtn't to sleep in the sun."

The sweet clearness of her child's voice was pleasant to him and he wondered why he had never noticed it in children's voices before. He sat up slowly and stared at her. He felt that he ought to say something, but speech with him was a reluctant thing.

"I hope you slept well," she said gravely.

"I sure did," he answered, never taking his eyes from her, amazed at the fairness and delicacy of her. "How long was you holdin' that contraption up over me?"

"O-oh!" she debated with herself; "a long, long time. I thought you never would wake up."

"And I thought you was a fairy when I first seen you."

He felt elated at his contribution to the conversation.

"No, not a fairy," she smiled.

He thrilled in a strange numb way at the whiteness of her small, even teeth.

"I was just the good Samaritan," she added.

"I reckon I never heard of that party."

He was cudgeling his brains to keep the conversation going. Never having been at close quarters with a child since he was man-grown, he found it difficult.

"What a funny man not to know about the good Samaritan! Don't you remember? A certain man went down to Jericho ——"

"I reckon I've b'en there," he interrupted.

"I knew you were a traveler!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Maybe you saw the exact spot."

"What spot?"

"Why, where he fell among thieves and was left half dead. And then the good Samaritan went to him and bound up his wounds, and poured in oil and wine—was that olive oil, do you think?"

He shook his head slowly.

"I reckon you got me there. Olive oil is something the dagos cooks with. I never heard it was good for busted heads."

She considered his statement for a moment. "Well," she announced, "we use olive oil in our cooking; so we must be dagos. I never knew what they were before. I thought it was slang."

"And the Samaritan dumped oil on his head," the tramp muttered reminiscently. "Seems to me I recollect a sky pilot sayin' something about that old gent. D'ye know, I've been looking for him off 'n' on all my life and never scared up hide or hair of him. They ain't no more Samaritans."

"Wasn't I one?" she asked quickly.

He looked at her steadily, with a great curiosity and wonder. Her ear, by a movement exposed to the sun, was transparent. It seemed he could almost see through it. He was amazed at the delicacy of her coloring, at the blue of her eyes, at the dazzle of the sun-touched golden hair; and he was astounded by her fragility. It came to him that she was easily broken. His eye went quickly from his huge, gnarled paw to her tiny hand, in which it seemed to him he could almost see the blood circulate. He knew the power in his muscles and he knew the tricks and turns by which men use their bodies to ill-treat men; in fact, he knew little else and his mind for the time ran in its customary channel. It was his way of measuring the beautiful strangeness of her. He calculated a grip—and not a strong one—that could grind her little fingers to pulp. He thought of fist-blows he had given to men's heads and received on his own head, and felt that the least of them could shatter hers like an eggshell. He scanned her little shoulders and slim waist, and knew in all certitude that with his two hands he could rend her to pieces.

"Wasn't I one?" she insisted again.

He came back to himself with a shock—or away from himself as the case happened. He was loath that the conversation should cease.

"What?" he answered. "Oh, yes; you bet you was a Samaritan, if you didn't have no olive oil." He remembered what his mind had been dwelling on and asked: "But ain't you afraid?"

Trying to Reconcile It With the Little Part of Life That She Knew

She looked at him as if she did not understand.

"Of—of me?" he added lamely.

She laughed merrily.

"Mamma says never to be afraid of anything. She says that if you're good—and you think good of other people—they'll be good too."

"And you was thinkin' good of me when you kept the sun off," he marveled.

"But it's hard to think good of bees and nasty crawly things," she confessed.

"But there's men that is nasty and crawly things," he argued.

"Mamma says no. She says there's some good in every one."

"I bet you she locks the house up tight at night, just the same," he proclaimed triumphantly.

"But she doesn't. Mamma isn't afraid of anything. That's why she lets me play out here alone when I want. Why, we had a robber once. Mamma got right up and found him. And what do you think! He was only a poor hungry man. And she got him plenty to eat from the pantry; and afterward she got him work to do."

Ross Shanklin was stunned. The vista shown him of human nature was unthinkable. It had been his lot to live in a world of suspicion and hatred, of evil-believing and evil-doing. It had been his experience, slouching along village streets at nightfall, to see little children, screaming with fear, run from him to their mothers. He had even seen grown women shrink aside from him as he passed along the sidewalk.

He was aroused by the girl clapping her hands as she cried out:

"I know what you are! You're an open-air crank. That's why you were sleeping here in the grass."

He felt a grim desire to laugh, but repressed it.

"And that's what tramps are—open-air cranks," she continued. "I often wondered. Mamma believes in the open air. I sleep on the porch at night. So does she. This is our land. You must have climbed the fence. Mamma lets me when I put on my climbers—they're bloomers, you know. But you ought to be told something. A person doesn't know when they snore because they're asleep. But you do worse than that. You grit your teeth. That's bad. Whenever you are going to sleep you must think to yourself, 'I won't grit my teeth; I won't grit my teeth,' over and over, just like that; and by-and-by you'll get out of the habit.

"All bad things are habits. And so are all good things. And it depends on us what kind our habits are going to be. I used to pucker my eyebrows—wrinkle them all up; but mamma said I must overcome that habit. She said that when my eyebrows were wrinkled it was an advertisement that my brain was wrinkled inside and that it wasn't good to have wrinkles in the brain. Then she smoothed my eyebrows with her hand and said I must always think smooth—smooth inside and smooth outside. And, do you know, it was easy. I haven't wrinkled my brows for ever so long. I've heard about filling teeth by thinking, but I don't believe that. Neither does mamma."

She paused, rather out of breath. Nor did he speak. Her flow of talk had been too much for him. Also, sleeping drunkenly, with open mouth, had made him very thirsty; but, rather than lose one precious moment, he endured the torment of his scorching throat. He licked his dry lips and struggled for speech.

"What is your name?" he managed at last.

"Joan."

She looked her own question at him and it was not necessary to voice it.

"Mine is Ross Shanklin," he volunteered, for the first time in forgotten years giving his real name.

"I suppose you've traveled a lot."

"I sure have, but not as much as I might have wanted to."

"Papa always wanted to travel, but he was too busy at the office. He never could get much time. He went to Europe once with mamma. That was before I was born. It takes money to travel."

Ross Shanklin did not know whether to agree with this statement or not.

"But it doesn't cost tramps much for expenses." She took the thought away from him. "Is that why you tramp?"

He nodded and licked his lips.

"Mamma says it's too bad that men must tramp to look for work; but there's lots of work now in the country. All the farmers in the valley are trying to get men. Have you been working?"

He shook his head, angry with himself that he should feel shame at the confession when his savage reasoning told him he was right in despising work. But this was followed by another thought. This beautiful little creature was some man's child. She was one of the rewards of work.

"I wish I had a little girl like you," he blurted out, stirred by a sudden consciousness of his newborn passion for paternity. "I'd work my hands off. I—I'd do anything."

She considered his case with fitting gravity.

"Then you aren't married?"

"Nobody would have me."

"Yes, they would—if ——"

She did not turn up her nose, but she favored his dirt and rags with a look of disapprobation he could not mistake.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE UNIVERSAL CRIME

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

LET'S be frank about it: If you—meaning everybody—were abroad and had bought a few things more than your hundred-dollar allowance, or outside of it, and were coming home, would you smuggle the extras in, provided you knew you wouldn't be caught?

Shocked chorus: Certainly not!

Emphatic rejoinder: Yes, you would; and you know you would!

I suppose, if we could identify enough of the older branches on our family trees, we would all find that, somewhere in the mists, certain of our respected ancestors were smugglers and usually glad of it. So far as that fascinating industry goes we are all "throwbacks." It is a human instinct to try to beat a tax—as old as time, as universal as man. The only thing that keeps any person from smuggling is the fear of detection. The act itself is considered justifiable, not criminal—a sort of a joke on the authorities. As a matter of fact, it is easy to find arguments to prove that there should be no impost on goods brought into this country that have been purchased in markets elsewhere—that is, not legal arguments or governmental arguments, but personal arguments, beginning with "I don't see why"; and very few people do see why.

If you work a year, for example, you cannot make a woman understand why she is not just as free to buy a gown or a necklace in Paris and bring it in with her when she comes home, duty free, as she is to buy a gown or a necklace in New York; for although she knows that these were made abroad she does not consciously pay any duty or tax whatsoever. Of course she does pay the duty, which is included in the price of the gown or the necklace that she buys in New York, but that quibble does not appeal to her. Buying a gown or a necklace in one place is exactly the same as buying it in another, as long as she pays the price in good money. Why should they fuss with her and make her pay on the dock? Why, indeed?—except that this Government of ours at present is committed to the protective principle; and the protective principle taxes such purchases and almost all others on a supposed ratio of cost of production here and abroad, which is a tedious, argumentative proposition and need not be entered into.

Direct Taxes Always Unpopular

NO PEOPLE, from the time history began, were ever heard giving three cheers for any kind of taxes whatsoever. That is why, in our civilization, the efforts of tax-layers have been directed to devising systems of indirect taxation instead of levying direct taxes, where the collector comes around and says: "Give me so much or I'll put you in the bastile." The real reason why the people who buy goods abroad try to bring those goods in duty free is because, when the duty is collected on the dock, the tax ceases in effect to be an indirect tax and becomes a direct tax. They have to pay then and there. Wherefore a vast resentment in this country and elsewhere arises against the paying of duty, and all sorts of devices are resorted to in an attempt to avoid this tax.

The laws make smuggling, or the evasion of duties, a crime; but, inasmuch as it is inherent in all peoples of all climes to avoid taxation when possible, the mere act of getting something through a custom house without paying a tax is held to be a clever bit of business instead of an offense against statutory law. No woman who ever got in a fan or a box of gloves or a gown or a cloak, and no man who put over more cigars than he could bring in by the regulations, or more suits of clothes, ever considered herself or himself a criminal. All thought themselves pretty smart and usually boasted a little to their friends while displaying their acquisitions. To the minds of most people who come back from a foreign country, the collection of these few dollars on the docks constitutes the entire custom-house system of this country—comprises almost the entire tariff business conducted by the Government. Just to show how much at variance with the facts that view is, let me put in a figure or two. Taking the port of New York for an example, the amount of duty collected on the baggage of incoming passengers was $3,096,324.91 from March first, 1909, to November thirtieth, 1910; and the total collections at the port of New York on imports, including the sum just set down, were $380,504,341.90 for the same period.

Without holding a brief for the customs service or for the custom house in New York, it is but fair to state that since the present tariff laws exist there is nothing else to do but collect duty on dutiable goods so long as incoming passengers on ships from foreign lands use this channel for importing goods. There has been a loud outcry against the administration of the port of New York, but the fault is not with the collector. He is there to enforce the laws as he finds them. He didn't make the laws; but so long as these laws continue as they are it will be necessary to examine the baggage of incoming passengers to the fullest extent. It is stated by customs experts that, with the tremendous increase in the wealth and number of trans-Atlantic and other foreign travelers, there has been a similarly increasing amount of dutiable goods brought in in this way; and the baggage and wearing apparel of the average passenger are vastly different from what they were when the laws under which the customs authorities are now operating were enacted.

These things are not understood; and the indignation of the woman who sees an inspector pawing over her foreign finery—some of which, no doubt, she did not declare—would be no less even if she did understand. Moreover, there has been a change in administration on the New York docks, where most trans-Atlantic passengers disembark. In the old days, to use a broad, general term and not to attempt to be specific, there was a certain laxity in the examination of the baggage of passengers on the docks, sometimes evoked by a ten or twenty dollar bill. Many a man or woman, accustomed to spend some part of each year abroad, has been astounded to find latterly that the old device of leaving a ten or twenty dollar bill in the top of one of the trays of a trunk, to be discovered by the inspector, does not work now. Equally ineffectual is the ancient device of handing the inspector a business or personal card with an address on it, thanking him for his courtesy and asking him to call at his convenience for a little chat.

That sort of graft has been abolished, much to the disgust of both the grafters and the grafted. What happened? Why, there was an increase of about one hundred and ten per cent in the amount collected during the period between March first, 1909, and November thirtieth, 1910, over the amount collected between March first, 1907, and November thirtieth, 1908—or $3,096,324.91 as contrasted with $1,464,787.38. Of course some of this increase was due to augmented travel, but not all. A good deal of it was due to tenser methods of collection.

As regards methods smuggling falls into two divisions. The first is the attempt by the individual to get in dutiable articles by concealment or otherwise—in some manner to evade the tax. The second is by undervaluation. The passenger evades. The importer undervalues. It all amounts to the same thing; and, though it has been a popular pastime for many years, it has now become a particularly hazardous and risky species of endeavor.

The law provides that all dutiable articles obtained in a foreign country must be declared on blanks furnished for that purpose. This does not seem especially mandatory to the average passenger and failure to make proper declaration is the cause of the greatest number of the seizures. Failure to make proper declaration is due in many instances to ignorance and in many instances to intent. It is all one when the baggage is on the dock, although the passenger who has made an irregular declaration is usually given a chance to make a correct one and ignorance is often condoned by the payment of proper duties. When it comes to intent the same condition exists now as existed when history began. The individual matches his wits and ingenuity against those of the collector. If he can get past he is happy. If he cannot he is distinctly unhappy; but millions of them have taken the chance.

The Ancient Tricks of the Smuggler

THE Government of the United States is an impersonal thing to the average American. He knows it exists and that indirectly he contributes to its support and effectiveness. Still, it rarely reaches him as a personal, tangible object. One instance when it does is when a uniformed inspector spots dutiable articles in a trunk or in a pocket or bag and requests the individual to walk up to the cashier's office and settle. That is personal. That is paying out real money to the Government. It hurts. Likewise, this deep-rooted objection to anything that seems like a direct tax is the real reason why so much smuggling is attempted by individuals.

Smuggling is as old as man. Probably every possible human contrivance for getting dutiable articles past tax collectors was tried before there was a custom house or a customs collector in North America. People are now putting jewels in their hair just as people put jewels in their hair to evade their seizure centuries ago. Really, there has been little advance in the mechanics of the endeavor. For example, it isn't so long ago that a man who made many trans-Atlantic voyages and always carried a copy of Les Misérables in his hand—a big, thick book—was apprehended on a New York dock. The book was opened. It had been hollowed out and in the hollow there were many diamonds. Now that contrivance is as old as books—older; for undoubtedly they used to do it with parchments before there were any books.

They try all sorts of devices. Jewels generally are the objects smuggled, for jewels are small in compass and most valuable as articles of illicit commerce. Drugs and other small but expensive objects come next, and then the list goes down the line to any object the smuggler may fancy as suitable for evasion of duty. They bore holes in the heels of their shoes, put false bottoms in trunks, carry articles in their pockets, conceal them in their hair, wind them about their bodies, hang them in pockets on their petticoats, put them in their hats, conceal them in soap, in apples and other fruit, in handles and in backs of toilet articles, in cigars, in cardcases, in the lining of hats, in the bands of hats, in soles of shoes, in waistbands of trousers—everywhere. One man came in once with a few diamonds beneath a porous plaster on his back and another had a diamond stuck to the roof of his mouth with gum.

Some of them are clever and some are clumsy. The experienced smuggler sometimes gets by because he can maintain an air of innocence. The inexperienced smuggler is nervous, afraid, self-conscious. One man, who purported to bring in the bodies of persons who died abroad, used the coffins for smuggling. Another clever diamond smuggler took frequent trips back and forth on the same ship and had the same stateroom, hiring it by the year. His brother always came to see him off and went aboard the ship with him. Then, when the ship sailed, the brother, waving many farewells, left the dock. The scheme was as simple as it was effective. The traveler left his diamonds concealed in the stateroom when he disembarked. He had nothing but ordinary luggage when he left the dock, but when he made the trip back on the same ship the brother took off the diamonds that were concealed in the stateroom and was not detected for a long time, for no one thought of looking in the pockets of a person who had simply gone to the dock to bid another farewell.

One phase of the customs business that is not well understood by Americans who buy abroad is that this Government maintains in most of the cities of the world, and especially in all the big European cities, men who are called special agents of the Treasury Department. The chief business of these men is to keep the Treasury Department informed as to prices, so that equitable appraisements can be made when goods get to this side. They have other functions, however. If Mr. John Jones, of the Middle West, buys Mrs. John Jones a diamond necklace on the Rue de la Paix or elsewhere, one of the special agents in Paris is pretty sure to find out about it. The big houses where such purchases are made are well content to keep this Government informed as to such purchases, for they do a good deal of exporting to this country on their own account and do not want to be under suspicion. Or, even if they make a sale without giving us the information, usually there is a clerk in the store who hands in the information, and the result is that, when Mr. John Jones gets off at a dock in New York or elsewhere, word has reached this side, either by mail or by cable, that he bought such-and-such a diamond necklace at such-and-such a place. If Mr. John Jones declares this necklace, all well and good. If he does not declare it he is asked about it; and then, if he persists in saying he has no such bauble, he gets into about as much trouble as any person should desire unless he is a glutton for that sort of thing.

There was Mrs. F. C. Adriance, of Poughkeepsie, New York, for example, who brought with her a pearl necklace valued at eighty-eight hundred dollars. The customs authorities in New York knew Mrs. Adriance had bought this necklace. They asked her about it. She said she did not have it. Whereupon, as the information the customs authorities had was explicit, they had one of the women inspectors search Mrs. Adriance. The necklace was not discovered.

Mrs. Adriance attempted to destroy a bill for the necklace and was caught at it. This bill was shown her husband and he admitted that she had the necklace. It was found in the lining of her hat. The necklace and other articles of jewelry were seized and Mrs. Adriance was indicted for smuggling. She pleaded guilty to this indictment and was fined five thousand dollars, the maximum amount provided by the statute. She paid $12,065.35 to obtain possession of the jewelry, which, with the five thousand dollars fine, made her experience cost her more than seventeen thousand dollars.

When Collector Loeb took office, in March, 1909, he announced his intention to collect, so far as he was able, every dollar of duty due the Government under the existing laws. He said he wanted to make the collection of this duty as free from friction and annoyance as possible; but it was soon apparent that nobody took him at his word and that drastic measures were needed to impress on the minds of the travelers that they must pay what they owed for duties under the laws. Of course the new régime did not discover all the violations, but those violations that were discovered were prosecuted so relentlessly that attempts have greatly decreased in number. Frank and full declarations are now the rule instead of the exception, as formerly.

There were several cases similar to the Adriance case. One Mengo L. Morgenthau, of New York, tried to get in goods valued at $17,007.37 and they were seized. He was fined five thousand dollars after pleading guilty to an indictment charging him with smuggling. Presently there came what were known as the "sleeper-trunk cases." Dressmakers were the offenders here. The first seizures consisted of model gowns and dresses brought in by dressmakers in New York and Chicago and valued in round numbers at ten thousand dollars. The real sleeper-trunk plan was not discovered until later, when five trunks, coming in on the steamships Gothland and New York, were taken. This plan of smuggling was simplicity itself. A trunk would be sent from Paris, for example, and arrive at Cherbourg or elsewhere after a sailing, just too late for the ship. The trunk would usually be labeled as the property of some well-known American who had sailed on that ship. It would be forwarded on the next ship as "delayed baggage." This meant that it would not be included in the manifest of the second ship, as it was supposed to be in the manifest of the ship on which it would have come had it not been too late at the dock.

All that was necessary then was for the particular man on the ship on which the trunk came to have the trunk unloaded on the dock, where it was unclaimed. Then, at night, after the customs authorities were gone and the ship was lying at the dock, a truck would drive up, the trunk would be loaded on it—and that was all there was to it. The five trunks that disclosed this method of smuggling contained model gowns from Paris valued at fifty-three thousand dollars. A man named Phillipson, who invented the system and operated through officers of certain steamships, was convicted. It is futile to try to estimate how much this system of smuggling cost the Government. Experts in the custom house in New York modestly put

(Continued on Page 48)

THE TRAP

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The animals went in two by two.
Hurrah! Hurrah!

GIVEN Bower for a last name, the boys are bound to call you "Right" or "Left." They called me "Right" because I usually held it, one way or another. I was shot with luck. No matter what happened, it always worked out to my advantage. All inside of six months, for instance, the mate fell overboard and I got his job; the skipper got drunk after weathering a cyclone and ran the old Boldero aground in "lily-pad" weather—and I got his. Then the owner called me in and said: "Captain Bower, what do you know about Noah's Ark?" And I said: "Only that 'the animals went in two by two. Hurrah! Hurrah!'" And the owner said: "But how did he feed 'em—specially the meat-eaters?" And I said: "He got hold of a Hindu who had his arm torn off by a black panther and who now looks after the same at the Calcutta Zoo—and he put it up to him."

"The Bible doesn't say so," said the owner.

"Everything the Bible says is true," said I. "But there're heaps of true sayings you know, that aren't in it at all."

"Well," says the owner, "you slip out to yon Zoo and you put it up to yon one-armed Hindu that a white Noah named Bower has been ordered to carry pairs of all the Indian fauna from Singapore to Sydney; and you tell him to shake his black panther and 'come along with.'"

"What will you pay?" I asked.

The owner winked his eye. "What will I promise?" said he. "I leave that to you."

But I wasn't bluffed. The owner always talked Pagan and practiced Christian; loved his little joke. They called him "Bond" Hadley on the waterfront to remind themselves that his word was just as good.

I settled with Yir Massir in a long confab back of the snake-house and that night Hadley blew me to Ivy Green's benefit at the opera house.

Poor little girl! There weren't fifty in the audience. She couldn't act. I mean she couldn't draw. The whole company was on the bum and stone-broke. They'd scraped out of Australia and the Sandwich Islands, but it looked as if they'd stay in Calcutta, doing good works, such as mending roads for the public, to the end of time.

"Ivy Green is a pretty name for a girl," said the owner.

"And Ivy Green is a pretty girl," I said; "and I'll bet my horned soul she's a good girl."

To tell the truth, I was taken with her something terrible at first sight. I'd often seen women that I wanted, but she was the first girl and the last. It's a different sort of wanting, that. It's the good in you that wants—instead of the bad.

"Don't Be a Little Goat!"

Her little face was like the pansies that used to grow in mother's dooryard; and a dooryard is the place for pansies, not a stage. When her act was over the fifty present did their best; but I knew, when she'd finished bobbing little curtsies and smiling her pretty smile, she'd slip off to her dressing room and cry like a baby. I couldn't stand it. There were other acts to come, but I couldn't wait.

"If Ivy Green is a pretty name for a girl, Ivy Bower is a prettier name for a woman," I said. "I'm going behind."

He looked up, angry. Then he saw that I didn't mean any harm and he looked down. He said nothing. I got behind by having the pull on certain ropes in that opera house, and I asked a comedian with a face like a walrus which was Miss Green's dressing room.

"Friend of hers?" he says.

"Yes," says I, "a friend."

He showed me which door and I knocked. Her voice was full of worry and tears.

"Who's there?" she said.

"A friend," said I.

"Pass, friend," said she.

And I took it to mean "Come in," but it didn't. Still, she wasn't so dishabilled as to matter. She was crying and rubbing off the last of her paint.

"Miss Green," I said, "you've made me feel so mean and miserable that I had to come and tell you. My name is Bower. The boys call me 'Right' Bower, meaning that I'm lucky and straight. It was lucky for me that I came to your benefit, and I hope to God that it will be lucky for you."

"Yes?" she says—none too warm.

"As for you, Miss Green," I said, "you're up against it, aren't you? The manager's broke. You don't know when you've touched any salary. There's been no balm in your benefit. What are you going to do?"

This time she looked me over before she spoke.

"I don't know," she said.

"I don't have to ask," said I, blushing red, "if you're a good girl. It's just naturally obvious. I guess that's what put me up to butting in. I want to help. Will you answer three questions?"

She nodded.

"Where," said I, "will you get breakfast tomorrow?—lunch tomorrow?—and dinner tomorrow?"

"We disband tonight," she said, "and I don't know."

"I suppose you know," said I, "what happens to most white girls who get stranded in Indian cities?"

"I know," she said, "that people get up against it so hard that they oughtn't to be blamed for anything they do."

"They aren't," I said, "by—Christians; but it's ugly just the same. Now ——"

"And you," she said, flaring up, "think that, as long as it's got to be, it might as well be you! Is that your song and dance, Mr. Smarty?"

I shook my head and smiled.

"Don't be a little goat!" I said; and that seemed to make her take to me and trust me.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"I'll tell you," I said; and I found that it wasn't easy. "First place," I said, "I've got some money saved up. That will keep you on Easy Street till I get back from

Sydney. If by that time nothing's turned up that you want of your own free heart and will, I'll ask you to pay me back by -by changing your name."

She didn't quite follow.

"That," said I, "gives you a chance to look around—gives you one small chance in a million to light on some man you can care for and who'll care for you and take care of you. Failing that, it would be fair enough for you to take me, failing a better. See?"

"You mean," she said, "that, if things don't straighten out, it would be better for me to become Mrs. Bower than walk the streets? Is that it?"

I nodded.

"But I don't see your point of view," she cried. "Just because you're sorry for a girl don't mean you want to make her your wife."

"It isn't sorrowing," I said. "It's wanting. It's the right kind of wanting. It's the wanting that would rather wait than hurt you; that would rather do without you than hurt you."

"And you'll trust me with all your savings and go away to Australia—and if I find some other man that I like better you'll let me off from marrying you? Is that it?"

"That's about it," I said.

"And suppose," says she, "that you don't come back, and nobody shows up, and the money goes?"

That was a new point of view.

"Well," said I, "we've got to take some chances in this world."

"We have," said she. "And now look here—I don't know how much of it's wanting and how much of it's fear—but if you'll take chances I will."

She turned as red as a beet and looked away.

"In words of two syllables," said I, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," she said—and she was still as red as a beet, but this time she looked me in my eyes without a flinch in hers—"that, if you're dead sure you want me - are you?—if you're dead sure, why, I'll take chances on my wanting you. I believe every word you've said to me. Is that right?"

"Every word," I said. "That is right."

Then we looked at each other for a long time.

"What a lot we'll have to tell each other," she said, "before we're really acquainted. But you're sure? You're quite sure?"

"Sure that I want you? Yes," I said; "not sure that you ought not to wait and think me over."

"You've begun," she said, "with everything that's noble and generous. I could never look myself in the face again if I felt called upon to begin by being mean."

"Hadn't you better think it over?" I said. "Hadn't you?"

But she put her hands on my shoulders.

"If an angel with wings had come with gifts," she said, "would I have thought them over? And just because your wings don't show "

"It isn't fair," I mumbled. "I give you a choice between the streets and me and you feel forced to choose me."

But she pulled my head down and gave me a quick, fierce kiss.

"There," said she—"was that forced? Did you force me to do that? No," she said; "you needn't think you're the only person in the world that wants another person. . . . If you go to Australia I don't wait here. I go too. If you sink by the way I sank. And don't you go to thinking you've made me a one-sided bargain. . . . I can cook for you and mend for you and save for you. And if you're sick I can nurse you. And I can black your boots."

"I thought," said I, "that you were just a little girl that I wanted, but you turn out to be the whole world that I've got to have. Slip the rest of your canvas on and I'll hook it up for you. Then we'll find some one to marry us - unless you'd rather wait."

"Wait?" said she, turning her back and standing still, which most women haven't sense enough to do when a man's ten thumbs are trying to hook them up. "I've been waiting all my life for this—and you'"

"And I," said I, splitting a thumbnail, "would go through an eternity of hell if I knew that this was at the end of it—and you!"

"What is your church?" she asked of a sudden.

"Same as yours," I said, "which is ——"

"Does it matter," said she, "if God is in it? Do you pray?"

"No," said I; "do you?"

"Always," she said, "before I go to bed."

"Then I will," said I; "always—before we do "

"Sometimes," she said, "I've been shaken about God. Was tonight before you came. But He's made good—hasn't He?"

"He has," I said. "And now you're hooked up. And I wish it was to do all over again. I loved doing it."

"Did you?" said she.

Her eyes were bright and brave like two stars. She slipped her hand through my arm and we marched out of the opera house. Half a dozen young globe-trotters were at the stage door waiting to take a chance on Miss Green as she came out, but none of them spoke. We headed for the nearest city directory and looked up a minister.

II

I HAD married April; she cried when she thought she wasn't good enough for me; she smiled like the sun when I swore she was.

I had married June; she was like an armful of roses.

We weren't two; we were one. What alloy does gold make mixed with brass? We were that alloy. I was the brass.

We traveled down to Singapore first-class, with one-armed Yir Massir to look after us—down the old Hoogli, with the stubs of half-burned Hindus bobbing alongside, crows sitting on 'em and tearing off strips. We ran aground on all the regular old sandbars that are never twice in the same place; and one dusk we saw tigers come out of the jungle to drink. We'd both traveled quite some, but you wouldn't have thought it. Ivy Bower and Right Bower had just run away from school for to see the world "so new and all."

Some honeymoons a man keeps finding out things about his wife that he don't like—little tricks of temper and temperature; but I kept finding out things about mine that I'd never even dared to hope for. I went pretty near crazy with love of her. At first she was a child that had had a wicked, cruel nightmare—and I'd happened to be about to comfort her when she waked and to soothe her. Then she got over her scare and began to play at matrimony, putting on little airs and dignities—just like a child playing grown-up. Then all of a sudden it came to her, that tremendous love that some women have for some of us dogs of men. It was big as a storm, but it wasn't too big for her. Nothing that's noble and generous was too big for her; nor was any way of showing her love too little. Any little molehill of thoughtfulness from me was changed—presto!—into a chain o' mountains; but she thought in mountains and made molehills of 'em.

We steamed into Singapore and I showed her the old Boldero, that was to be our home, laid against the Copra Wharf, waiting to be turned into an ark. The animals weren't all collected and we had a day or two to chase about and enjoy ourselves; but she wasn't for expensive pleasures.

"Wait," she said, "till you're a little tired of me; but now, when we're happy just to be together walking in the dust, what's the use of disbursing?"

I Showed Her the Old Boldero, That Was to be Our Home

"If we save till I'm tired of you," says I, "we'll be rich."

"Rich it is, then," said she, "for those who will need it more."

"But," says I, "the dictionary says that a skunk is a man that economizes on his honeymoon."

"If you're bound to blow yourself," says she, "let's trot down to the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank and buy some shares in something."

"But," says I, "you have no engagement ring."

"And I'm not engaged," says she. "I'm a married woman."

"You're a married child."

"My husband's arm around my waist is my ring," says she; "his heart is my jewel."

Even if it had been broad daylight and people looking, I'd have put her ring on at that. But it was dark, in a park of trees and benches - just like Central Park.

"With this ring," says I, "I thee guard from all evil."

"But there is no evil," said she. "The world's all new; it's been given a fresh start. There's no evil. The apple's back on the tree of knowledge. Eden's come back—and it's spring in Eden."

"And among other items," says I, "that we've invoiced for Sydney is a python thirty feet long."

"Look!" says she.

A girl sat against one of the stems of a banyan, and a Tommy lay on his back with his head in her lap. She was playing with his hair. You could just see them for the dark.

"'And they lived on the square like a true married pair,'" says I.

"Can't people be naughty and good?" says she

"No," says I; "good and naughty only."

"Suppose," says she, "you and I felt about each other the way we do, but you were married to a rich widow in Lisbon and I was married to a wicked old Jew in Malta would that make you Satan and me Jezebel?"

"No," says I; "only me. Nothing could change you."

She thought a little.

"No," says she; "I don't think anything could. But there isn't any wicked old Jew. You know that."

"And you know about the rich widow?"

"What about her?" This said sharp, with a tug at my arm to unwrap it.

"She was born in Singapore," said I, "of a silly goose by an idle thought. And two minutes later she died."

"There's nothing that can ever hurt us—is there?—nothing that's happened and gone before?"

Man that is born of woman ought not to have that question put up to him; but she didn't let me answer.

"Because, if there is," she said, "it's lucky I'm here to look after us."

"Could I do anything that you wouldn't forgive?"

"If you turned away from me," she said, "I'd die—but I'd forgive."

Next daylight she was leaning on the rail of the Boldero watching the animals come over the side and laughing to see them turn their heads to listen to what old Yir Massir said to them in Hindustani. He spoke words of comfort, telling them not to be afraid; and they listened. Even Bahut, the big elephant, as the slings tightened and he swung dizzily heavenward, cocked his motheaten ears to listen and refrained from whimpering, though the pit of his stomach was cold with fear; and he worked his toes when there was nothing under them but water.

"'The elephant is the strongest of all things,'" I said, "and the most gentle."

Her little fingers pressed my arm, which was like marble in those days.

"No," said she—"the man!"

III

THAT voyage was good, so far as it went, but there's no use talking about it, because what came afterward was better. We'd no sooner backed off the Copra Wharf and headed down the straits, leaving a trail of smoke and tiger smell, than Ivy went to housekeeping on the Boldero.

Something Being Hunted by Something Torn by in the Dark

There are great housekeepers, just as there are great poets and actors. It takes genius; that's all. And Ivy had that kind of genius. Yir Massir had a Hindu saying that fitted her like a glove. He looked in upon her work of preparing and systematizing for the cramped weeks at sea and said: "The little mem-sahib is a born woman."

That's just what she is. There are born idiots and born leaders. Some are born male and some female; but a born woman is the rarest thing in the world, the most useful and the most precious. She had never kept house, but there was nothing for her to learn. She worked things so that whenever I could come off duty she was at leisure to give all her care and thought to me.

There was never a millionaire who had more speckless white suits than I had, though it's a matter almost of routine for officers to go dirty on anything but the swell liners. Holes in socks grew together under her fingers, so that you had to look close to see where they'd been. She even kept a kind of dwarf hibiscus, with bright red flowers, alive and flourishing in the thick salt air; and she was always slipping into the galley to give a new, tasty turn to the old sea-standbys.

The crew, engineer and stokers were all Chinks. Hadley always put his trust in them and they come cheap. We had forty coolies who berthed forward, going out on contract to work on a new Government dry-dock at Paiulu. I don't mind a Chink myself, so long as he keeps his habits to himself and doesn't oversmoke; but they're not sociable. Except for Yir Massir and myself there was no one aboard for Ivy to talk to. Yir Massir's duty kept him busy with the health of the collection for the Sydney Zoo, and Ivy found time to help, to advise and to learn. They made as much fuss between them over the beasts as if they had been babies; and the donkey engine was busy most of the day hoisting cages to the main deck and lowering them again, so that the beasts could have a better look at the sea and a bit of sun and fresh air. As it was, a good many of the beasts and all the birds roomed on the main deck all the time. Sometimes Yir Massir would take out a chetah—a nasty, snarling, pinheaded piece of long-legged malice—and walk him up and down on a dog-chain, same as a woman walks her King Charlie. He gave the monkeys all the liberty they could use and abuse; it was good sport to see them chase themselves and each other over the masts and upper works.

The most you can say of going out with a big tonnage of beasts is that, if you're healthy and have no nerves, you can just stand it. Sometimes they'll all howl together for five or six hours at a time; sometimes they'll all be logy and still as death, except one tiger, who can't make his wants understood and who'll whine and rumble about them all round the clock. I don't know which is worse, the chorus or the solo. And then, of course, the smell side to the situation isn't a matter for print. If I say that we had twenty hogsheads of disinfectants and deodorizers along it's all you need know. Anyhow, according to Yir Massir, it was the smell that killed big Bahut's mate. She'd been brought up in an Indian village and ought to have been used to all the smells, from A to Z.

One elephant more or less doesn't matter to me, especially when it's insured, but Yir Massir's grief and self-reproach were appalling; and Ivy felt badly too. It was as much for her sake as Yir Massir's that I read a part of the burial service out of the prayer-book and committed the body of "this our sister" to the deep. It may have been sacrilegious, but I don't care. It comforted Ivy some and Yir Massir a heap. And it did this to me, that I can't look at a beast now without thinking that—well, that there's not such an awful lot of difference between two legs and four; and that maybe God put Himself out just as much to make one as the other.

We swung her overside by heavy tackle. What with the roll of the ship and the fact that she swung feet down, she looked alive; and the funeral looked more like a drowning than a burial.

We had no weights to sink her; and when I gave the word to cut loose she made a splash like a small tidal wave and then floated.

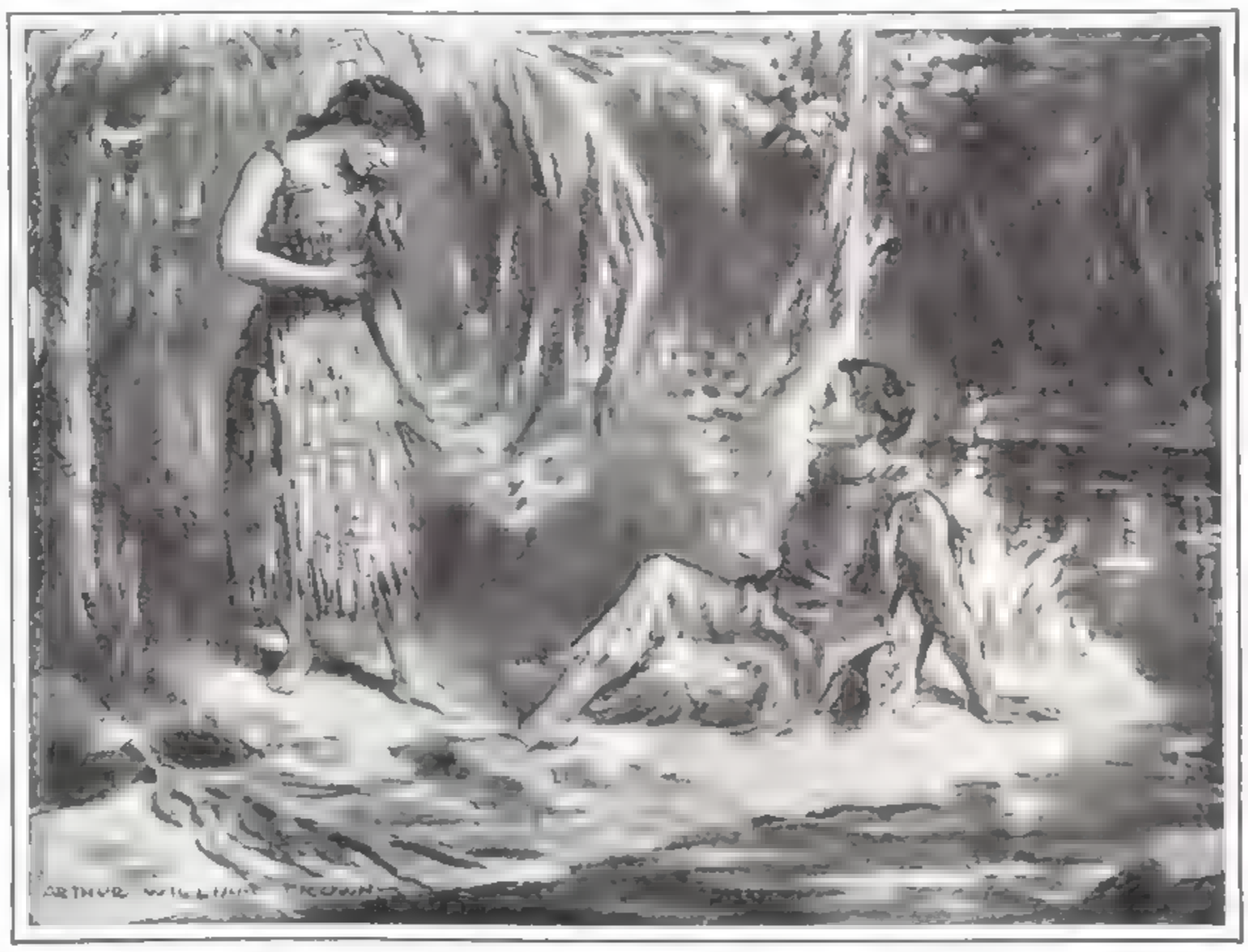
We could see her for an hour, like a bit of a slate-colored island, with white gulls sitting on it.

And that night Yir Massir waited on us looking like some old crazy loon out of the Bible. He'd made himself a prickly shirt of sackcloth and had smeared his black head and brown face with gray ashes. Big Bahut whimpered all night and trumpeted as if his heart were broken.

IV

I'VE often noticed that when things happen it's in bunches. The tenth day south of the line we had a look at almost all the sea-events that are made into woodcuts for the high-school geographies. For days we'd seen nothing except sapphire-blue sea, big swells rolling under a satin finish without breaking through and a baby-blue sky. On the morning of the tenth the sea was streaked with broad oily bands, like state roads, and near and far were whales traveling south at about ten knots an hour, as if they had a long way to go.

We saw heaps of porpoises and heaps of flying fish; some birds; unhewn timber—a nasty lot of it—and big floats of seaweed. We saw a whale being pounded to death by a killer; and in the afternoon as perfect an example of a brand-new coral island as was ever seen. It looked like a ring of white snow floating on the water, and inside the ring was a careened two-master—just the ribs and stumps left. There was a waterspout miles off to port and there was a kind of electric jump and thrill to the baked air that made these things seem important, like omens in ancient times. Besides, the beasts, from Bahut the elephant to little Assam the mongoose, put in the whole day at practicing the noises of complaint and uneasiness. Then, directly it was dark, we slipped into a "white sea." That's a rare sight and it has never been very well explained. The water looks as though it had been mixed with an unusual quantity of milk, but when you dip it up it's just water.



"It's Accident of Course, But This Skirt Has Got a Certain Hang"

About midnight we ran out of this and Ivy and I turned in. The sky was clear as a bell and even the beasts were quiet. I hadn't been asleep ten minutes and Ivy not at all, when all at once hell broke loose. There was a bump that nearly drove my head through a bulkhead; though only half awake I could feel to the cold marrow of my bones that the old Boldero was down by the head. The beasts knew it and the Chinks. Never since Babel was there such pandemonium on earth or sea. By a struck match I saw Ivy running out of the cabin and slipping on her bath-wrapper as she went. I called to her, but she didn't answer. I didn't want to think of anything but Ivy, but I had to let her go and think of the ship.

There wasn't much use in thinking. The old Boldero was settling by the head and the pumps couldn't hold up the inflood. In fifteen minutes I knew that it was all up with us—or all down rather—and I ordered the boats over and began to run about like a maniac, looking for Ivy and calling to her. And why do you suppose I couldn't find her? She was hiding—hiding from me!

She'd heard of captains of sinking ships sending off their wives and children and sweethearts and staying behind to drown out of a mistaken notion of duty. She'd got it into her head that I was that kind of captain and she'd hid so that she couldn't be sent away; but it was all my fault really. If I'd hurried her on deck the minute I did find her we'd have been in time to leave with the boats. But I stopped for explanations and to give her a bit of a lecture; so when we got on deck there were the boats swarming with Chinks slipping off to windward—and there at our feet was Yir Massir, lying in his own blood and brains, a wicked, long knife in one hand and the thread outpiece of a Chink's pigtail in the other.

I like to think that he'd tried to make them wait for us, but I don't know. Anyhow, there we were, alone on a sinking deck and all through with earthly affairs as I reckoned it. But Ivy reckoned differently.

"Why are they rowing in that direction?" she says. "They won't get anywhere."

"Why not?" says I.

She jerked her thumb to leeward.

"Don't you feel that it's over there?—the land?" she says. "Just over there."

"Why, no; bless you!" says I. "I don't have any feeling about it. . . . Now then, we've got to hustle around and find something that will float us. We want to get out of this before the old Boldero goes and sucks us down after."

"There's the life raft," says she; "they left that."

"Yes," says I; "if we can get it overboard. It weighs a ton. You make up a bundle of food on the jump, Ivy, and I'll try to rig a tackle."

When the raft was floating quietly alongside I felt better. It looked then as if we were to have a little more run for our money.

We worked like a couple of furies loading on food and water, Ivy lowering and I lashing fast.

"There," says I at last; "she won't take any more. Come along. I can help you down better from here."

"We've got to let the beasts loose," says she.

"Why?" says I.

"Oh, just to give 'em a chance," she says.

So I climbs back to where she was standing.

"It's rot!" I says. "But if you say so ——"

"There's loads of time," says she—"we're not settling so fast. Besides, even if I'm wrong about the land, they'll know. They'll show us which way to go. Big Bahut, he knows."

"It don't matter," I says. "We can't work the raft any way but to leeward—not one man can't."

"If the beasts go the other way," says she, "one man must try and one woman."

"Oh, we'll try," says I, "right enough. We'll try."

The first beast we loosed was the python. Ivy did the loosing and I stood by with a big rifle to guard against trouble; but, bless you, there was no need. One and all, the beasts knew the old Boldero was doomed and one and all they cried and begged and made eyes and sighs to be turned loose. As for knowing where the nearest land was—well, if you'd seen the python, when he came to the surface, make a couple of loopy turns to get his bearings and his wriggles in order, and then hike off to leeward in a bee-line—you'd have believed that he—well, that he knew what he was talking about.

And the beasts, one and all, big and little, the minute they were loosed, wanted to get overboard—even the cats; and off they went to leeward in the first flush of dawn, horned heads, cat heads, pig heads—the darnedest game of follow-my-leader that ever the skies looked down on. And the birds, white and colored, streaked out over the beasts. There was a kind of wonder to it all that eased the pinch of fear. Ivy clapped her hands and jumped up and down like a child when it sees the grand entry in Buffalo Bill's show for the first time—or the last, for that matter.

There was some talk of taking a towline from around Bahut's neck to the raft; but the morning breeze was freshening and with a sail rigged the raft would swim pretty fast herself. Anyway we couldn't fix it to get big Bahut overboard. The best we could do was to turn him loose, open all the hatches and trust to his finding a way out when the Boldero settled.

He did, bless him! We weren't two hundred yards clear when the Boldero gave a kind of shudder and went down by the bows, Bahut yelling bloody murder. Then, just when we'd given him up for lost, he shot up from the

She Had the Expression of a Little Girl Playing at Being Married

depths, halfway out of water. After blowing his nose and getting his bearings he came after the raft like a good old tugboat.

We stood up, Ivy and I did, and cheered him as he caught up with us and foamed by.

. . . . . .

The worst kind of remembering is remembering what you've forgotten. I got redder and redder. It didn't seem as if I could tell Ivy; but I did. First I says, hopeful:

"Have you forgotten anything?"

She shakes her head.

"I have," says I. "I've left my rifle, but I've got plenty of cartridges. I've got a box of candles, but I've forgotten to bring matches. A nice, thoughtful husband you've got!"

V

THE beasts knew.

There was land just around the first turn of the world—land that had what might be hills when you got to 'em and that was pale gray against the sun, with all the upper works gilded; but it wasn't big land. You could see the north and south limits; and the trees on the hills could probably see the ocean to the east.

They were funny trees, those; and others just like them had come down to the cove to meet us when we landed. They were a kind of pine and the branches grew in layers, with long spaces between. Since then I've seen trees just like them, but very little, in florists' windows; only the florists' trees have broad scarlet sashes round their waists, by way of decoration.

The cove had been worked out by a brook that came loafing down a turfy valley, with trees single and in spinneys, for all the world like an English park; and at the upper end of the valley, cutting the island in half lengthwise, as we learned later, the little wooded hills rolled north and south, and low spurs ran out from them, so as to make the valley a valley instead of a plane.

There were flocks of goats in the valley, which was what made the grass so turfy, I suppose; and our own deer and antelopes were browsing near them, friendly as you please. Near at hand big Bahut, who had been the last but us to land, was quietly munching the top of a broad-leafed tree that he'd pulled down; but the cats and riffraff had melted into the landscape. So had the birds, except a pair of jungle fowl, who'd found seed near the cove and were picking it up as fast as they could and putting it away.

"Well," says I, "it's an island, sure, Ivy. The first thing to do is to find out who lives on it, owns it and dispenses its hospitality, and make up to them."

But she shook her head and said seriously:

"I've a feeling, Right," she says—"a kind of hunch—that there's nobody on it but us."

I laughed at her then, but half a day's tramping proved that she was right. I tell you women have ways of knowing things that we men haven't. The fact is, civilization slides off 'em like water off a duck; and at heart and by instinct they are people of the cave-dwelling period—on cut-and-dried terms with ghosts and spirits, all the unseen sources of knowledge that man has grown away from.

I had sure proofs of this in the way Ivy took to the cave we found in a bunch of volcano rock that lifted sheer out of the cove and had bright flowers smiling out of all its pockets. No society lady ever entered her brand-new marble house at Newport with half the happiness.

Ivy was crazy about the cave and never tired of pointing out its advantages. She went to housekeeping without any of the utensils, as keen and eager as she'd gone to it on the poor old Boldero, where at least there were pots and pans and pepper.

We had grub to last a few weeks, a pair of blankets, the clothes we stood in and an ax. I had, besides, a heavy clasp-knife, a watch and seven sovereigns. The first thing Ivy insisted on was a change of clothes.

"These we stand in," says she, "are the only presentable things we've got and Heaven only knows how long they've got to last us for best."

"We could throw modesty to the winds," I suggested.

"Of course you can do as you please," she said. "I don't care one way or the other about the modesty; but I've got a skin that looks on the sun with distinct aversion and I don't propose to go through a course of yellow blisters—and then turn black."

"I've seen islanders weave cloth out of palm fiber—most any kind," I said. "It's clumsy and airy; but if you think it would do ——"

"It sounds scratchy."

"It is, but it's good for the circulation."

Well, we made a kind of cloth and cut it into shapes, and knotted the shapes together with more fiber; then we folded up our best and only Sunday-go-to-meeting suits and put the fiber things on; and then we went down to the cove to look at ourselves in the water. And Ivy laughed.

"We're not clothed," she said; "we're thatched; and yet—and yet—it's accident of course, but this skirt has got a certain hang that ——"

"Whatever that skirt's got," I said, "these pants haven't; but if you're happy I am."

Well, there's worse situations than desert-islanding it with the one woman in the world. I even know one man who claims he was cast away with a perfect stranger that he hated the sight of at first—a terribly small-minded, conventional woman—and still he had the time of his life. They got to like each other over a mutual taste for cribbage, which they played for sea-shells, yellow with a pink edge, until the woman went broke and got heavily in debt to the man. He was nice about it and let her off. He says the affair must have ended in matrimony, only she took a month to think it over; during that month they were picked up and carried to Honolulu; then they quarreled and never saw each other again.

"Ivy," said I one day, "we'll be picked up by a passing steamer some day, of course, but meanwhile I'd rather be here with you than any place I can name."

"I've a Feeling, Right—a Kind of Hunch—That There's Nobody on It But Us"

"It's Eden," she said, "and I'd like to live like this always. But ——"

"But what?"

"But people grow old," she said, "and one dies before another. That's what's wrong with Eden."

I laughed at her.

"Old! You and I? We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, Ivy Bower."

"Right Bower," says she, "you don't understand ——"

"How not understand?"

"You don't understand that Right Bower and Ivy Bower aren't the only people on this island."

She didn't turn a fiery red and bolt—the way young wives do in stories. She looked at me with steady, brave, considering eyes.

"Don't worry, dear," she says after a time; "everything will be all right. I know it will."

"I know it too." I lied.

Know it? I was cold with fright.

"Don't be afraid," said she. "And—and meanwhile there's dinner to be got ready—and you can have a go at your firesticks."

It was my ambition to get fire by friction. Now and then I got the sticks to smoke and I hoped that practice would give me the little extra speed and cunning that makes for flame. I'd always been pretty good at games, if a little slow to learn.

VI

YOU'D think anxiety about Ivy'd have been the hardest thing to bear in the life we were living; and so it would have been if she'd showed any anxiety about herself. Not she. You might have thought she was looking forward to a Christmas box from home. If she was ever scared it was when I wasn't looking. No—it was the beasts that made us anxious.

At first we'd go for long walks and make explorations up and down the island. The beasts hid from us according to the wild nature that's in them. You could only tell from fresh tracks in damp places that they hadn't utterly disappeared. Now and then we saw deer and antelopes far off; and at night, of course, there was always something doing in the way of a chorus. Beasts that gave our end of the island the go-by daytimes paid us visits nights and sat under the windows, you may say, and sang their songs.

It seemed natural after a time to be cooped up in a big green prison with a lot of loose wild things that could bite and tear you to pieces if they thought of it. We were hard to scare. What scared me first was this: When we got to the island it was alive with goats. Well, these just casually disappeared. Then, one morning, bright and early, I came on the big python in the act of swallowing a baby antelope. It gave me a horrid start and set me thinking. How long could the island support a menagerie? What would the meat-eaters do when they'd killed off all the easy meat—finished up the deer and antelopes and all? Would they fight it out among themselves—big tiger eat little tiger—until only the fittest one survived? And what would that fittest one do if he got good and hungry and began to think that I'd make a square meal for him—or Ivy?

I reached two conclusions—and the cave about the same time. First, I wouldn't tell Ivy I was scared. Second, I'd make fire by friction or otherwise—or bust. Once I got fire, I'd never let it go out. I set to work with the firesticks right off and Ivy came and stood by and looked on.

"Never saw you put so much elbowgrease into anything," she said. "What's the matter with you anyway?"

"It's a game," I grunted, "and these two fellows will have me beat if I don't look lively."

"Right Bower," she says then, slow and deliberate, "I can see you're upside down about something. Tell Ivy."

"Look," says I—"smoke! I never got it so quick before." I spun the pointed stick between the palms of my hands harder than ever and gloated over the wisp of smoke that came from where it was boring into the flat stick.

"Make a bow," says Ivy. "Loop the bowstring round the handpiece and you'll get more friction with less work."

"By gorry!" says I; "you're right. I remember a picture in a geography—'Native Drilling a Conch Shell.' Fool that I am to forget!"

"Guess you and I learned out of the same geography," said Ivy.

(Continued on Page 36

THE GRAIN OF DUST

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

III

THE brother and sister dined alone. Clayton was finding his club a more comfortable place than his home in those days of his wife's disillusionment and hesitation about the future. Many weak creatures are curiously armed for the unequal conflict of existence -some with fleetness of foot, some with a polecat weapon of malignance, some with porcupine quills, some with a 'possum-like instinct for "playing dead." Of these last was Fitzhugh. He knew when to be silent, when to keep out of the way, when to "sit tight" and wait. His wife had discovered that he was a fool—that he, perhaps, owed more to his tailor than to any other single factor for the success of his splendid pose of the thorough gentleman. Yet she did not realize what an utter fool he was, so clever had he been in the use of the art of discreet silence. Norman suspected him, but could not believe a human being capable of such fathomless vacuity as he found whenever he tried to explore his brother-in-law's brain.

After dinner Norman took Ursula to the opera to join the Seldins, and after the first act went to Josephine, who had come with only a deaf old aunt. Josephine loved music, and to hear an opera from a box one must be alone. Norman entered as the lights went up. It always gave him a feeling of dilation, this spectacle of material splendor—the women, whose part it is throughout civilization today to wear for public admiration and envy the evidences of the prowess of the males to whom they belong. A truer version of Doctor Holmes' aphorism would be that it takes several generations in oil to make a deep-dyed snob—wholly to destroy a man's or a woman's point of view, sense of the kinship of all flesh, and to make him or her over into the genuine believer in caste and worshiper of it. For all his keenness of mind, of humor, Norman had the fast-dyed snobbishness of his family and friends. He knew that caste was silly, that such displays as this vulgar flaunting of jewels and costly dresses were in atrocious bad taste. But it is one thing to know, another thing to feel; and his feeling was delight in the spectacle, pride in his own high rank in the aristocracy.

His eyes rested with radiant pleasure on the girl he was to marry. And she was indeed a person to appeal to the passion of pride. Simply and most expensively dressed in pearl satin, with only a little jewelry, she sat in the front of her parterre box, a queen by right of her father's wealth, her family's position, her own beauty. She was a large woman—tall, a big frame, but not ungainly. She had brilliant dark eyes, a small proud head set upon shoulders that were slenderly young now, and even when they should become matronly would still be beautiful. She had good teeth, an exquisite smile, the gentle good humor of those who, comfortable themselves, would not have the slightest objection to all others being equally so. Because she laughed appreciatively and repeated amusingly she had great reputation for wit. Because she industriously picked up from men a plausible smatter of small-talk about politics, religion, art and the like, she was renowned as clever verging on profound. And she believed herself both witty and wise—as do thousands, male and female, with far less excuse.

She had selected Norman for the same reason that he had selected her: each recognized the other as the grand prize. Pity is not nearly so close kin to love as is the feeling that the other person satisfies to the uttermost all one's pet vanities. It would have been next door to impossible for two people so well matched not to find themselves drawn to each other and filled with sympathy and the sense of comradeship, so far as there can be comradeship where two are driving luxuriously along the way of life, with not a serious cause for worry. People without half the general fitness of these two for each other have gone through to the end, regarding themselves and regarded as the most devoted of lovers. Indeed, they were lovers. Only one of those savage tests to which in all probability they would never be exposed would or could reveal just how much that word lovers meant when applied to them.

As their eyes met into each pair leaped the fine, exalted light of pride in possession. "This wonderful woman is mine!" his eyes said. And her eyes answered: "And you—you most wonderful of men—you are mine!" It always gave each of them a thrill like intoxication to meet after a day's separation. All the joy of their dazzling good fortune burst upon them afresh.

"I'll venture you haven't thought of me the whole day," said she, as he dropped into the chair behind her.

It was a remark she often made—to give him the opportunity to say: "I've thought of little else, I'm sorry to say—I, who have a career to look after." He made the usual answer and they smiled happily at each other. "And you?" he said.

"Oh, I? What else has a woman to think about?"

Her statement was as true as his was false. He was indeed all she had to think about—all worth wasting the effort of thought upon. But he—though he did not realize it—had thought of her only in the incidental way in which an ambition-possessed man must force himself to think of a woman. The best of his mind was commandeered to his career. An amiable but shakily founded theory that it was "our" career enabled him to say without sense of lying that his chief thought had been of her.

"How those men downtown would poke fun at you," said she, "if they knew you had me with you all the time, right beside you!"

This amused him. "Still, I suspect there are lots of men who'd be exposed in the same way if there were a general and complete showdown."

"Sometimes I wish I really were with you—working with you—helping you. You have girls—a girl—to be your secretary—or whatever you call it—don't you?"

"You should have seen the one I had today. But there's always something pathetic about every girl who has to make her own living."

"Pathetic!" protested Miss Burroughs. "Not at all. I think it's fine."

"You wouldn't say that if you had tried it."

"Indeed I should!" she declared with spirit. "You men are entirely too soft about women. You don't realize how strong they are. And, of course, women don't resist the temptation to use their sex when they see how easy it is to fool men that way. The sad thing about it is that the woman who gets along by using her sex and by appealing to the soft-heartedness of men never learns to rely on herself. She's likely to come to grief sooner or later."

"There's truth in all that," said Norman. "Enough to make it dangerously unjust. There's so much lying done about getting on that it's no wonder those who've never tried to do for themselves get a wholly false notion of the situation. It is hard—bitterly hard—for a man to get on. Most men don't. Most men? All but a mere handful. And if those who do get on were to tell the truth—the whole truth—about how they succeeded—well, it'd not make a pleasant story."

"But you've got on," retorted the girl.

"So I have. And how?" Norman smiled with humorous cynicism. "I'll never tell—not all—only the parts that sound well. And those parts are the least important. However, let's not talk about that. What I set out to say was that, though it's hard for a man to make a decent living—unless he has luck—and harder still—much harder—for him to rise to independence ——"

"It wasn't so dreadfully hard for you," interrupted Josephine, looking at him with proud admiration. "But then, you had a wonderful brain."

"That wasn't what did it," replied he. "And in spite of all my advantages—friendships, education, enough money to tide me over the beginnings—in spite of all that, I had a frightful time. Not the work. Of course I had to work, but I like that. No, it was the—the maneuvering, let's call it—the hardening process."

"You!" she exclaimed.

"Every one who succeeds—in active life. You don't understand the system, dear. It's a cutthroat game. It isn't at all what the successful hypocrites describe in their talks to young men!" He laughed. "If I had followed the 'guides to success' I'd not be here. Oh, yes; I've made terrible sacrifices, but"—his look at her made her thrill with exaltation—"it was worth doing. . . . I understand and sympathize with those who scorn to succeed. But I'm glad I happened not to be born with their temperament, at least not with enough of it to keep me down."

"You're too hard on yourself, too generous to the failures."

"Oh, I don't mean the men who were too lazy to do the work or too cowardly to dare the—the unpleasant things. And I'm not hard with myself—only frank. But we were talking of the women. Poor things, what chance have they got? You scorn them for using their sex. Wait till you're drowning, dear, before you criticise another for what he does to save himself when he's sinking for the last time. I used everything I had in making my fight. If I could have got on better or quicker by the aid of my sex I'd have used that."

"Don't say those things, Fred," cried Josephine smiling, but half in earnest.

"Why not? Aren't you glad I'm here?"

She gave him a long look of passionate love and lowered her eyes.

"At whatever cost?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "But I'm sure you exaggerate."

"I've done nothing you wouldn't approve of—or find excuses for. But that's because you—I—all of us in this class—and in most other classes—have been trained to false ideas—no, to perverted ideas—to a system of morality that's twisted to suit the demands of practical life. On Sundays we go to a magnificent church to hear an expensive preacher and choir, go in expensive dress and in carriages, and we never laugh at ourselves. Yet we are going in the name of One who was born in a stable and who said that we must give everything to the poor, and so on."

"But I don't see what we could do about it," she said hesitatingly.

"We couldn't do anything. Only—don't you see my point?—the difference between theory and practice? Personally I've no objection—no strong objection—to the practice. All I object to is the lying and faking about it to make it seem to fit the theory. But we were talking of women—women who work."

"I've no doubt you're right," admitted she. "I suppose they aren't to blame for using their sex. I ought to be ashamed of myself to sneer at them."

"As a matter of fact their sex does few of them any good. The reverse. You see, an attractive woman—one who's attractive as a woman—can skirmish round and find some one to support her. But most of the working women—those who keep on at it—don't find the man. They're not attractive, not even at the start. After they've been at it a few years and lose the little bloom they ever had—why, they've got to take their chances at the game precisely like a man. Only they're handicapped by always hoping that they'll be able to quit and become married women. I'd like to see how men would behave if they could find or could imagine any alternative to 'root hog, or die.'"

"What's the matter with you this evening, Fred? I never saw you in such a bitter mood."

"We never happened to get on this subject before."

"Oh, yes, we have. And you always have scoffed at the men who fail."

"And I still scoff at them—most of them. A lot of lazy cowards. Or else so bent on self-indulgence—petty self-indulgence—that they refuse to make the small sacrifice today for the sake of the large advantage day after tomorrow. Or else so stuffed with vanity that they never see their own mistakes. However, why blame them? They were born that way and can't change. A man who has the equipment of success and succeeds has no more right to sneer at one less lucky than you would have to laugh at a poor girl because she wasn't dressed so well as you."

"What a mood! Something must have happened."

"Perhaps," said he reflectively. "Possibly that girl set me off."

"What girl?"

"The one I told you about. The unfortunate little creature who was typewriting for me this afternoon. Not so very little either. A curious figure she had. She was tall, yet she wasn't. She seemed thin, and when you looked again you saw that she was really only slender, and beautifully shaped throughout."

Miss Burroughs laughed. "She must have been attractive."

"Not in the least. Absolutely without charm—and so homely—no, not homely—commonplace. No, that's not right either. She had a startling way of fading and blazing out. One moment she seemed a blank - pale, lifeless, colorless, a nobody. The next minute she became—amazingly different. Not the same thing every time, but different things."

Frederick Norman was too experienced a dealer with women deliberately to make the mistake—to commit the breach of tact and courtesy—involved in praising one woman to another. But in this case it never occurred to him that he was talking to a woman of a woman. Josephine Burroughs was a lady; the other was a piece of office machinery—and a very trivial piece at that. But he saw and instantly understood the look in her eyes—the strained effort to keep the telltale upper lip from giving its prompt and irrepressible signal of inward agitation.

"I'm very much interested," said she.

"Yes; she was a curiosity," said he carelessly.

"Has she been there—long?" inquired Josephine with a feigned indifference that did not deceive him.

"Several months, I believe. I never noticed her until a few days ago. And until today I had forgotten her. She's one of the kind it's difficult to remember."

He fell to glancing round the house, pretending to be unconscious of the furtive suspicion with which she was observing him. She said:

"She's your secretary now?"

"Merely a general office typewriter."

The curtain went up for the second act. Josephine fixed her attention on the stage—apparently undivided attention. But Norman felt rather than saw that she was still worrying about the "curiosity." He marveled at this outcropping of jealousy. It seemed ridiculous it was ridiculous. He laughed to himself. If she could see the girl, the obscure, uninteresting cause of her agitation, how she would mock at herself! Then, too, there was the absurdity of thinking him capable of such a stoop. A woman of their own class, or a woman of its corresponding class on the other side of the line, yes. No doubt she had heard things that made her uneasy or, at least, ready to be uneasy. But this poorly dressed obscurity, with not a charm that could attract even a man of her own lowly class! It was such a good joke that he would have teased Josephine about it but for his knowledge of the world—a knowledge in whose primer it was taught that teasing is both bad taste and bad judgment. Also, it was beneath his dignity, it was offense to his vanity, to couple his name with that of one so far beneath him in every way.

When the curtain fell several people came into the box and he went to make a few calls round the parterre. He returned after the second act. They were again alone - the deaf old aunt did not count. At once Josephine began upon the same subject. With studied indifference - how amusing for a woman of her inexperience to try to fool a man of his experience!—she said:

"Tell me some more about that typewriter girl. Women who work always interest me."

"She wouldn't," said Norman. The subject had been driven clean out of his mind and he didn't wish to return to it. "Some day they will venture to make judicious long cuts in Wagner's operas and then they'll be interesting. It always amuses me, this reverence of little people for the great ones—as if a great man were always great. No; he is always great. But often it's in a dull way. And the dull parts ought to be skipped."

"I don't like the opera this evening," said she. "What you said has set me to thinking. Is that girl a lady?"

"She works," laughed he.

"But she might have been a lady."

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Don't you know anything about her?"

"Except that she's trustworthy—and insignificant and not too good at her business."

"I shouldn't think you could afford to keep incompetent people," said the girl shrewdly.

"Perhaps they won't keep her," parried Norman gracefully. "The head clerk looks after those things."

"He probably likes her."

"No," said Norman, too indifferent to be cautious. "She has no 'gentlemen friends.'"

"How do you know that?" said the girl, and she could not keep a certain sharpness out of her voice.

"Tetlow, the head clerk, told me. I asked him a few questions about her. I had some confidential work to do and didn't want to trust her without being sure."

He saw that she was now prey to her jealous suspicion. He was uncertain whether to be amused or irritated. She had to collect herself before venturing:

"Oh, she does confidential work for you? I thought you said she was incompetent."

He, the expert cross-examiner, had to admire her skill at that high science and art. "I felt sorry for her," he said. "She seemed such a forlorn little creature."

She laughed with a constrained attempt at raillery. "I never should have suspected you of such weakness. To give confidential things to a forlorn little incompetent out of pity!"

He was irritated distinctly. The whole thing was preposterous. It reminded him of feats of his own before a jury. By clever questioning Josephine had made about as trifling an incident as could be imagined take on really quite imposing proportions. There was annoyance in his smile as he said:

"Shall I send her up to see you? You might find it amusing, and maybe you could do something for her."

Josephine debated. "Yes," she finally said. "I wish you would send her"—with a little sarcasm—"if you can spare her for an hour or so."

"Don't make it longer than that," laughed he. "Everything will stop while she's gone."

It pleased him, in a way, this discovery that Josephine had such a common, commonplace weakness as jealousy. But it also took away something from his high esteem for her—an esteem born of the lover's idealizings; for, though he was not of the kind of men who are on their knees before women, he did have a deep respect for Josephine, incarnation of all the material things that dazzled him—a respect with something of the reverential in it, and something of awe—more than he would have admitted to himself. Today, as of old, the image-makers are as sincere worshipers as visit the shrines. In our prostrations and genuflections in the temple we do not discriminate against the idols we ourselves have manufactured: on the contrary, them we worship with peculiar gusto. Norman knew his gods were frauds, that their divine qualities were of the earth earthy. But he served them, and what most appealed to him in Josephine was that she incorporated about all their divine qualities.

He and his sister went home together. Her first remark in the auto was: "What were you and Josie quarreling about?"

"Quarreling?" inquired he in honest surprise.

"I looked at her through my glasses and saw that she was all upset—and you too."

"This is too ridiculous!" cried he.

"She looked—jealous."

"Nonsense! What an imagination you have!"

"I saw what I saw," Ursula maintained. "Well, I suppose she has heard something—something recent. I thought you had sworn off, Fred. But I might have known."

Norman was angry. He wondered at his own exasperation, out of all proportion to any apparent provoking cause. And it was most unusual for him to feel temper, all but unprecedented for him to show it.

"It's a good idea to make her jealous," pursued his sister. "Nothing like jealousy to stimulate interest."

"Josephine is not that sort of woman."

"You know better. All women are that sort. All men too. Of course some men and women grow angry and go away when they get jealous while others stick closer. So one has to be judicious."

"Josephine and I understand each other far too well for such pettiness."

"Try her. No, you needn't. You have."

"Didn't I tell you ——"

"Then what was she questioning you about?"

"Just to show you how wrong you were I'll tell you. She was asking me about a poor little girl down at the office—one she wants to help."

Ursula laughed. "To help out of your office, I guess. I thought you'd lived long enough, Fred, to learn that no woman trusts any man about any woman. Who is this 'poor little girl'?"

"I don't even know her name. One of the typewriters."

"What made Josephine jealous of her?"

"Haven't I told you Josephine was not ——"

"But I saw. Who is this girl—pretty?"

Norman pretended to stifle a yawn. "Josephine bored me half to death talking about her. Now it's you. I never heard so much about so little."

"Is there something up between you and the girl?" teased Ursula.

"Now that's an outrage!" cried Norman. "She's got nothing but her reputation. Do leave her that."

"Is she very young?"

"How should I know?"

"Youth is a charm in itself."

"What sort of rot is this!" exclaimed he. "Do you think I'd drop down to anything of that kind—in any circumstances? A little working girl—and in my own office!"

"Why do you heat so, Fred?" teased the sister. "Really, I don't wonder Josephine was torn up."

An auto almost ran into them—one of those innumerable hairbreadth escapes that make the streets of New York as exciting as a battle and as dangerous. For a few minutes Ursula's mind was deflected. But a fatality seemed to pursue the subject of the pale obscurity whose very name he was uncertain whether he remembered aright.

Said Ursula, as they entered the house: "A girl working in the office with a man has a magnificent chance at him. It's lucky for the men that women don't know their business, but are amateurs and too stuck on themselves to set and bait their traps properly. Is that girl trying to get round you?"

"What possesses everybody tonight?" cried Norman. "I tell you the girl's as uninteresting a specimen as you could find."

"Then why are you so interested in her?"

Norman shrugged his shoulders, laughed with his normal easy good humor and went to his own floor.

. . . . . .

On top of the pile of letters beside his plate, next morning, lay a note from Josephine:

Don't forget your promise about that girl, dear. I've an hour before lunch and could see her then. I was out of humor last night. I'm very penitent this morning. Please forgive me. Maybe I can do something for her. JOSEPHINE.

Norman read with amused eyes. "Well!" soliloquized he, "I'm not likely to forget that poor little creature again. What a fuss about nothing!"

IV

MANY men, possibly a majority, have sufficient equipment for at least a fair measure of success. Yet all but a few are downright failures, passing their lives in helpless dependence, glad to sell themselves for a small part of the value they create. For this there are two main reasons. The first is, as Norman said, that only a few men have the self-restraint to resist the temptings of a small pleasure today in order to gain a larger tomorrow or next day. The second is that few men possess the power of continuous concentration. Most of us cannot concentrate at all; any slight distraction suffices to disrupt and destroy the whole train of thought. A good many can concentrate for a few hours, for a week or so, for two or three months. But there comes a small achievement and it satisfies, or a small discouragement and it disheartens. Only to the rare few is given the power to concentrate steadily, year in and year out, through good and evil event or report.

As Norman stepped into his auto to go to the office—he had ridden a horse in the Park before breakfast until its hide was streaked with lather—the instant he entered his auto he discharged his mind of everything but the business before him downtown, or, rather, business filled his mind so completely that everything else poured out and away. A really fine mind, a perfect or approximately perfect instrument to the purposes of its possessor, is a marvelous spectacle of order. It is like a vast public library constantly used by large numbers. There are alcoves, rows on rows, shelves on shelves, with the most exact system everywhere prevailing, with the attendants moving about in list-bottomed shoes, fulfilling without the least hesitation or mistake the multitude of directions from the central desk. It is like an admirably drilled army, where there is the nice balance of freedom and discipline that gives mobility without confusion; the divisions, down to files and even units, can be disposed along the line of battle wherever needed or can be marshaled in reserve for use at the proper moment. Such a mind may be used for good purpose or bad or for mixed purposes, after the usual fashion in human action. But whatever the service to which it is put, it acts with equal energy and precision. Character—that is a thing apart. The character determines the morality of action, but only the intellect determines the skill of action.

In the offices of that great law firm one of the keenest pleasures of the more intelligent of the staff was watching the workings of Frederick Norman's mind—its ease of movement, its quickness and accuracy, its obedience to the code of mental habits he had fixed for himself. In large part all this was born with the man; but it had been brought to a state of perfection by the most painful labor, by the severest discipline, by years of practice of the sacrifice of small temptations—temptations to waste time and strength on the little pleasant things that result in such heavy bills—bills that bankrupt a man in middle life and send him in old age into the deserts of poverty and contempt.

Such a unique and trivial request as that of Josephine Burroughs being wholly out of his mental habit for downtown he forgot it along with everything else having to do with uptown only—along with Josephine herself, to tell a truth which may pique the woman reader and may be wholly misunderstood by the sentimentalists. By merest accident he was reminded.

As the door of his private office opened to admit an important client he happened to glance up. And between

the edge of the doorframe and his client's automobile-fattened and carefully dressed body he caught a glimpse of the "poor little forlornness," who chanced to be crossing the outer office. A glint of sunlight on her hair changed it from lifelessness to golden, vital vivid ness, the same chance sunbeam touched her pale skin with a soft yellow radiation and her profile was delicately fine and regular. Thus Norman, who observed everything, saw a head of finely wrought gold a startling cameo against the dead white of office wall. It was only with the second thought that he recognized her. Instantly the whole episode came back.

He glanced at the clock. Said the client in the amusing tone of one who would like to take offense if he only dared: "I'll not detain you long, Mr. Norman. And really the matter is extremely important."

There are not many lawyers, even of the first rank, with whom their big clients reverse the attitude of servant and master. Norman might well have been flattered. In that restrained tone from one used to servility and fond of it, and easily miffed by lack of it, was the whole story of Norman's long battle and splendid victory. But he was not in the mood to be flattered; he was thinking of other things. And it presently annoyed him that his usually docile mind refused to obey his will's order to concentrate on the client and the business—said business being one of those huge schemes through which a big monster of a corporation is constructed by lawyers out of materials supplied by great capitalists and controllers of capital, is set to eating in enormous meals the substance of the people.

An interesting and highly complicated enterprise is such a construction. It was of the kind in which Norman's mind especially delighted; Hercules is himself only in presence of a herculean labor. But on that day he could not concentrate, and because of a trifle! He felt like a giant disabled by a grain of dust in the eye—yes, a mere grain of dust! "I must love Josephine even more than I realize, to be fretted by such a paltry thing," thought he. And, after patiently enduring the client for half an hour without being able to grasp the outlines of the project, he rose abruptly and said: "I must get into my mind the points you've given me before we can go further. So I'll not waste your time."

This sounded very like "Clear out—you've bored me to my limit of endurance." But the motions of a mind such as he knew Norman had were beyond and high above the client's mere cunning at dollar-trapping. He felt that it was the part of wisdom—also soothing to vanity—to assume that Norman meant just what his words conveyed. When Norman was alone he rang for an office-boy and said:

"Please ask Miss Halliday to come here."

The boy hesitated. "Miss Hallowell?" he suggested.

"Hallowell -thanks—Hallowell," said Norman.

And it somehow pleased him that he had not remembered her name. How significant it was of her insignificance that so accurate a memory as his should make the slip. When she, impassive, colorless, nebulous, stood before him the feeling of pleasure was, queerly enough, mingled with a sense of humiliation. What absurd vagaries his imagination had indulged in! For it must have been sheer hallucination, his seeing those wonders in her. How he would be laughed at if those pictures he had made of her could be seen by any other eyes! "They must be right when they say a man in love is touched in the head. Only, why the devil should I have happened to get these crazy notions about a person I've no interest in?" However, the main point, and most satisfactory, was that Josephine would be at a glance convinced, convicted, made ashamed of her absurd attack. A mere grain of dust!

"Just a moment, please," he said to Miss Hallowell. "I want to give you a note of introduction."

He wrote the note to Josephine Burroughs: "Here she is. I've told her you wish to talk with her about doing some work for you." When he finished he looked up. She was standing at the window, gazing out upon the tremendous panorama of skyscrapers that makes New York the most astounding of the cities of men. He was about to speak. The words fell back unuttered. For once more the hallucination, or whatever it was, laid hold of him. That figure by the window, that beautiful girl, with the great, dreamy eyes and the soft and languorous nuances of golden haze over her hair, over the skin of perfectly rounded cheek and perfectly moulded chin curving with ideal grace into the whitest and firmest of throats

"Am I mad or do I really see what I see?" he muttered.

He turned away to clear his eyes for a second view, for an attempt to settle whether he saw or imagined it. When he looked again she was observing him, and once more she was the obscure, the cipherlike Miss Hallowell, ten-dollar-a-week typewriter and not worth it. Evidently she noted his confusion and was vaguely alarmed by it. He recovered himself as best he could and debated whether it was wise to send her to Josephine. Surely those transformations were not altogether his own hallucinations, and Josephine might see, might humiliate him by suspecting more strongly —— Ridiculous! He held out the letter.

"The lady to whom this is addressed wishes to see you. Will you go there right away, please? It may be that you'll get the chance to make some extra money. You've no objection, I suppose?"

She took the letter hesitatingly.

"You will find her agreeable, I think," continued he. "At any rate the trip can do no harm."

She hesitated a moment longer as if weighing what he had said. "No, it will do no harm," she finally said. Then, with a delightful color and a quick transformation into a vision of young shyness: "Thank you, Mr. Norman. Thank you so much."

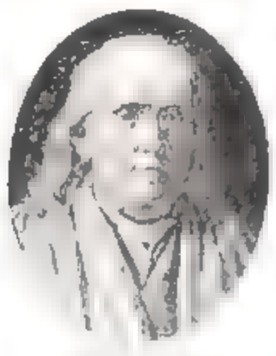
"Not at all—not in the least," he stammered, the impulse strong to take the note back and ask her to return to her desk.

When the door closed behind her he rose and paced about the room uneasily. He was filled with disquiet, with hazy apprehension. His nerves were unsteady, as

Continued on Page 28

"Would You Like to Think I Was Marrying You for What You Have, or for Any Other Reason Whatever Than for What You Are?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2 75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 11, 1911

When the Cork is Drawn

CONCERNING American politics Ambassador Bryce says: "An eminent journalist remarked to me in 1908 that the two great parties were like two bottles: each bore a label denoting the kind of liquor it contained—but each was empty."

At the period named, however, the Democratic vial had been sealed for a dozen years. The recent caucus of that party chose the members of the Ways and Means Committee that will rule the next House, and those members will soon meet in Washington to draw the cork—by taking up the subject of tariff revision. The event obviously is of first-class importance. The country waits anxiously to discover what's in the bottle.

If the committee produces merely a campaign document, consisting of an omnibus tariff bill, which the Senate is morally certain to reject and which the President would veto if it reached him, we fear it will raise a painful presumption that the bottle contains only lukewarm atmosphere. There is a rather sinister suggestion in the circumstance that Senator Bailey eloquently advocates an omnibus bill revising all schedules at a stroke down to a "revenue only" basis—which was precisely the basis upon which some Democratic Senators voted for duties on lumber and iron in the Payne-Aldrich bill. Probably the favored trusts would look forward quite complacently to that sort of revision—with the Senate at least nominally Republican and a Republican President.

No doubt it is within the power of the Democratic members of the new Ways and Means Committee to secure prompt downward revision of a number of very important schedules—to perform at once, that is, a service of large and tangible value to the country. Will they do this or will they play politics? What's in the bottle?

A Short-Sighted Policy

THE final report of the Immigration Commission will fill forty volumes. For two years its members studied the subject by first-hand investigations ranging from southeastern Europe to our Pacific Coast. Three-quarters of a million individual schedules were taken, original information gathered from or concerning more than three million persons, and two hundred statistical clerks were employed in collating the data. Such is the mere bulk of the subject.

The commission finds that crime is not more prevalent among the immigrants than among the native-born; that they are not idlers, but willing workers and generally thrifty; that they are usually quick to take advantage, for themselves and for their children, of whatever educational opportunities are open to them. On the whole, the showing of the immigrant as a man is a good one.

The commission finds, also, that there is practically no intelligent direction and protection of this horde of immigrants. Rogues who wish to take advantage of their ignorance have every chance to prey upon them; and though they come mainly from the soil in Europe, as petty farmers or agricultural laborers, here they are mostly herded in the industrial centers. In the iron and steel trade, for example, fifty-seven per cent of the employees were found to be of foreign birth; but sixty-four per cent of them had been tillers of the soil at home. Undoubtedly a good many of these immigrants could be placed upon the land here to the advantage of everybody concerned. The Canadian Government exerts itself to attract suitable immigrants to the land. Our Government does nothing whatever about them. They are sent over here, in part, by steamship agents, whose only interest is to get their passage money. Once here they can shift for themselves. This is not an intelligent or a profitable policy.

Protection for Country Merchants

THE average country merchant works under trying conditions. He extends credit freely, carrying customers for weeks. When some of the same customers are able to pay cash they buy not from the merchant who has carried them but from a mail-order house, which is sometimes able to undersell the merchant precisely because it gives nobody credit. About the time the merchant has built up a really profitable trade somebody is pretty sure to open a rival shop across the street. Sometimes wholesale houses that the merchant has patronized will cheerfully supply the rival shop with a stock of goods, although its chief asset may be a pious hope of taking away part of the older shop's trade. Such conditions would tend to make anybody nervous; and it is not strange that many country merchants oppose a parcels-post in the fear that it will give an additional advantage to the mail-order houses.

Probably the multiplication of rival shops is a greater menace to the retail trade than the mail-order houses are. The Comptroller of the Currency will no longer permit the organization of a new national bank whose principal object seems merely to be taking business away from banks already established. A license will not be issued for a new bank unless it appears there is some reasonable need of additional banking facilities in that locality. Multiplication of competitive banks is sure to weaken the whole banking position. Two strong banks can serve a community better than four weak ones. So can two strong retail stores, if people only realized it.

In the present state of the retail trade no such salutary control over mere wasteful competition is possible; but one can imagine a degree of organization by which it might be achieved.

The country town is very important to the farmer and should be able to count upon his support; but sentiment plays little part in buying goods, and if a parcels-post will really get city goods to the farmer cheaper than he can buy them at home he will probably favor that measure. There must be somewhere a better protection for country retail trade than simple reliance upon high express rates.

A Duty on Labor

COMMENTING, in the Survey, upon the recent report of the Federal Immigration Commission, Paul U. Kellogg makes a highly alluring suggestion. The report finds that the great influx of foreigners, a large part of whom are drawn into the industrial centers as unskilled laborers, tends to keep down wages for such labor. Mr. Kellogg suggests, therefore, that until an immigrant has been five years in this country his wages be fixed by law at a minimum of two dollars and a half a day.

This, of course, is exactly the protectionist doctrine. We must not be permitted to buy the foreign article except at a very high price, and the foreign article must be used to boost prices on the domestic. It is quite clear that if the Steel Trust, for example, could get no unskilled immigrant labor for less than two dollars and a half a day it would have to pay about that for native unskilled labor. Thus the grand object of protection—namely, to benefit native labor—would be immediately achieved. It would amount simply to levying a protective tariff directly upon labor. We do not see how Senators Aldrich, Lodge, Heyburn and their fellow high-protectionists could possibly object to a proposal so strictly in accord with their doctrine—unless they should urge that the measure of protection was not high enough to be in line with some of the schedules and that the minimum wage should be at least three dollars a day.

We wonder what favored manufacturers would say if Congress really undertook to raise the same kind of a protective wall around their labor that it has erected around their products. What they said would certainly be both diverting and instructive.

Some Proof of the Pudding

THE railroads, you may remember, proposed to put a schedule of advanced freight rates into effect on June 1 last. The Government, however, required them to go before the Interstate Commerce Commission and show that the proposed increase was justifiable. The commission has taken a great mass of testimony and recently announced that its decision would be postponed until March 15—nine and a half months after the date when the increase would have gone into effect if the Government had not intervened. The returns now at hand go no farther than the end of the calendar year; but it is quite certain that during the nine and a half months when the increase was suspended the roads will have earned more money, net, than in the corresponding period of the preceding year. Obviously, therefore, they haven't actually suffered except in their feelings. The annual freight bill now exceeds one and three-quarters billion dollars. An increase of only six per cent would amount to more than a hundred million dollars a year. In a little over three years it would dig the Panama Canal. An increase of ten per cent in freight rates would dig the canal in less than two years.

Anybody asking for a sum of that magnitude may reasonably be required to show that it is needed. In the way of tangible proof that the Government, since March 4, 1905, has become more serviceable to the public, nothing is more striking than this suspension and investigation of the proposed freight-rate increase.

Arbitration With Artillery

IT IS unfortunate that President Taft's strong plea for the arbitration of all international disputes, whether affecting trade, territory or honor, should have been immediately followed by a proposal to fortify the Panama Canal. This gives us an embarrassing appearance of saying to the world: "Wishing to convince you that we are animated by the most enlightened and Christian sentiments toward you, and that we are ready to repose full confidence in your own justice and humanity, we will now plant some twenty-five or fifty million dollars' worth of artillery in the most advantageous position for blowing you to smithereens. Let us put all thoughts of bloodshed from our minds and sit down together in mutual trust as brethren of one great family—but please take notice that we have our finger on the trigger. To assist in relieving the world from the crushing burden of militarism we will make a peace speech and order a few dozen new twelve-inch guns." Germany is increasing her tremendous army and navy appropriations for the ensuing five-year period. Every new cannon that one great nation plants breeds new cannon in the other nations.

New York's Endless Chain

THE assessors in Greater New York have marked up the value of the city's real estate nine hundred million dollars over last year. The city is entitled to borrow ten per cent of its assessed valuation. No doubt, therefore, it will presently issue ninety million dollars of new bonds, the proceeds of which will be used in building rapid-transit subways and other public improvements that will tend to enhance the value of real estate still further, thereby enabling the city to issue other bonds for additional improvements, which will increase real-estate values again; so the city can borrow yet more money for further improvements that will make real estate more valuable.

Since 1903, in fact, the assessed value of the city's real estate has advanced from four and three-quarters billion dollars to eight billions—and the bond issues proportionately. The landlord pays more taxes, but gets more rent. The tenant pays more rent, but gets improvements—if he is so fortunate as to be able to take advantage of them. Not infrequently he isn't so fortunate, but is driven into less desirable quarters because he cannot pay increased rent on the old quarters. On the whole, creating nine hundred million dollars of capitalized value for the sake of getting ninety million dollars to build subways and schoolhouses seems a clumsy device. If the increased land value is maintained somebody will have to create, by productive labor, a correspondingly increased land income.

Education Becoming Democratic

IT HAS long been said that education is the mainstay of democracy and of late it has been noted that education itself tends to become democratic. This is partly due to the state universities. The older, endowed colleges, of course, originally were and still pretty largely are aristocratic institutions. They were meant for gentlemen. They contemplated that their graduates should be ornaments to society. The public schools grew up in conformity with the entrance requirements of the colleges—although it was obvious that a great portion of public-school pupils would have no time to ornament anything, except possibly their own picket fences with a coat of paint.

The state universities may stand—and rather increasingly do stand—in a different relation to the public schools. They may stand for a system built from the bottom up rather than from the top down. The public schools may fix their own requirements rather than allow the colleges to do it for them. The requirements of the endowed colleges have a rather small relation to the needs of a great majority of public-school pupils. Classical literature, no doubt, is rich in the humanities; but take a boy who has no scholarly bent or scholarly traditions, who will be obliged to work for his living, and set him to grinding at Latin grammar—how rich in the humanities is that?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Who Sees Red

PATRICK HENRY McCARTHY was born in Newcastle West, Limerick, Ireland, on March seventeenth, 1863. Hence the beautiful poem:

Oh, March seventeen, sixty-three,
Is a notable date, as you'll see;
Although Saint Pat tabbed it,
P. Haich also nabbed it—
And now he's mayor of San Francisco, b'gee!

Which leads us plumb up to the statement that P. H. is a fighting man. You can get as many versions of P. H. as there are people in San Francisco, each person you tackle having some pet little furbelow he desires to tack on to his estimate of the mayor. When you have simmered them all down you will find, nevertheless and notwithstanding, that all agree P. H. is a belligerent person who has the courage of his conversation.

We, the proletariat, have in our vast and teeming midst many orators, officials, obtruders and opinmasters of some skill with the short and ugly, and more who vituperate valorously, albeit with too much verbigeration—as Henry Cabot Lodge remarked concerning Governor Foss. But when it comes to turning an eagle eye on a man or a parcel of men and telling them all about themselves, as observed by said eagle eye, P. H. McCarthy has them all trying to say truly-rural just as a New Year is dawning, in some place where the New Year dawns auspiciously.

P. H. is a wonder. He sees red about fourteen times a day; and when he begins to see red it is all off. Not long before he took office, in January, 1910, San Francisco was to hold a bond election to decide upon the municipal operation of a street railway. The Union Labor party, which McCarthy leads and represents, had declared in favor of the bond issue and a mass-meeting under the auspices of the labor movement was called for a Sunday afternoon. McCarthy was to be the chief speaker at this meeting. P. H. got up to talk. He saw in his audience an attorney who had been leader in the graft prosecution. "Ah-ha-a!" shouted McCarthy. "So there you are!"—and away he went with a long denunciation of the men who had financed the prosecution. P. H. accused them of everything he could think of and a few things he couldn't think of, which he classed under the broad, general term of insidious and criminal motives. When he had finished the reporters had to get him to give an interview, so they might know what was his position on the bond issue.

San Franciscans disagree heartily on P. H.'s status in politics. One side holds he is in politics simply and solely to aid the cause of the laboring man, and the other side asserts he is a cunning politician who is in the labor movement simply and solely for politics. The majority of the people seem to hold the first view, for McCarthy was a labor leader long before he went into politics, although when he did get into politics he used the labor end of his influence to the uttermost limit.

McCarthy always has had avowed labor principles. He is one of the original eight-hour men on the Coast and has been an agitator all his life. When he was seventeen years old he was working as a carpenter's apprentice on a church building in Ireland. The priest told the contractor that the church must be finished by a certain Sunday and suggested that the men work at night. P. H. argued this wasn't necessary, as the church could be finished easily if more men were employed. He also told the men it would be a sin to work at night when there were others round about who needed work; and he won his point. More men were employed and the church was finished on time.

Organizing the Carpenters

STILL, there were not many opportunities in Limerick for this rising young working man and he came to Chicago in 1880 as a journeyman carpenter. Somebody offered him a job at two dollars a day. "Who? Me? The present speaker, P. H. McCarthy?" he inquired in clarion tones. "Not for that wage!" And he went right to work—not at carpentering, however, but at organizing the carpenters. It wasn't long before McCarthy was engaged in organizing the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. He stayed in Chicago for six years and then went to San Francisco. He found a union of carpenters there, with a membership of three hundred. That night the union had a membership of three hundred and one, and now it has twenty-three hundred members; and there are many other organizations of carpenters and joiners there.

Inasmuch as he couldn't organize a union of carpenters, he organized, in 1894, the Building Trades Council, a federation of all unions in all building trades. Later on he organized the State Building Trades Council and has been president since that time. He is the boss of that organization, just as he is the boss of the San Francisco organization—and he is boss in all the term implies. Any man in his council who tries to insurge gets the immediate and expeditious hook.

He Never Loses an Opportunity and He Hates Peace

Naturally, when McCarthy went to San Francisco and before he had his unions all organized, he needed sustenance, so he took the job of house carpenter at the old California Hotel. That place was headquarters for a lot of local politicians and it was not long before they found that P. H. had a good grip on the labor situation in the city, could talk for hours without stopping and could handle men. Therefore they got him to go out and talk for some of their candidates and work for them. A millionaire was running for mayor. P. H. went to district meetings and urged all the boys to rally. They rallied and P. H. made good. His millionaire candidate was elected and P. H. said to himself and the general public: "What's the matter with me—the present speaker, P. H. McCarthy—for a political job?" So he was made chief civil-service commissioner. McCarthy says he went into politics to defeat a certain charter and get another that was more equitable in its provisions for working men. Whatever happened, he went into politics and he is there yet—and mayor.

McCarthy was in no sense involved in the municipal scandals of San Francisco. He ran for mayor after the Schmitz régime and was defeated by Doctor Taylor, who is a poet and who was a reform mayor. Then he ran again and was elected, and has served a little more than a year of his term. He still holds his labor affiliations; and, no matter what may be said concerning his domination over labor and the labor vote, there has been little labor disturbance in San Francisco in McCarthy's line—the building trades—since he took hold. When the millmen struck—or were locked out—McCarthy organized a board of trustees from among the members of his affiliated unions and began operating a planing mill that worked night and day, under the rigid conditions demanded by the millmen of their employers, and made a profit of fifteen thousand dollars in the first six months. At the time of the fire and earthquake, McCarthy issued a proclamation suspending all rules of his Building Trades Council, and for several months the men were allowed to work as many hours and for such wages as were mutually agreed upon between them and their employers.

He never loses an opportunity and he hates peace. The administration he succeeded was an honest administration and had been sincerely for many reforms; but it failed, perhaps because of a too ethical viewpoint. When McCarthy was inaugurated, instead of being harmonious he cut loose at the outgoing administration; and when he had said all he could think of he reached down, picked up little P. H., his son, and said: "Put the kid in the pictures." Little P. H. figures in practically every speech big P. H. makes.

McCarthy is proud of his ability to handle language as he does and has a quick wit and a native shrewdness that carry him through debates on intricate municipal problems where his knowledge may not be exact. He is a fine-looking chap and naturally—as he came from Limerick—has a proper appreciation of poetry. They asked him—so the local chronicles go—to be present at a meeting of the women of San Francisco in honor of the memory of the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. They say—"they," mind you, for there were no reporters present—that the mayor spoke feelingly of the dead author, to whom he referred as Mrs. Julia Ward Howard, and closed with the emphatic statement: "She was a writer who, for fancy expressions, I make bold to put up against any in her class, bar none." And, knowing P. H.'s reputation as a fighting man, there wasn't a dissenting voice.

Much Ado About Nothing

IT IS a rule of Bellevue Hospital, in New York, that the internes and the men who go out on the ambulances shall take no fees or presents of any kind.

One day a call came in and a young doctor jumped on the ambulance and hustled to a big house on one of the fashionable streets in upper New York. He found the man who lived in the house, a very rich banker, choking to death. He had swallowed something that had stuck in his throat. The young doctor saw the man would be dead in a few minutes if something were not done, so he made a slit in the gasping man's windpipe, put in a tube and saved his life.

When the banker got around he was very grateful and wanted to make a present to the doctor who had saved his life. He was so insistent about it that the hospital authorities held a meeting and decided that, in this case, they would allow the doctor to take a present. They so informed the banker.

Meantime the young doctor, who had saved the banker's life by his quickness and skill, pondered deeply over what he should do with the present. He finally decided that he would go to Germany and take a two years' course in the hospitals and schools there.

Presently an envelope was brought from the banker's downtown office by a messenger. The other internes all crowded around their comrade and urged him to open the envelope there.

He was excited and overcome. "No," he said; "I shall take it to my room and open it."

He took the envelope to his room, tore it open with trembling fingers—and a ten-dollar bill dropped out!

A Matter of Interest

THEY are prosaic creatures—those hack drivers at Mount Clemens, Michigan. One day a rheumatic man, who had recovered so far that he wanted to take a ride, hired one of them and told him to drive him about that pretty little city and show him the points of interest.

They drove up one street and down another until the driver pulled up in front of a little cottage. Pointing with his whip, he said: "The oldest butcher in Mount Clemens lives there. He is seventy-five years old and worth seventy-five thousand dollars. Giddap!"

Then he drove back to the hotel.

The Hall of Fame

℄ Doctor Wiley, the pure-food man, is a wonderful performer with a knife and fork.

℄ James A. Farrell, the new president of the United States Steel Corporation, began his business career in a job that paid four-fifty a week.

℄ Robert O. Bailey, who will be made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury on March fourth next, used to be a newspaper reporter—and was a good one.

℄ It is nip and tuck between Postmaster-General Hitchcock and John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Bureau, as to which is the most eligible bachelor in Washington.

℄ George W. Perkins, who recently left the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company with a fortune and is now engaged in reconciling the differences between labor and capital, began as an insurance agent in Chicago.

The Senator's Secretary

JAMES R. MANN, Representative from Illinois, certainly is getting to be the little legislative cut-up. Formerly we held the opinion that the only words in Mann's bright lexicon of legislation were, "I object!" and that he confined himself to slaughtering requests for unanimous consent, with various excursions into interpretation of the rules as a side line.

Everybody was mistaken. Mann is more than a universal objector. He has developed into the House tease. Whenever it seems necessary to sting the jactitatious Democrats, Mann stings them—stings them expeditiously and excruciatingly—and looks up at Uncle Joe Cannon for a pleased smile of approval. You see, Mann is the outward and visible sign of the inward and insidious determination of Uncle Joe to give the Democrats a little foretaste of what is coming to them when they are in control of the House. Not long ago Champ Clark, who will be Speaker of the next House and who socially is a close friend of Uncle Joe, said it would add greatly to his peace of mind if he could hear that Uncle Joe had determined to spend the two years dating from December next in South America or in any other salubrious place a few thousand miles from Washington.

Champ knows what is in store. Uncle Joe and Jim Mann, and a few more of them, have their plans all laid and are merely practicing now in order to be in good working order when they shall be leaders of the minority instead of at the top of the majority, as at present. They are catholic about it too; for they intend to harass the Insurgent Republicans—and are doing it now—just about as often as they will do plain and fancy sharpshooting at the Democrats. This having a majority of the House will not be a summer vacation for the Democrats. They will experience many bad quarters of hours when they are in power, and they are being put over the preliminary jumps right now.

Jim Mann has the quickest mind and the coldest nerve of any legislator on the Republican side. He can think of more things in a minute to make trouble for his opponents than any other member of the House can contrive by studying precedents or beating his forehead for hours. Likewise, Mann is the chosen executor for all the schemes that hatch in the sly and fertile brain of Uncle Joe. Between them they can find a way to bedevil or heckle the coming majority five times a day; and Jim Mann will do it with a solemn face and an air of intense devotion to duty. Only the sardonic twinkle in his eye will show that he is, perhaps, playing partisan politics instead of guarding the interests of the dear people. Probably his smile is as sardonic as his twinkle, but you can't see the smile, Mann having effectually ambushed that with a bunch of iron-gray whiskers.

An Embarrassing Situation

One of the pet new rules of the Insurgents and Democrats that came out of the revolution in the last session permits the House to discharge a committee from further consideration of a bill and to put that bill before the House for action. This rule, it was held, would deprive the Speaker of the power to smother legislation in committee. It seemed a good thing all around, for the Speaker has been known to do considerable smothering in times past, the smothered bills being those of which he did not approve. The regulars held that this rule was absurd, that it would not work, that it would only delay instead of advancing legislation; but Jim Mann was the crafty person who developed the situation.

One day he hopped up and innocently requested that the Carter-Weeks bill for the reorganization of the Post-office Department should be placed on the list in accordance with this rule. Others, who had measures they wanted to get before the House, protested; but Mann pointed out that this bill was first on the list and must be taken up under the rule. Now the Carter-Weeks bill is a good bill. If passed by the Congress it would provide a business administration for the Post-office Department, do away with many abuses, effect economies and be of inestimable value to the American people. But, in addition to being a good bill, it is also a very long bill. It is a book and a large, closely printed book at that. That was Mann's point. Though he undoubtedly is for the Carter-Weeks bill, he is not so much for it because of its merits as because of its length. He insisted the bill should be read, as the rules provide. There are very few days on which privileged legislation of this kind can be considered, and Mann knew it would be impossible to read the bill and act on it in the time remaining before the fourth of March, when the present Congress dies.

Hence, when the little time that is allowed for bills of this class comes around, the clerks drone through this tremendous mass of detail and Mann sits back and laughs at the men who put the rule through. He contends the rule is absurd and that he is proving it; and there is no way to stop him, unless the rule is changed. Meantime the men who are responsible for the rule talk about filibustering and tricky methods and peanut politics, but Mann doesn't give a hoot. Nor does Uncle Joe.

Having Fun With the Democrats

Recently the great struggle over bathtubs in the House Office Building came up. Various patriots raved and ranted around about this waste and luxury, and all that, and demanded that the people back home should not be taxed for the maintenance of marble tubs and muscular masseurs for the benefit of the statesmen here in Washington. It was a perfect exhibition of buncombe and humbug—and Mann hopped in there too. After the home-consumption boys had reached the proper frenzy, Mann introduced a resolution instructing the superintendent of the capitol to tear out the plumbing and sell all the bathroom appliances. The home-consumption boys had to stand for it, and they did, thereby making themselves ridiculous. Later, without even waiting for the conference report, Mann's amendment was stricken out and the bathtubs will remain, but Mann scored and had the laugh on the others.

A few days afterward he introduced some fifteen bills that provide for putting various food products on the free list. When Champ Clark heard that he jumped up and down. You see, no matter how the Committee on Ways and Means for the next Congress is appointed, whether by caucus or otherwise, Champ will have a big hand in the selection of its members; and he will pick out—with whatever assistance will be given—men who will instantly put in just such a series of bills, thereby hoping to gain much credit for the new Democratic House. Mann and Uncle Joe beat them to it, both knowing there is not a chance in the world for any of these free-list bills to pass the present House, but thinking it might be just as well to make it more difficult for their esteemed Democratic brethren.

When the House was discussing an appropriation for a great Government horse farm in Virginia Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, blew up and delivered an impassioned plea for a horse farm in his Western country. This caused Representative Stanley, of Kentucky, to explode into a rhetorical outburst about the Kentucky horse. Then camels were suggested as the right sort of pack animals for the army—and mules; but Mann, waiting until the psychological moment was at hand, submitted an amendment providing for the substitution of elephants—and the House came back from the clouds and went on with its business. What he and Uncle Joe will do to those twenty warring sects of Democrats, who will be in control of the House in the next Congress, will be highly interesting to outsiders, but will not contribute to the peace and progress of Champ Clark's followers. There are irritating days ahead for those gentlemen.

Another sample of the trouble Mann and his followers can cook up for Champ Clark's men was exhibited by a carefully prepared and rehearsed struggle over a change in the rules. Last March, when the Speaker was put off the Committee on Rules, the question at issue previous to that slaughter was whether the Norris resolution, providing for the deposition of Uncle Joe from the rules committee, was privileged.

The Republicans came in one morning not long ago looking quite pleased with themselves. As soon as the journal was approved Representative Fuller, of Illinois, a Republican, rose to a question of high privilege and introduced a resolution to amend one of the rules. Instantly Mann was on the job. He made the point of order that the resolution was not privileged. That brought before the House exactly the same question presented by the Norris resolution last March, which the Speaker ruled was not privileged. In that case the House, by a combination of Insurgent Republicans and practically all the Democrats, overruled the Speaker by taking an appeal from his decision that the Norris resolution was not privileged and sustaining the appeal.

The Democrats went at it when Mann made his point of order against the Fuller resolution, knowing or not knowing that this was one of Mann's troublemakers. It soon developed that the Democrats who had voted last March to overrule the Speaker and to declare the Norris resolution privileged voted that way because they considered that historic event a revolution, not because they thought the precedent should be established. In other words, they knew the Speaker was right last March, but voted him wrong in order to punish him and to amend the rules. One by one, the Democrats confessed they knew they were wrong last March and that they would make sure to be right this time. Mann and the Republicans goaded them and laughed at them, but they saw plainly what embarrassment this question held for the future and took their medicine.

The Speaker ruled on the Fuller resolution exactly as he did on the Norris resolution and the ruling was sustained, most of the Democrats voting opposite to their votes of last March. The only ones who held true were the Insurgents; and the vote to sustain the point of order and defeat the appeal that was taken from the Speaker's ruling was two hundred and thirty-five to fifty-three, thus proving once again that it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

The Dove of Peace Aflutter

Almost daily the fairhaired boys among the newspaper correspondents send out pleasing stories of the reconciliation of President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt. These started several weeks ago and told, with much detail, of the rapid interchange of letters between the President and the Colonel. Finally it was definitely stated that the distinguished correspondents were once again calling one another "My dear Will" and "My dear Theodore"—and that all was peace and happiness in our fair city and in Oyster Bay. Then, to add to the verisimilitude, there were printed stories telling how communication by long-distance telephone had been called into use almost every day between the President and the ex-President.

All of which is more or less important and may be followed by a public meeting of these two great men. Still, there is an illuminating report of a colloquy between President Taft and a friend not long ago.

"Mr. President," said the friend, "I suppose you are sore at the Colonel."

"Why, no," replied the President thoughtfully; "I do not see why I should be. I don't see why I should object if, when I am scheduled to get a licking, another man comes along, gets in front of me and takes it."

And, in the interim or thereabouts, the governor of West Virginia established a precedent by appointing Davis Elkins, son of the late Senator Elkins, to the Senate for a couple of weeks, or until the West Virginia legislature can send a Democrat. It was a touching sentiment, they all said; and Senator Nathan Bay Scott wept emotionally when he heard of it. So, not to be outdone, when Senator Hughes, of Colorado, died, Representative Rucker, of Colorado, arose and suggested that the son of Senator Hughes should be sent to the Senate as a graceful compliment to the memory of the dead Senator. Many other Senators who might die have sons; and the sons are hoping that, if they shall be afflicted by the loss of their fathers, the precedent will avail. Meantime what the older Senators say about this proposition of an entailed Senate is positively shocking.

Staying young

METCHNIKOFF the great Russian biologist declares that a light and simple diet is the main secret of living long, and staying young.

He specially recommends foods that contain the wholesome natural acids which promote digestion and purify the blood. And these are the very elements you find so abundant in

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

All the nourishing tonic properties of fresh ripe tomatoes, and all their natural food-value, are perfectly retained in this delicious soup.

It helps you to digest all other foods, too. And some of our heartier "kinds"—like the Ox Tail and Mock Turtle and Beef Soups, for example—are really a meal in themselves.

If people would depend more on such simple reasonable diet; and eat less heavy indigestible food, we would all live longer and *stay younger while we do live.*

Try this yourself. And see how true it is.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

I fly through the sky
For a prize rich and grand:
The *Campbell Soup*
luncheon
I get when I land.

1876
1911
Burpee's

The "Headquarters" for

Sweet Peas

With our five farms in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and California, we have the largest, most complete trial grounds, to "*prove all things.*" We were the first in America to grow "SPENCERS," and have today the purest strains of these most magnificent, giant, new, waved Sweet Peas. Unlike seed generally sold, our RE-SELECTED STOCKS now are *absolutely true* to the superb "Spencer" type.

Six Superb "Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one regular packet each of DAINTY SPENCER, the new "picotee-edged" pink on white; MRS. ROUTZAHN, apricot, suffused with rose; BEATRICE SPENCER, rich pink; OTHELLO SPENCER, glossy deep maroon; ASTA OHN, charming giant lavender and HELEN LEWIS, bright orange-rose.

These Six Superb Spencers are shown *painted from nature* and fully described on *pages 110 and 111* of BURPEE'S ANNUAL FOR 1911. Purchased separately, they would cost 65 cents, but **all six packets,** with Leaflet on Culture, will be mailed for **only 25 cts.; five collections for $1.00.**

Six "Superfine" Spencers

For 25 Cts. we will mail one packet (30 to 40 seeds) each of BURPEE'S KING EDWARD SPENCER, the grandest scarlet; APPLE BLOSSOM SPENCER, rose and pink; BURPEE'S WHITE SPENCER, largest waved white; FLORENCE MORSE SPENCER, light pink; BURPEE'S PRIMROSE SPENCER, and a large packet (80 to 90 seeds) of *Burpee's Best Blend for 1911 of* SUPERB SPENCER SEEDLINGS. Leaflet on culture is sent with each COLLECTION.

Five New "Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one regular packet each of BURPEE'S QUEEN VICTORIA SPENCER, primrose flushed flesh; CONSTANCE OLIVER, rich rose on cream; BURPEE'S AURORA SPENCER, bright orange-salmon; Baked, MRS. C. W. BREAKSTORE, pink, edged on cream; and TENNANT SPENCER, deep heliotrope.

25 Cts. buys **any one** of the above Three Collections. **Any Five Collections for $1.00,** and mailed to different addresses, if so ordered.

For 50 Cts. we will mail **any two** of the above Collections, together with a 15-cent packet (20 seeds) of the lovely new MRS. HUGH DICKSON.

For $1.00 we will mail **all three Collections,** neatly boxed, and also one regular packet each of MRS. HUGH DICKSON, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, COUNTESS SPENCER, GEORGE HERBERT and MARIE CORELLI, making in all **Twenty-Two True Spencers.** You can order all these as **Burpee's Dollar Box of Spencers.** Name THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and, with the Box, we will send free our complete new book, SWEET PEAS UP-TO-DATE.

Whether you order now or not, you should surely write for

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1911

AN ELEGANT BOOK OF 174 PAGES. It is "THE SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade, and tells the *plain truth* about the Best Seeds that can be grown. A SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden, it should be consulted by all who plant seeds, whether for pleasure or profit. It is FREE to every one who *has a garden.* Shall we mail YOU a copy? If so,—**write Today!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

MAGAZINE MEN

In Their Leisure Hours

Forbes Robertson in His Library

Harrison Fisher in the California Red Woods

George Fitch

Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Have You Written For Your "NATIONAL" Style Book

Are you waiting? Have you postponed writing? Are you likely to forget—that we have one "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book put away for you?

Then let us repeat that one "NATIONAL" Style Book is Your very own, because we have reserved books for every SATURDAY EVENING POST reader. And we have taken this space in your magazine simply to tell you about this very wonderful new Style Book.

Every page of this 224-page book will prove to be a page of interest, and of beauty, of style instruction, of fashion opportunity, and of money saving.

The "NATIONAL" Should Be Your Store

Do you know that the NATIONAL has as its customers many of the best dressed women **in every city and town in every State** of the United States? That the "NATIONAL" has as its customers the women who are the most careful [illegible] and who buy where buying means money saved? And the reason is because these women find our methods of doing satisfactory, [illegible] from style and "NATIONAL" styles most beautiful and becoming, "NATIONAL" prices the lowest and "NATIONAL" service such that it always pleases the customer.

And the "NATIONAL" offers you every new style in all kinds of Wearing Apparel for Women, Misses and Children. Your Style Book shows you:

"National" Tailored Suits Made to Measure, $15 to $40

You can have your own choice of these latest new suits made to measure for you, a perfect fit and designed to fit you to be becoming to you. All the risk of your getting a perfect fit—of your being pleased perfectly in all respects whatsoever is ours. We will refund your money cheerfully if you are not delighted with your suit.

A liberal assortment of samples of the new suitings will be sent you with your Style Book—if you ask for them and state the colors you prefer.

Also your Style Book shows you the new Waists [illegible] Suits and Skirts $3.98 to $4.98; Lingerie Dresses $4.98 to $12.98; Wash Dresses $3.98 to $8.98; Silk Dresses $12.98 to $25.00; Hats $1.98 to $14.98; Misses' Wash Dresses and Misses' Tub Suits $2.98 to $5.98; Misses' Tailored Suits $9.98 to $17.98; in fact everything for Women, Misses and Children.

And now again we say, we have a "NATIONAL" Style Book reserved for you. It belongs to you personally. Will you write for it?

The "NATIONAL" Policy

The "NATIONAL" prepays postage and expressage to all parts of the world, no matter how small your order.

Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

In writing for your Style Book, be sure to state whether you wish samples of materials for "NATIONAL" Made to Measure Tailored Suits. Samples are sent gladly but only when asked for.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
239 West 24th Street, New York City
No Agents or Branches ***Mail Orders Only***

What Efficiency Did

The success of the Overland is a splendid example of modern efficiency applied to automobiles. The Overland's supremacy is due to nothing else.

Amid all the changing conditions in motordom—the comings and goings, the ups and downs—the soaring prestige of the Overland has remained the most notable fact.

Over 21,000 are already in use. Deposits from dealers on this year's models exceed any previous record.

There are five factories now—all working on Overlands. Enormous additions have been lately completed.

But, with all our preparation and all our capacity, it is already apparent that the spring demand will again far exceed our supply

Before you decide on a car, it is due to yourself that you find out the reason for this amazing success.

It Isn't Invention

The Overland position is not due to control of any pre-eminent features. Motor car engineering was brought close to perfection when Overlands came out. The three Overland years have brought no startling improvements in mechanism. Nor can the future bring them.

Our improvements have been in the way of simplicity, of lessened trouble and lessened cost of upkeep. We have built for the careful, economical buyers, most of whom run their own cars.

For two years our engineers gave their whole attention to creating an almost trouble-proof car. In doing this they designed an engine which has proved itself a masterpiece of mechanism.

The year just past was devoted mainly to improving the Overland style. The impressive lines of the new-model Overlands, the splendid finish, the myriad little touches, show the result of these efforts.

All these perfections have aided success. But they are trifles compared with what has been done through efficiency.

The Extreme of Care

The main Overland factory was once the plant of the Pope-Toledo—a famous high-priced car. So hundreds of our men, when they started on Overlands, had been trained for years in high-class engineering.

The inspectors here were men of advanced ideals. They knew materials and demanded the best of them. They had never been stinted on price.

Thus we were equipped from the start with a wealth of the best talent ever employed in making automobiles.

We first started a system of super-inspection—the same as we employ today. The various parts of each Overland car pass more than one thousand inspections. Each is subjected to severer tests than it ever will get in use.

Each Overland engine is run for 48 hours before it goes into the car. Each crankshaft is turned six thousand times in its bearings.

Each finished chassis is given two severe road tests. Any factory error is thus found and corrected before the car leaves our hands.

The result is that Overland owners have all received perfect cars. They have needed no breaking in. Weaknesses did not develop. Every buyer became an Overland enthusiast. And those owners have sold our cars.

Cutting Down Cost

The next step was to equip our plants so that every part could be built in our factories, better and cheaper than anywhere else.

We installed hundreds of automatic machines, each of which cut the cost of some part.

Each gave us exactness to the thousandth part of an inch. And each made the part interchangeable.

We employed inventors, systematizers and expert machinists. And we gave them carte blanche on any expense which would serve to cut down some cost. The investment to date in this modern equipment amounts to $3,000,000.

Overhead expense was gradually cut by enormous production. This item which costs more than the labor on most motor cars—is but a trifle per car on the Overland.

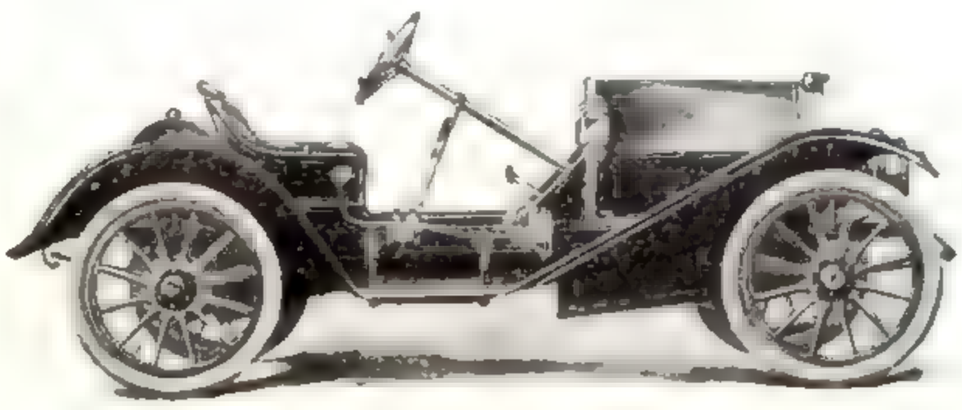
The cost of Overlands, in the past two years, has been cut 28 per cent. That means an average of $300 per car. And every cent of that saving has gone to Overland buyers.

That is a real reduction. It is not like cut prices on old-model cars. It is not like the bargain sales of motor cars that failed. It is the simple result of efficiency carried to far extremes.

Overland costs are now at the bottom. The costs of making and selling have been reduced to the minimum. The margin of profit is as small as it ever can be. Neither we nor our rivals can ever hope to sell an equal car for less.

There can be no further reductions. The buyer of a 1911 Overland will never find a car made as good as it can be—a car of equal size and power—sold for any less.

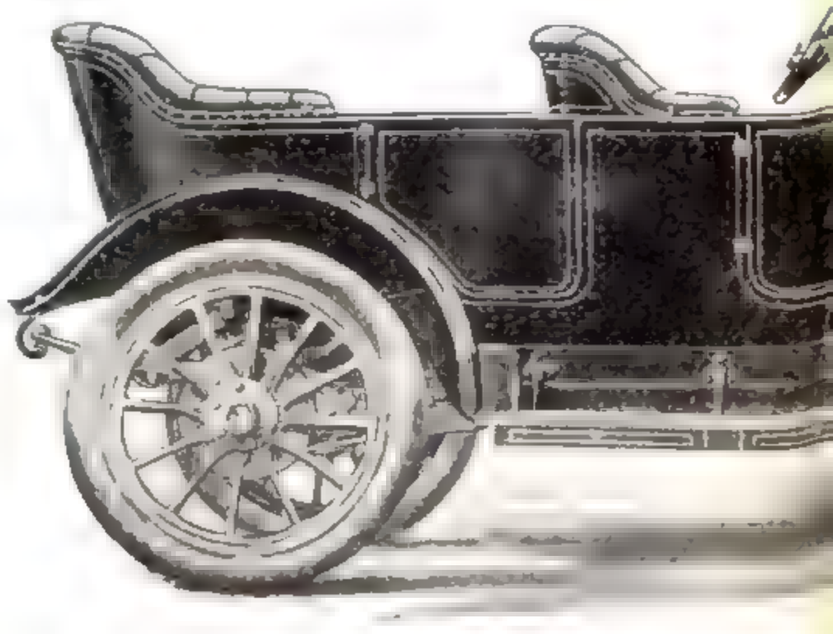
In these model plants, with their enormous production, efficiency has done all that it can do.



20-Horsepower Roadster—$775

The Overland for 1911

Licensed under Selden patent



Who Ever Saw a $

1152

for the Overland

Here are some features and facts which motor car buyers—in the year 1911—should be wise and shrewd enough to compare and consider.

The time is past when mere assemblers of cars can compete with real motor car makers. One cannot pay profits to a hundred parts makers and compete with a factory which makes its own parts.

One cannot trust others with his reputation. He must watch every process, inspect every material. The man who pretends to make the car must suffer for all mistakes.

The wise motor car buyer will insist on a car that is made in the shop that's behind it.

Fore-Door Bodies

The cars of the future will have fore doors. Both in Europe and America, in the finest makes, fore-door models are practically universal.

Before many months, open-front models will be as unsalable as the old-time rear-door tonneaus. Most open-front cars are simply left-over models. And they are, or should be, sold at heavy reductions.

In buying a touring car for years to come, insist on a fore-door model. Get a style which is coming in, not a style going out. No reduction in price can compensate for a car that is out of date.

See that the maker doesn't add the fore doors to a left-over open-front body. The result is a botch.

The finest fore-door models—like the Overland—have the flush bodies, giving six inches more room in each seat. They have the straight lines which give impressive appearance. Note how every curve and line in the Overland picture shows the car's up-to-dateness.

We still make open fronts for those who desire them. But the Overland line for 1911 is a fore-door line. And the fore-door models cost no extra price. Don't pay anyone extra for them.

Other Comparisons

In comparing cars, compare the power, the cylinder sizes, the wheel base and the size of wheels. Compare each item in the specifications to see where the differences lie. You can easily find out which car gives most for the money.

Compare the equipment. See that the maker includes the necessities—such as magneto, headlights and sufficient tire size—in his advertised price.

Compare the appearance, for your satisfaction depends largely on that. Note what a difference hand-buffed leather makes. Note the wide differences in painting and varnishing. Note the differences in design. Note, for instance, how the doors curve in the Overland model pictured here, to continue the curve of the front. Note that the door handles are on the inside. All these little perfections indicate infinite care

Compare, if you can, what owners say. There are Overland owners everywhere. They will tell you what they got and what you can expect.

Give no car credit for anything mystical You can see what a car gives if you look at the facts Mystical advantages are very expensive. They have doubled the proper price sometimes.

Make these comparisons in justice to yourself and to Overlands. If the Overland gives more than any other car for the money, we want the credit and you want the saving. Be fair enough to find it out.

22 Overland Models

There are 22 Overland models for 1911, so that every motor car buyer can exactly meet his ideas on size and style, on power and price.

The power runs from 20 to 40 horsepower—the wheel bases from 96 to 118 inches—the prices from $775 to $1,675. The body styles include all that are wanted. All are four-cylinder cars.

$775 to $1,675

A 20-horsepower Overland Roadster, with 96-inch wheel base, sells for $775, lamps and magneto included. The Overland Torpedo Roadsters start in price at $850.

The 25-horsepower Overlands, with 102-inch wheel bases selective type transmission—sell for $1,095.

The 30-horsepower Overlands, with 110-inch wheel bases, sell for $1,250. They form our most popular cars.

The 40-horsepower Overlands with wheel bases ranging from 112 inches to 118 inches—sell for $1,300 to $1,675

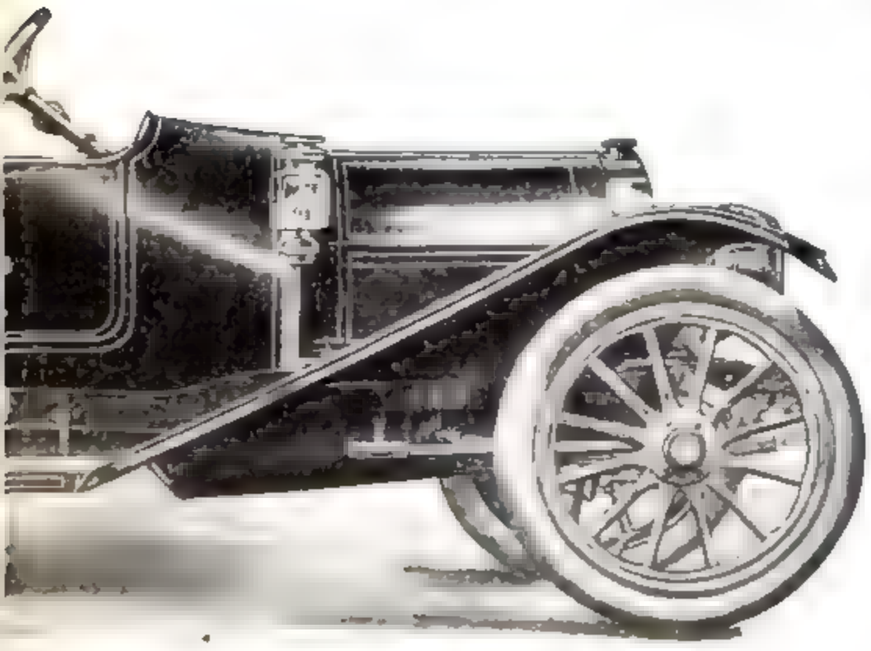
You can easily prove that each of these cars gives more for the money than any other new-model car. The higher-powered cars offer all that any man wants—all that makers can give save excessive size or power.

There is an Overland dealer in each of 800 towns who can help you to prove these facts.

Send us this coupon for our 1911 catalog, showing all the styles and giving all specifications. It will help you to make comparisons. It will show you why Overlands hold the leading place.

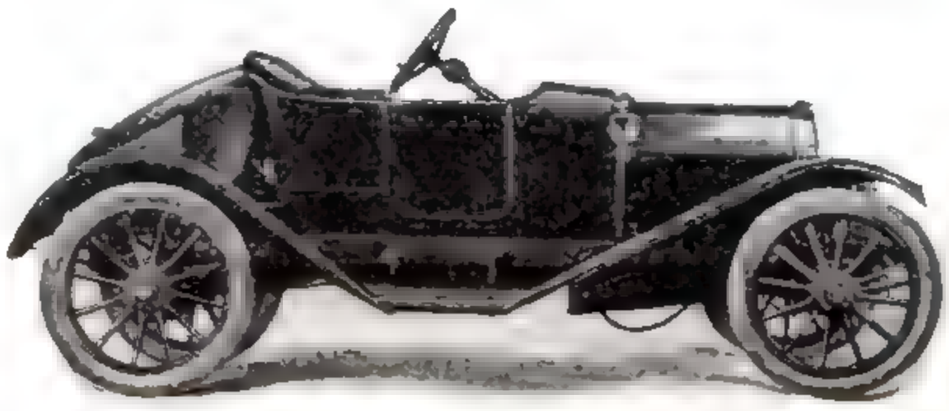
The Willys-Overland Company
Licensed under Selden patent
Toledo, Ohio

Send me your latest catalog.



The Overland for 1911

Licensed under Selden patent



More Impressive Car?

Torpedo Roadsters—$850 Up

IVER JOHNSON

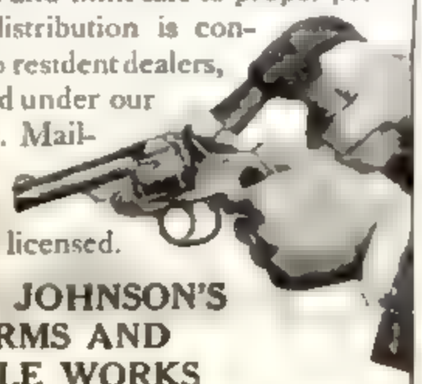
SUPPOSE you fall or something hits you—is your revolver shock-proof? Can the hammer be driven into the cartridge by an external blow? With an ordinary revolver the danger is all on one side—your side. *Accidental discharge is absolutely impossible with an*

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Of the three million in use, not one was ever fired save in response to a purposeful pull on the trigger. More—The *Iver Johnson* will not fail you in a pinch. It has unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs, such as are used in U. S. army rifles. It is accurate, dependable, high class—and you can

"Hammer the Hammer"

To prevent substitution of obsolete models and limit sale to proper persons, distribution is confined to resident dealers, licensed under our patents. Mail-order houses are not licensed.



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Sense and Nonsense

A Boyish Fantasy

I WONDER if ever there'll come a time when the woods are cool and the fishing's prime; when the wild birds sing and the fellows trill and whistle and call, as fellows will! I wonder if ever there'll come a day when the wood's all chopped and piled away; when the walk is swept and the cow is staked on the picket-line and the yard is raked; when the lawn is mowed and the errands run; when the water's pumped and the chores are done; when the baby's rocked and put to sleep, and there's nothing to rake or chop or sweep; when a boy can look around and see that everything's as it ought to be; that all of the work he had is through; that there isn't a thing he ought to do, and a boy can breathe a restful sigh when he hears the fellows shouting by and toss his hat with a wealth of joys, and run right off with the other boys! Such time may come and you may see, but it never, never came to me!

I WONDER if ever there'll come a day when the doughnut crock's not hid away; when the cooky jar is not concealed and the cakes and pies all stand revealed to boyish eyes and boyish hands; when the bowl of nuts and raisins stands in easy reach; when there are no locks or high top shelves or hidden crocks; when the figs and dates are left right where a boy can reach without a chair; when the peach preserves and the ginger jar are right where the kitchen dishes are; when a boy won't have to stretch and climb for all the sweet things all the time; when the layer raisins can be found if a boy just hardly looks around; and a boy can run right in and bring out sugar or doughnuts or anything that he likes to eat and be most kind to all his chums—and his ma won't mind! Such day may come and you may see, but it never, never came to me!

I WONDER if ever there'll be a place where a boy can go with a dirty face, and his hair not combed and his ears not scrubbed, and his clothes not brushed and his shoes not rubbed; when his cheeks and hands won't bear the sign of recent suds and his face won't shine with a lustrous glow that is kin to pain much more than the mist resembles rain! I wonder if ever we'll come to see a boy who's just as he'd like to be; whose eyes don't smart from the soapy spray when his mother scrubs in the good old way; when she wipes from his face the sudsy foam and pulls his hair with the ancient comb; when she rubs his neck where the collar hides and scrubs his hands where the thick dust bides—and looks at him when her task is through, and says: "There, son—I guess you'll do!" Is there such a place and time? Maybe—but it never, never came to me! —*J. W. Foley.*

The Dead Man That Talked

NOT long ago General Navarro of the Mexican army, in command of the defeated Government forces at a certain battle, ordered a number of insurgent prisoners to be bayoneted. One of these, who escaped after being left on the battlefield for dead, told the following story:

"A stray bullet grazed my right temple and knocked me down. When Navarro's soldiers came along to finish the job one of them drove a bayonet into my right side and the pain brought me back to consciousness. They lifted me to throw me into a ditch and I called out to a soldier that I was not dead.

"'Yes, you are,' he replied; 'for I killed you myself.'

"He then called a doctor, who was a humane man, and said: 'Look at this man. He says he is not dead; but I killed him myself. Please pass on him.'

"The doctor looked me over, felt my pulse and then shook his head. He saw a way to save me. 'Yes,' said the doctor, 'he is quite dead.'

"'But,' asked the soldier, 'why, in the name of Saint Anthony, does he talk?'

"'Why does he talk?' the doctor asked. 'Don't you know, Pedro, that Mexican *tequila* produces delirium tremens that often lasts six hours after death? Smell of his breath, Pedro, and when you are satisfied he really has been drinking *tequila* let him be. In two hours the delirium will work out and he will stop talking.'

"'Huh!' grunted the soldier. 'I don't want anything more to do with him.' And he walked away. The doctor patched me up and here I am."

The Cop on the Corner

The cop on the corner—he's splendid and tall,
His presence is awesome and grand;
The street is his kingdom; he's monarch of all,
And merely the wave of his hand
Is potenter far than the thunders of Zeus;
His words are the rumblings of fate.
Don't question them ever; you'll find it's no use—
The cop on the corner is great!

The cop on the corner—he's surely the boss,
And yet he is gallant and kind:
He helps the old ladies and children across,
He leads the poor beggar who's blind,
When lost or bewildered you rush to his side
And learn how to get where you plan.
You need an adviser, philosopher, guide?
The cop on the corner's your man!

The cop on the corner—he keeps us in check
When there is a fire or parade;
He frequently saves us from breaking our neck—
And gets a loud curse for his aid;
He sends the gay banqueter home to his wife,
The child that is lost he'll attend
In most of the troubles and cares of this life
The cop on the corner's your friend.

The cop on the corner—oh, big is his heart!
Yes, bigger by far than his pay!
For charity—count on his doing his part—
He'd give his last nickel away.
Let other folks knock him as much as they will,
I know him and like him, I vow.
I drink to his health as a bumper I fill—
"The cop on the corner—here's how!"

—Berton Braley.

THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 2)

though he were going through an exhausting strain. He sat and tried to force himself to work. Impossible. "What sort of fool attack is this?" he exclaimed, pacing about again. He searched his mind in vain for any cause adequate to explain his unprecedented state. "If I did not know that I was well—absolutely well—I'd think I was about to have an illness—something in the brain."

He appealed to that friend in any trying hour, his sense of humor. He laughed at himself; but his nerves refused to return to the normal. He rushed from his private office on various pretexts, each time lingered in the general room, talking aimlessly with Tetlow—and watching the door. When she at last appeared he guiltily withdrew, feeling that every one was observing his perturbation and was wondering at it and jesting about it. "And what the devil am I excited about?" he demanded of himself. What indeed? He seated himself, rang the bell.

"If Miss Hallowell is back," he said to the office-boy, "please ask her to come in."

"I think she's gone out to lunch," said the boy. "I know she came in a while ago. She passed along as you was talking to Mr. Tetlow."

Norman felt himself flushing. "Any time will do," he said, bending over the papers spread out before him—the papers in the case of the General Traction Company resisting the payment of its taxes. A noisome odor seemed to be rising from the typewritten sheets. He made a wry face and flung the papers aside with a gesture of disgust. "They never do anything honest," he said to himself. "From the stock-jobbing owners down to the nickel-filching conductors they steal—steal—steal!" And then he wondered at, laughed at, his heat. What did it matter? An ant pilfering from another ant and a sparrow stealing the crumb found by another sparrow—a man robbing another man—all part of the universal scheme. Only a narrow-minded

Expert Shoe Making
Under the Magnifying Glass

HERE is the most difficult danger-step in the whole skilled process of the manufacture of

White House Shoes.

One false movement of the hand—even a hair's breadth deviation from accurate precision at the point of contact where the gluing-like trimming machine touches the edge—and all the previous work of two hundred craftsmen is lost. The fate of the shoe depends now upon one human touch.

Yet this is only one of the countless operations requiring perfect skill and insuring the glove-like, form-fitting grace, ease, artistic design and style and wearing comfort of

WHITE HOUSE SHOES
For Men. For Women.

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50

AA18—Women's "Bench Work White House" Black Suede Button [illegible] Last; with Brown Process Flexible Welt

The Brown Shoe Company's policy is to make good shoes; for good shoes make good customers.

You'll find the same wonderful skill and true craftsmanship in every pair of

Buster Brown Shoes

For Boys. For Girls.

YOUR DEALER will be only too glad to show you both of these famous shoes; ask him, he'll do it. If he doesn't, write us and we'll see you're supplied.

THE BROWN SHOE COMPANY
St Louis U S A

"Yankee" Tools

The little wobbly screw is easily managed

with this **"Yankee" Tool**—at a big saving of time, temper and bad thoughts.

No. 15 is used by electricians, camera-men, cabinet-makers and a host of others, on fine work requiring the pestiferous little screws that are like all botheration to get started with an ordinary screw-driver.

Four blade-lengths 2, 3, 4 and 5 inches

See this Knurled Washer?

Thumb and forefinger in contact with the Knurled Washer turn the blade and *start* the tiny screw; letting the hand hold the driver and screw straight, with a steady pressure. Thus started, the screw is driven home by ratchet movement of the handle. To draw up a screw, you loosen it with ratchet movement, then run it out by thumb and finger on Knurled Washer.

Ask your dealer for

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No.15

Blade of 3/16" diameter, in four lengths:
2 inch blade, 40c. 4-inch blade, 50c.
3 inch blade, 45c. 5-inch blade, 55c.

To the dealer

Once a man gets **No. 15** in his hand, with [illegible] finger on the Knurled Washer he will never part with the tool. If you haven't got No. 15 to show, rush an order to your jobber.

Free Tool Book for mechanics and householders, illustrating and describing 66 kinds and sizes of "YANKEE" Tools. Write to

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

$13.25 Freight Paid

Solid Oak (Golden or Weathered)
Letter File
Files 20,000 Papers

Drawers roll on roller bearings. Automatic follow blocks hold papers vertically for quick and easy reference. Constructed entirely of solid oak—the best wood for the purpose. Practically indestructible. Handsome enough for the finest office furnishings. Birch Mahogany $4.50.

FREE Catalog "D"—64 pages of filing and time-saving office devices. Booklet "Filing Suggestions" solves your filing problems. Catalog "E" shows Safety Files, Card Records, Check Protectors, Time Recorders, Loose Leaf Devices, Steel Furniture, etc.

FREIGHT PAID East of Mont., Wyo., Colo., Okla. and Texas. Consistently low prices beyond.

THE Wheeler MANUFACTURING CO
63 Union Street, Monroe, Michigan
New York Office, 108 Fulton St

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals*, *New Departure Coaster Brakes* and *High Pressure Proof Tires*, the best grade *equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels at our prices.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you, often less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other attractive models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, *freight prepaid* anywhere in U. S. without a cent in advance. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special offers and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. *Write it now.*

TIRES **Coaster Brake Rear Wheels**, lamps, parts, and sundries *half usual prices*. **Rider Agents** everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. **Dept. H-55** **CHICAGO**

HOT WATER INSTANTLY by ELECTRICITY

A portable, efficient, sanitary, guaranteed electric water heater, weighs 8 oz., attachable to any light socket; by mail, $2.50

DIAMOND ELECTRIC SALES CO., Box 4, Head Bldg., San Francisco

Fifteen years of conscientious endeavor have made us the foremost tailors in the world, indicating more convincingly than could anything else how our

High Quality Clothes Tailored-to-Order

have won the confidence and appreciation of hundreds of thousands of men. If we make clothes for you once, we'll make them for you again, as well as for your friends.

$25 to $50

Our local representative will show you our new Spring Woolens, and take your measure. If you don't know him, ask us his name and address.

The F. Prieur Co.
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes
Price Building *Chicago*

---

ignoramus would get himself wrought up over it; a philosopher would laugh—and take what he needed or happened to fancy.

The door opened. Miss Hallowell entered, a small and demure hat upon her masses of thick, fair hair arranged by anything but unskillful fingers. "You wished to see me?" said she.

He roused himself from pretended abstraction. "Oh—it's you?" he said pleasantly. "They said you were out."

"I was going to lunch. But if you've anything for me to do I'll be glad to stay."

"No—no. I simply wished to say that if Miss Burroughs wished to make an arrangement with you we'd help you about carrying out your part of it."

She was pale—so pale that it brought out strongly the smooth, dead-white purity of her skin. Her small features wore an expression of pride, of haughtiness even. And in the eyes that regarded him steadily there shone a cold light—the light of a proud and lonely soul that repels intrusion even as the Polar fastnesses push back without effort assault upon their solitudes. "We made no arrangement," sa d she.

"You are not more than eighteen, are you?" inquired he abruptly.

The irrelevant question startled her. She looked as if she thought she had not heard aright. "I am twenty," she said.

"You have a most—most unusual way of shifting to various ages and personalities," explained he with embarrassment.

She simply looked at him and waited.

His embarrassment increased. It was a novel sensation to him, this feeling ill at ease with a woman—he who was at ease with every one and put others at their ease or not, as he pleased. "I'm sorry you and Miss Burroughs didn't arrange something. I suppose she found the hours difficult."

"She made me an offer," replied the girl. "I refused it."

"But, as I told you, we can let you off—anything within reason."

"Thank you, but I do not care to do that kind of work. No doubt any kind of work for wages classes one as a servant. But those people up there—they make one feel it—feel menial."

"Not Miss Burroughs, I assure you."

A satirical smile hovered round the girl's lips. Her face was altogether lovely now, and no lily ever rose more gracefully from its stem than did her small head from her slender form. "She meant to be kind, but she was insulting. Those people up there don't understand. They're vain and narrow. Oh, I don't blame them! Only, I don't care to be brought into contact with them."

He looked at her in wonder. She talked of Josephine as if she were Josephine's superior, and her expression and accent were such that they contrived to convey an impression that she had the right to do it. He grew suddenly angry at her, at himself for listening to her. "I am sorry," he said stiffly, and took up a pen to indicate that he wished her to go.

He rather expected that she would be alarmed. But if she was she wholly concealed it. She smiled slightly and moved toward the door. Looking after her he relented. She seemed so young—was so young—and was evidently poor. He said:

"It's all right to be proud, Miss Hallowell. But there is such a thing as supersensitiveness. You are earning your living. If you'll pardon me for thrusting advice upon you I think you've made a mistake. I'm sure Miss Burroughs meant well. If you had been less sensitive you'd soon have realized it."

"She patronized me," replied the girl, not angrily but with amusement. "It was all I could do not to laugh in her face. The idea of a woman who probably couldn't make five dollars a week fancying she was the superior of any girl who makes her own living, no matter how poor a living it is!"

Norman laughed. It had often appealed to his own sense of humor, the delusion that the tower one happened to be standing upon was part of one's own stature. But he said: "You're a very foolish young person. You'll not get far in the world if you keep to that road. It winds through Poverty Swamps to the poorhouse."

"Oh, no!" replied she. "One can always die."

Again he laughed. "But why die? Why not be sensible and live?"

"I don't know," replied she. She was looking away dreamily, and her eyes were wonderful to see. "There are many things I feel and do—and I don't at all understand why. But"—an expression of startling

Your POSTUM

Will have a fine "snappy" flavour if it is made right—boiled thoroughly according to directions on package.

The thorough boiling develops its deep brown color, rich flavour and full food value; and when served with cream and sugar it is a palatable, nourishing beverage.

Postum is made entirely of wheat (including the bran-coat with its valuable "vital" phosphates) and a small per cent of New Orleans Molasses.

One can drink Postum without stint, as there is no harmful "reaction" such as follows the use of some common table beverages containing a drug—*caffeine*—which is harmful to many.

Good old common sense suggests that one cut out any questionable beverage and in its place use one known to be pure and wholesome—absolutely free from any drug whatever.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co.,
Limited,
Windsor, Ontario.

resolution flashed across her face—"But I do them just the same."

A brief silence; then, as she again moved toward the door, he said: "You have been working for some time?"

"Four years."

"You support yourself?"

"I work to help out Father's income. He makes almost enough, but not quite."

"Almost enough!" The phrase struck upon Norman's fancy as both amusing and sad. Almost enough for what? For keeping body and soul together; for keeping body barely decently clad. Yet she was content. He said:

"You like to work?"

"Not yet. But I think I shall when I learn this business. One feels secure when one has a trade."

"It doesn't impress me as an interesting life for a girl of your age," he suggested.

"Oh, I'm not unhappy! And at home, of evenings and Sundays, I'm happy."

"Doing what?"

"Reading and talking with Father—and doing the housework—and all the rest."

What a monotonous, narrow little life! He wanted to pity her, but somehow he could not. There was no suggestion in her manner that she was an object of pity. "What did Miss Burroughs say to you—if I may ask?"

"Certainly. You sent me, and I'm much obliged to you. I realize it was an opportunity—for another sort of girl. I half tried to accept because I knew refusing was only my—queerness." She smiled charmingly. "You are not offended because I didn't take it?"

"Not in the least." And all at once he felt that it was true. This girl would have been out of place in service. "What was the offer?"

Suddenly before him there appeared a clever, willful child, full of the childish passion for imitation and mockery. And she proceeded to "take off" the grand Miss Burroughs -enough like Josephine to give the satire point and barb. He could see Josephine resolved to be affable and equal, to make this doubtless bedazzled stray from the "lower classes" feel comfortable in those palatial surroundings. She imitated Josephine's walk, her way of looking, her voice for the menials—gracious and condescending. The exhibition was clever, free from malice, redolent of humor. Norman laughed until the tears came.

"You ought to go on the stage," said he. "How Josephine—Miss Burroughs would appreciate it! For she's got a keen sense of humor."

"Not for the real jokes—like herself," replied Miss Hallowell.

"You're prejudiced."

"No. I see her as she is. Probably every one else—those around her—see her money and her clothes and all that. But I saw—just her."

He nodded thoughtfully. Then he looked penetratingly at her. "How did you happen to learn to do that?" he asked. "To see people as they are?"

"Father taught me." Her eyes lighted up, her whole expression changed. She became beautiful with the beauty of an intense and adoring love. "Father is a wonderful man—one of the most wonderful men that ever lived. He ——"

There was a knock at the door. She startled; he looked confused. Both awakened to a sense of their forgotten surroundings, of who and what they were. She went and Mr. Sanders entered. But even in his confusion Norman marveled at the vanishing of the fascinating personality that had been captivating him into forgetting everything else, at the reappearance of the blank, the pale and insignificant personality attached to a typewriting machine at ten dollars a week. No, not insignificant, not blank: never again that for him. He saw now the full reality, and also why he, every one, was so misled. She made him think of the surface of the sea when the sky is gray and the air calm. It lies smooth and flat and expressionless—inert, monotonous. But let sunbeam strike or breeze ever so faint start up, and what a commotion of unending variety! He could never look at her again without being reminded of those infinite latent possibilities, without wondering what new and perhaps more charming, more surprising varieties of look and tone and manner could be evoked.

And while Sanders was talking—prosing on and on about things Norman either already knew or did not wish to know—he was thinking of her. "If she happens to meet a man with enough discernment to

The Howard Watch

The big "Limited" waits for no man. It moves out on the tick of the second.

Set your time-piece by the starting signal or by the conductor's watch—and you have HOWARD time. The point is right there. You can start with HOWARD time but the chances are that you can't keep it unless you carry a HOWARD Watch.

The HOWARD is the greatest Railroad Watch in the world.

Whether a HOWARD is worth while for you depends not on your occupation but on the kind of man you are. If you are an "any time" man, any watch will do; if you are an accurate man, you want a HOWARD—with its splendid adjustment to positions, temperature and isochronism.

That means authoritative time.

The gain in self-respect is worth more than the investment.

The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (double roller) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14k solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Macey

Filing Appliances

Send for Catalogue No. R-4210

YOU will find the most complete and comprehensive line of filing devices in the world, illustrated and described in our 120 page catalogue. In the development of Macey Filing Devices to meet modern business requirements, we have kept well abreast of the times and ahead of all others.

Our "Inter-Inter" Filing Cabinets represent original thought, being neither borrowed nor copied. With this Inter-Inter System you can secure a combination to fit your own particular needs—practically a special cabinet. With the old style sections you must modify or change your plans to suit the cabinet.

We will assist you in applying the Macey Card Systems or Filing Systems to your requirements. Give us your problems when you ask for catalogue.

The Macey Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa. **$1.00**

Fine Rugs woven from **Old Carpet**
DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Many a big business deal swings on the pivot of "first impression."

Many a first impression is gained from a letterhead. If you would be sure to have such first impressions in your favor, your letterhead should be engraved, lithographed or printed on

Old Hampshire Bond

File a memorandum now to "specify Old Hampshire Bond next time we order letterheads."

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads, and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead.

Address

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

Give what others cannot

Eyeglass Comfort, Convenience and Lens Efficiency

Most inconspicuous of eyeglass mountings. On to stay on when properly adjusted.

Insist upon Shur-ons—*You* are the one who must suffer expense, annoyance and discomfort if you wear inferior eyeglasses.

$3 and $5 without Lenses

Send for descriptions and information that will instruct and protect you against inferior imitations

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO. Est. 1864
Ave. H, Rochester, N. Y.

Old Style

LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet

New Style

HENRY S. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

fall in love with her," he said to himself, "he certainly will never weary. What a pity that such a girl shouldn't have had a chance, should be wasted on some unappreciative chucklehead of her class! What a pity she hasn't ambition—or the quality, whatever it is—that makes those who have it get on whether they wish or no!"

During the rest of the day he revolved from time to time indistinct ideas of somehow giving this girl a chance. He wished Josephine would and could help, or perhaps his sister Ursula. It was not a matter that could be settled, or even taken up, in haste. No man of his mentality and experience fails to learn how perilous it is in the least to interfere in the destiny of any one. And his notion involved not slight interference with advice or suggestion or momentarily extended helping hand, but radical change of the whole current of destiny. Also, he appreciated how difficult it is for a man to do anything for a young woman—anything that would not harm more than it would help. Only one thing seemed clear to him—the "clever child" ought to have a chance.

He went to see Josephine after dinner that night. His own house, though richly and showily furnished as became his means and station, seemed, and indeed was, merely an example of ample, old-fashioned solid comfort in comparison with the Burroughs palace. He had never liked, but, being a true New Yorker, had greatly admired, the splendor of that palace, its costly art junk, its rotten old tapestries, its unlovely genuine antiques, its room after room of tasteless magnificence suggesting a museum, or rather the combination home and salesroom of an art dealer. This evening he found himself curious, critical, disposed to license a long-suppressed sense of humor. While he was waiting for Josephine to come down to the small salon into which he had been shown her elder sister drifted in on the way to a late dinner and ball. She eyed him admiringly from head to foot.

"You've such an air, Fred," said she. "You should hear the butler on the subject of you. He says that of all the men who come to the house you are most the man of the world. He says he could tell it by the way you walk in and take off your hat and coat and throw them at him."

Norman laughed and said: "I didn't know. I must stop that."

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Bellowes. "You'll break his heart. He adores it. You know, servants dearly love to be treated as servants. Any one who thinks the world loves equality knows very little about human nature. Most people love to look up, just as most women love to be ruled. No, you must continue to be the master, the man of the world, Fred."

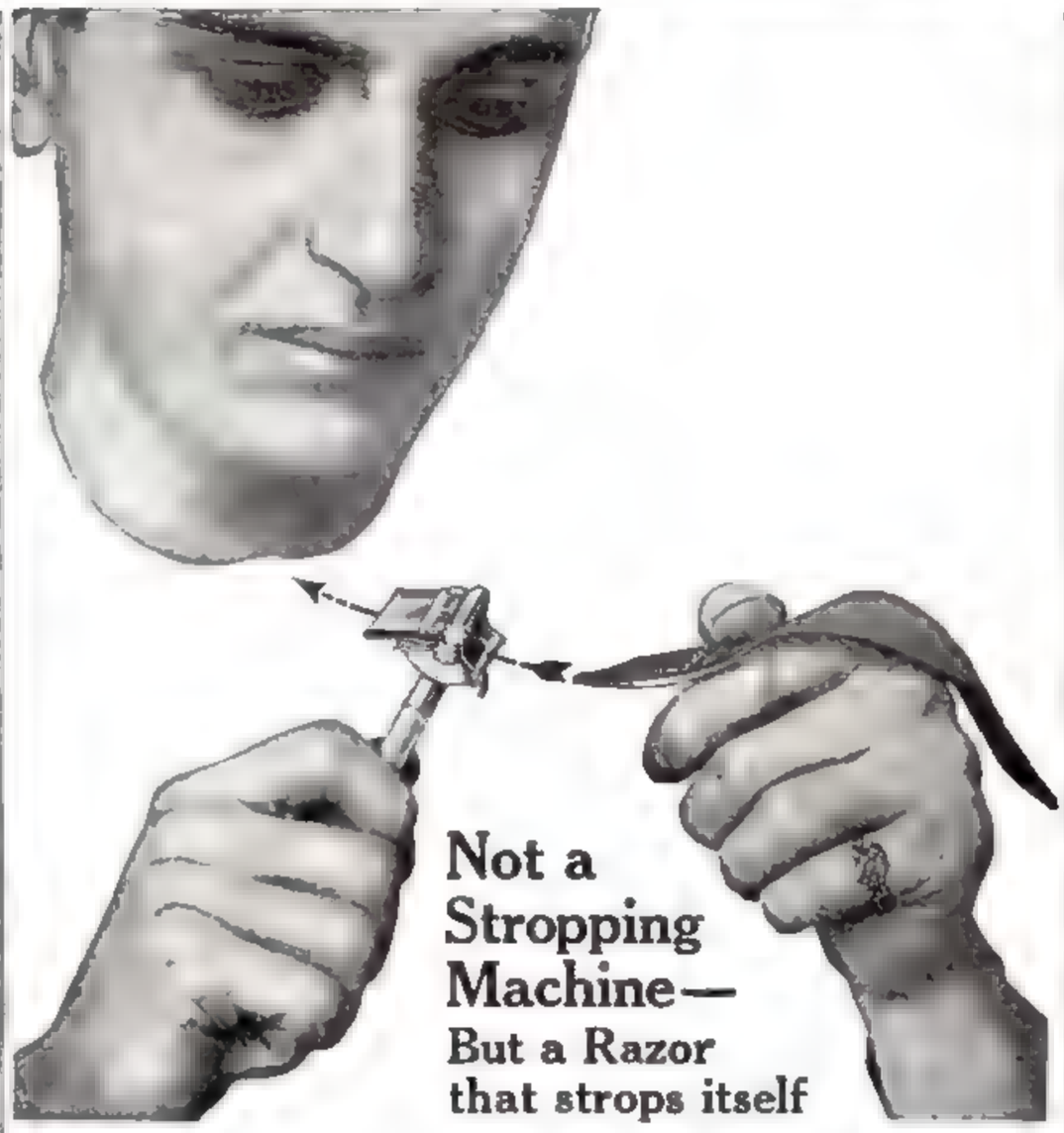
She was busy with her gorgeous and trailing wraps, or she would have seen his confusion. He was recalling his scene with the typewriter girl. Not much of the man of the world then and there, certainly. What a grotesque performance for a man of his position, for a serious man of any kind! And how came he to permit such a person to mimic Josephine Burroughs, a lady, the woman to whom he was engaged? In these proud and pretentious surroundings he felt a contemptible guilt—and a dazed wonder at his own inexplicable folly and weakness.

Mrs. Bellowes departed before Josephine came down. So there was no relief for his embarrassment. He saw that Josephine, too, felt constrained. Instead of meeting him halfway in embrace and kiss, as she usually did, she threw him a kiss and pretended to be busy arranging the shade of the table lamp. "Well, I saw your 'poor little creature,'" she began. She was splendidly direct in all her dealings, after the manner of people who have never had to make their own way—to cajole or conciliate or dread the consequences of frankness.

"I told you you'd not find her interesting."

"Oh, she was a nice little girl," replied Josephine with elaborate graciousness; and Norman, the take-off fresh in his mind, was acutely critical of her manner, of her mannerisms. "Of course," she went on, "one does not expect much of people of that class. But I thought her unusually well-mannered—and quite clean."

"Tetlow makes 'em clean up," said Norman, a gleam of sarcasm in his careless glance and tone. And into his nostrils stole an odor of freshness and health and youth, the pure, sweet odor that is the base of all the natural perfumes. It startled



Not a Stropping Machine—
But a Razor that strops itself

Simply take the AutoStrop Razor in hand, just as it is, and slip the strop through it. Easy as slipping your hat on your head.

You don't take anything apart—nor unscrew anything—nor adjust anything.

You flip the razor back and forth a time or two. A child can do it.

You slip it off the strop and shave, with an edge that "takes hold" and cleans off the beard with no more sensation than if the head barber were shaving you.

HEAD BARBER SHAVES GUARANTEED BY CONTRACT

If it doesn't shave you like a head barber's edge, get your money back from the dealer. No trouble. Our contract with him protects him.

$5 is all. You get a silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop, in attractive case. Economical, for a single blade lasts six months to a year, thus giving you years of shaves for $5.

Who can remember? You can! You can remember to 'phone or post a card to your dealer for an AutoStrop Safety Razor this day.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 327 Fifth Avenue, New York; 233 Coristine Building, Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

Strops, Shaves, Cleans without Detaching Blade

him, his vivid memory of a feature of her that he had not been until now aware that he had ever noted.

"I offered her some work," continued Josephine, "but I guess you keep her too busy down there for her to do anything else."

"Probably," said Norman. "Why do you sit on the other side of the room?"

"Oh, I don't know!" laughed Josephine. "I feel queer tonight. And it seems to me you're queer too."

"I? Perhaps rather tired, dear—that's all."

"Did you and Miss Hallowell work hard today?"

"Oh, bother Miss Hallowell! Let's talk about ourselves." And he drew her to the sofa at one end of the big fireplace. "I wish we hadn't set the wedding so far off." And suddenly he found himself wondering whether that remark had been prompted by eagerness—a lover's eagerness—or by impatience to have the business over and settled.

"You don't act a bit natural tonight, Fred. You touch me as if I were a stranger."

"I like that!" mocked he. "A stranger hold your hand like this?—and—kiss you—like this?"

She drew away, suddenly laid her hands on his shoulders, kissed him upon the lips passionately, then looked into his eyes. "Do you love me, Fred—really?"

"Why so earnest?"

"You've had a great deal of experience?"

"More or less."

"Have you ever loved any woman as you love me?"

"I've never loved any woman but you. I never before wanted to marry a woman."

"But you may be doing it because—well, you might want to settle down."

"Do you believe that?"

"No, I don't. But I want to hear you say it isn't so."

"Well—it isn't so. Are you satisfied?"

"I'm frightfully jealous of you, Fred."

"What a waste of time!"

"I've got something to confess—something I'm ashamed of."

"Don't confess," cried he, laughing but showing that he meant it. "Just—don't be wicked again. That's much better than confession."

"But I must confess," insisted she. "I had evil thoughts—evil suspicions about you. I've had them all day—until you came. As soon as I saw you I felt bowed into the dust. A man like you doing anything so vulgar as I suspected you of—oh, dearest, I'm so ashamed!"

He put his arms round her and drew her to his shoulder. And the scene of mimicry in his office flashed into his mind and the blood burned in his cheeks. But he had no such access of insanity as to entertain the idea of confession.

"It was that typewriter girl," continued Josephine. She drew away again and once more searched his face. "You told me she was homely."

"Not exactly that."

"Insignificant then."

"Isn't she?"

"Yes—in a way," said Josephine, the condescending note in her voice again—and in his mind Miss Hallowell's clever burlesque of that note. "But in another way—— Men are different from women. Now I—a woman of my sort—couldn't stoop to a man of her class. But men seem not to feel that way."

"No," said he, irritated. "They've the courage to take what they want wherever they find it. A man will take gold out of the dirt, because gold is always gold. But a woman waits until she can get it at a fashionable jeweler's, and makes sure it's made up in a fashionable way. I don't like to hear you say those things."

Her eyes flashed. "Then you do like that Hallowell girl!" she cried, and never before had her voice jarred upon him.

"That Hallowell girl has nothing to do with this," he rejoined. "I like to feel that you really love me—that you'd have taken me wherever you happened to find me—and that you'd stick to me no matter how far I might drop."

"I would! I would!" she cried, tears in her eyes. "Oh, I didn't mean that, Fred. You know I didn't—don't you?"

She tried to put her arms round his neck, but he took her hands and held them. "Would you like to think I was marrying you for what you have, or for any other reason whatever than for what you are?"

It being once more a question of her own sex, the obstinate line appeared round her mouth. "But, Fred, I'd not be me if I were—a working girl," she replied.

"You might be something even better if you were," retorted he coldly. "The only qualities I don't like about you are the surface qualities that have been plated on in these surroundings. And if I thought it was anything but just you that I was marrying I'd leave you at once. I'd not let myself degrade myself."

"Fred—that tone—and don't—please don't look at me like that!" she begged.

But his powerful glance searched on. He said: "Is it possible that you and I are deceiving ourselves—and that we'll marry and wake up—and be bored and dissatisfied—like so many of our friends?"

"No—no!" she cried, wildly agitated. "Fred dear—we love each other. You know we do. I don't use words so well as you do—and my mind works in a queer way. Perhaps I didn't mean what I said. No matter. If my love were put to the test—Fred, I don't ask anything more than that your love for me would stand the tests my love for you would stand."

He caught her in his arms and kissed her with more passion than he had ever felt for her before. "I believe you, Jo," he said. "I believe you."

"I love you so—that I could be jealous even of her—of that little girl in your office. Fred, I didn't confess all the truth. It isn't true that I thought her—a nobody. When she first came in here—it was in this very room—I thought she was as near nothing as any girl I'd ever seen. Then she began to change—as you said. And—oh, dearest, I can't help hating her! And when I tried to get her away from you and she wouldn't come——"

"Away from me!" he cried, laughing.

"I felt as if it were like that," she pleaded. "And she wouldn't come—and treated me as if she were queen and I servant—only politely, I must say, for you know I don't want to injure her——"

"Shall I have her discharged?"

"Fred!", exclaimed she indignantly. "Do you think I could do such a thing?"

"She'd easily get another job as good. Tetlow can find her one. Does that satisfy you?"

"No," she confessed. "It makes me feel meaner than ever."

"Now, Jo, let's drop this foolish seriousness about nothing at all. Let's drop it for good."

"Nothing at all—that's exactly it. I can't understand, Fred. What is there about her that makes her haunt me—that makes me afraid she'll haunt you?"

Norman felt a sudden thrill. He tightened his hold upon her hands because his impulse had been to release them. "How absurd!" he said rather noisily.

"Isn't it, though?" echoed she. "Think of you and me almost quarreling about such a trivial person." Her laugh died away. She shivered, cried: "Fred, I'm superstitious about her. I'm—I'm—afraid!" And she flung herself wildly into his arms.

"She is somewhat uncanny," said he with a lightness he was far from feeling. "But, dear—it isn't complimentary to me, is it?"

"Forgive me, dearest—I don't mean that. I couldn't mean that. But—I love you so. Ever since I began to love you I've been looking round for something to be afraid of. And this is the first chance you've given me."

"I've given you!" mocked he.

She laughed hysterically. "I mean the first chance I've had. And I'm doing the best I can with it."

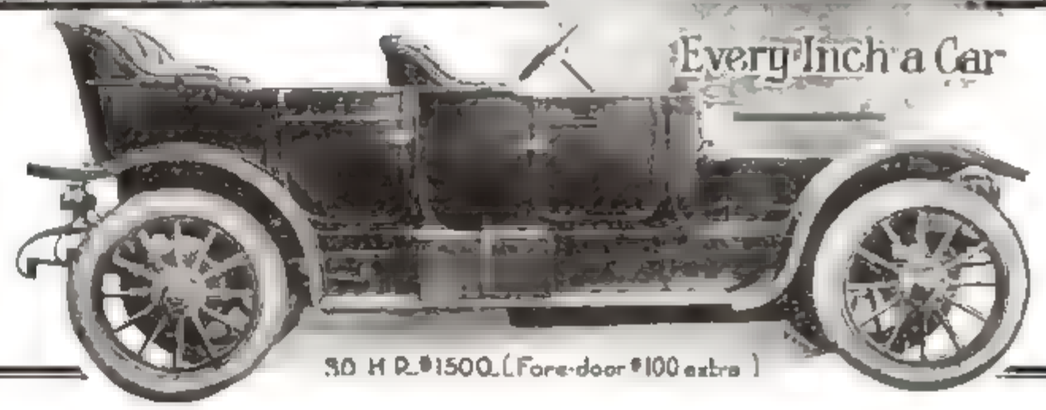
They were in good spirits now, and for the rest of the evening were as loverlike as always, the nearer together for the bit of rough sea they had weathered so nicely. Neither spoke of Miss Hallowell. Each had privately resolved never to speak of her to the other again. Josephine was already regretting the frankness that had led her to expose a not too attractive part of herself—and to exaggerate in his eyes the importance of a really insignificant chit of a typewriter. When he went to bed that night he was resolved to have Tetlow find Miss Hallowell a job in another office.

"She certainly is uncanny," he said to himself. "I wonder why—I wonder what the secret of her is. She's the first woman I ever ran across who had a real secret. Is it real, I wonder?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

KISSEL KAR

Every Inch a Car



30 H P. $1500. (Fore-door $100 extra)

RIDE in the Kissel Kar—you will remember that ride with longing as you afterward ride in other cars—you will discover that the luxurious comfort-quality of the Kissel Kar is the exception and not the rule in automobiles—so rare in fact that it belongs to the Kissel Kar almost exclusively.

The Kissel Kar's low, rakish, symmetrical lines, its luxurious appointments and superior finish, make it immediately conspicuous anywhere as one of the better automobiles — as it decisively is, in construction, ability and comfort. 30, 50, 60 H. P., selling at $1500, $2000, $2500, including the 60 H. P. "Six" at $2500, the special value of the year.

1911 Kissel Kar models are on exhibition in the leading centers of the United States by the most reliable dealers and at our own branches.

Send for our large Free Portfolio fully illustrating and describing the seventeen models.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.

Licensed under Selden Patent

160 KISSEL AVENUE HARTFORD, WIS.

Still Greater Improvements for 1911

WE believe you will now find Indestructo Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases and other luggage very near to perfection. The 1911 Model Indestructo Trunk is canvas covered. This, with the new, doubly reinforced corner construction and the additional bands around the body, gives you an even stronger trunk with no additional weight. The new trimmings are "Government Bronze" as specified by the U. S. Government, assuring the longest wear and no discoloration. The trays are all wood and the entire trunk is even more beautifully finished throughout than heretofore.

You also have a broader range of styles and sizes—covering all traveling needs—including Men's, Women's Steamer Trunks, Hat Trunks, Trousseau Trunks, Etc.

INDESTRUCTO

All Insured Free For Five Years

The unequaled strength and durability of Indestructo construction led us to originate free baggage insurance. You will find Indestructo Bags, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Thermos Cases, Golf Bags etc., insured just as we have always insured Indestructo Trunks.

In hand luggage we offer a most comprehensive line including the widest variety of styles and sizes at practically all prices. The [illegible] of every Indestructo bag is [illegible] instead of the paper board found in all other makes. This feature is of the utmost importance because it prevents the sagging which draws bags of other makes out of shape.

The Indestructo line for 1911 probably affords the widest choice in the popular Black Leathers—Genuine Walrus, Seal, Box Calf and Ridel [illegible] Please note the [illegible] and the imported models [illegible] the exceptional quality of the leather and the workmanship in the [illegible] finish. The better grades are all in [illegible] frames and many are lined with various shades and colors of the handsome Saffian Leathers. They retail from $5.00 up. Send for printed matter giving full information and name of nearest dealer.

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY

Station B S. Mishawaka, Indiana

DEALERS NOTE. Indestructo Quality, backed by the Indestructo Trade Mark and Indestructo publicity, makes it to your interest to write today for our proposition.

Luggage For Every Traveling Purpose

Shampoo regularly and systematically with

Packer's Tar Soap

Why? Because Packer's Tar Soap embodies the health-giving virtues of the southern pines, suitably combined with other hygienic and cleansing agents.

How Often? Men with healthy hair secure best results by shampooing *once a week* with Packer's Tar Soap. If the conditions are unhealthy, the shampooing should be more frequent.

How? Wet the hair with warm water, make a lather of Packer's Tar Soap, and apply to the hair. Then work the lather into the whole scalp, using a gentle rotary or kneading motion. Rinse thoroughly in warm water, graduating to cold; then dry.

Send for our booklet of practical information, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." Mailed free on request.

PACKER MFG. CO.
Suite 86-C, 81 Fulton Street, New York

A GOOD Brisco-Kleanwell shape for women.

Narrow brush, curved. No. 65.

Especially suitable for a small mouth.

Brisco Kleanwell

THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

There are nine other Brisco-Kleanwell shapes. You can easily find one which exactly suits you. They are all on view in a sample case at your dealer's. Ask him to show them to you.

Price 35c

Send 4 cents for Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny toothbrush.

Brisco HAIR BRUSHES

Made abroad. Come in many styles, finishes and prices. Brisco Hair Brushes penetrate to the scalp. Ask your dealer

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., 38 W. 33d St., New York

FREE GOLD sample goes with first letter. Something entirely new. Every firm wants it. Orders $1.00 to $100.00. Nice pleasant business. Write today.
METALLIC MFG. CO., 423 S. CLARK, CHICAGO

BACK TO THE LAND

(Continued from Page 11)

overlook that is to overlook the one great essential and openly to invite defeat.

Successful farming always consists at bottom in having one well-defined central idea around which all the rest revolves. There must be one main industry, and if there are side lines they must be planned to fit in as closely as possible with the chief feature.

It won't do at all to start half a dozen scrappy, unrelated operations scattered around over the farm. That would mean that none of them would get its dues in attention. All would suffer and almost certainly peter out. To make them succeed would entail a maximum outlay for labor and all the other items in the cost of products. Besides, to succeed in all would imply that the farmer is a prodigy—a specialist in half a dozen industries. No man is that. On a farm managed in such a way the farmer may succeed pretty well in one or another of his undertakings, but the losses on the others will eat him up.

To illustrate: The man who buys a farm, and moves out to it with nothing more than a vague impression that he ought to be able to make a living on it somehow, will make a beginning, say, with a bunch of milch cows. Inexpert in their management he'll find the profits deferred. It takes time to get the experience that spells profits. While he's waiting, somebody comes along and tells him that there's lots of money in turkeys. He starts raising turkeys and discovers that this, too, is something of a waiting game. Then somebody else mentions the fabulous fortunes that have been made, according to report, with the Angora goat. Straightway a pasture is fenced off and in goes a flock of Angoras. To these presently may be added a mushroom bed and a cherry orchard and a patch of ginseng.

Don't you see the weakness of such a scheme? It's likely enough that any one of these undertakings, followed up intelligently and persistently, would come out well enough; but it's a sure-thing bet that a patchwork farm of that order will send its owner back to his town desk in double-quick time, sick and disgusted, to preach forevermore the folly of venturing into alien fields.

What's that you say? "Isn't diversified farming good practice?"

Why, sure! It's the only wise practice. But the case just supposed isn't diversified farming. It's just a hodgepodge. Those random undertakings have no relation whatever to one another. They don't fit. Would the townsman expect to make a brilliant success in a shop with one side run as a barroom, and the other side devoted to tombstones and women's hosiery?

Learning From Book Lore

Diversified farming, to deserve the name, implies a big central idea—a mainspring—about which all the parts are grouped, related closely to it and to each other. The lesser industries, the side lines, in the well-managed farm, are thought out and added for the sake of absorbing the wastes of the larger scheme.

Suppose the farmer has his head set upon growing corn as the base of his operations. If he's anything of a business man he won't figure upon selling his corn straight from his fields. He'll plan to feed it to livestock on the farm at a second profit.

But there comes in another factor. The feeding of grain alone to growing or fattening animals is wasteful—far too expensive. It doesn't give a balanced ration. The cost of production is greatly reduced if the herds are kept upon pasture. So this farmer will lay out his farm to provide a well-diversified range, to cover the longest possible grazing period in the year—alfalfa, clover, grass, and the rest; building up his pastures to their highest sustaining power and carefully balancing them so that there will be an abundance at all seasons, without waste.

Maybe he will select the hog as his mainstay. There's money in hogs. Or maybe his basis will be dairy cows. In that case, hogs must be added to save the wastes of the feed-lots and to use the by-products of the creamery. There—don't you see?—is a plan whose parts dovetail intimately.

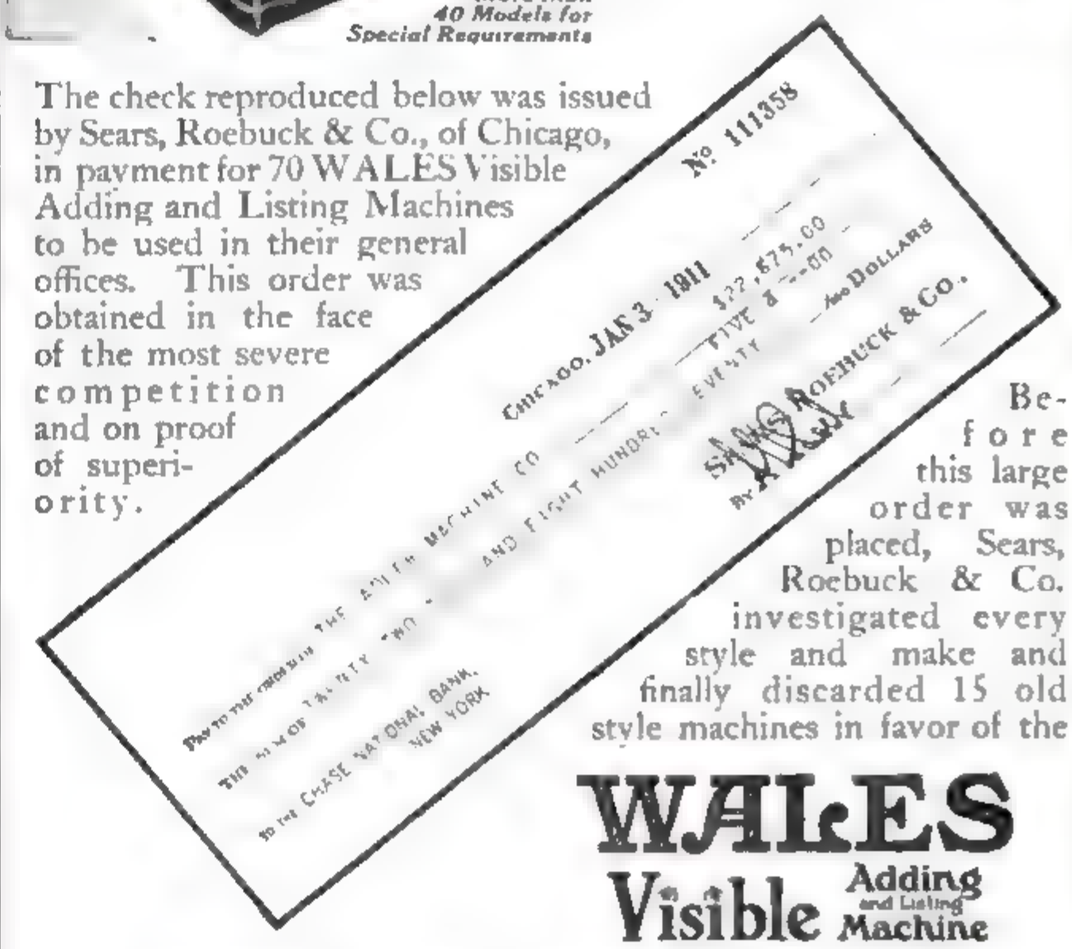
A fruit grower may add poultry, giving them the range of his orchards—protecting his trees against many troublesome insects; giving his hens the best possible conditions

The Largest Check Ever Written for Adding Machines

to be used in one office

More than 40 Models for Special Requirements

The check reproduced below was issued by Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, in payment for 70 WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machines to be used in their general offices. This order was obtained in the face of the most severe competition and on proof of superiority.


No. 111358
CHICAGO, JAN 3 1911
$22,675.00
Twenty Two Thousand Six Hundred and Seventy Five 00 Dollars
Sears, Roebuck & Co.
By
Pay to the order of THE ADDER MACHINE CO
THE SUM OF TWENTY TWO
AND EIGHT HUNDRED
To the CHASE NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK

Before this large order was placed, Sears, Roebuck & Co. investigated every style and make and finally discarded 15 old style machines in favor of the

WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

Visibility and durability are reasons why the WALES jumped into instant popularity. Its sales grow by leaps and bounds.

The WALES is the only completely visible adding and listing machine on the market. Because of its visible construction an operator can do more accurate work on the WALES Visible and at 25 per cent. greater speed.

5-Year Guarantee

The WALES is the only adding machine with a 5-year guarantee. It is the only adding machine that gives you positive assurance of perfect operation for 5 years without one cent of repair expense.

WALES construction is beyond question. We know it is right. You will know it is when you read our 5-year guarantee.

Free Trial Offer

We don't ask you to merely take our word for it. Let the WALES itself prove its superiority, as it did to Sears, Roebuck & Co. Gladly we will place it in your office for a free test. Give it unlimited use in competition with any or all other makes. If the machine does not convince you we will remove it immediately. No obligation whatever. All at our expense. Just write "Free Trial" on the face of the coupon

Pin Coupon to your Letterhead

Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing the WALES Visible

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Agents in All Leading Cities

WEAR-PROOF MAT

This Book FREE

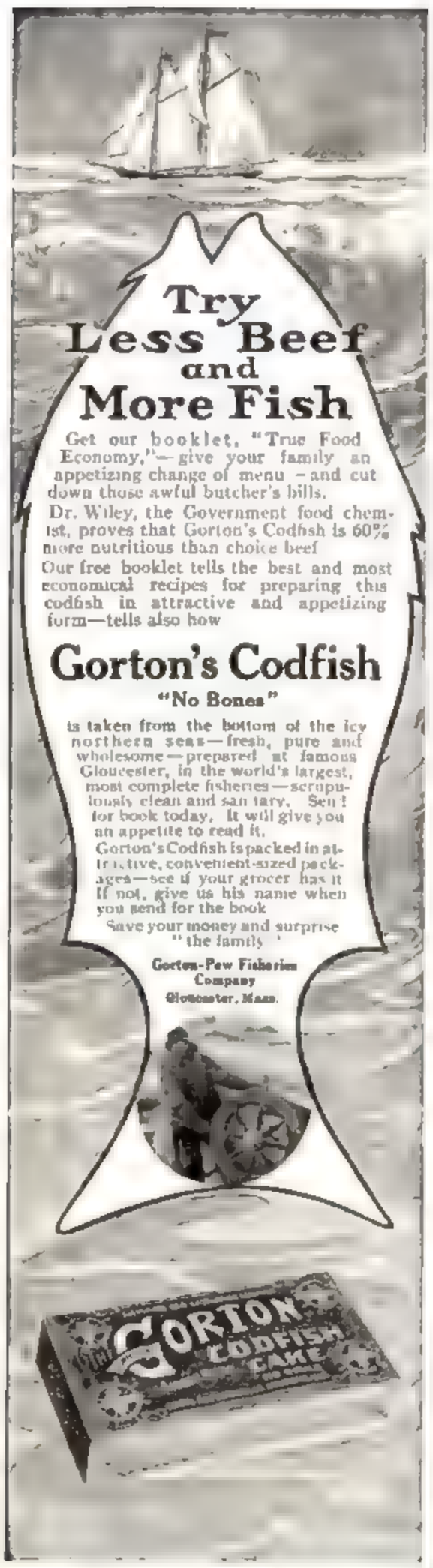
Something NEW—Better and Cheaper—Can't Wear Out

WE want every Purchasing Agent, Building, Hotel, Restaurant, Theatre Manager, in fact, anyone who buys and uses mats to send for our book describing this unique, non-slip, durable and most satisfactory mat ever offered the public.

It is a revelation in mat construction. Costs less than rubber and CAN'T WEAR OUT. Rolls up like a rug—absolutely sanitary—won't retain moisture or become soggy and germ laden. All steel construction except center of links which are water proof strips of felt, compressed edgewise (see cut), giving it a soft "tread" and exceptional cleaning qualities.

The book fully describes and illustrates its many superior features—write for copy.

WEAR-PROOF MAT CO., 502 Peoria Street, Chicago


Try
Less Beef
and
More Fish
Get our booklet, "True Food Economy,"—give your family an appetizing change of menu—and cut down those awful butcher's bills.
Dr. Wiley, the Government food chemist, proves that Gorton's Codfish is 60% more nutritious than choice beef
Our free booklet tells the best and most economical recipes for preparing this codfish in attractive and appetizing form—tells also how
Gorton's Codfish
"No Bones"
is taken from the bottom of the icy northern seas—fresh, pure and wholesome—prepared at famous Gloucester, in the world's largest, most complete fisheries—scrupulously clean and sanitary. Send for book today. It will give you an appetite to read it.
Gorton's Codfish is packed in attractive, convenient-sized packages—see if your grocer has it. If not, give us his name when you send for the book
Save your money and surprise "the family"
Gorton-Pew Fisheries Company
Gloucester, Mass.
GORTON
CODFISH
CAKE

The Famous Broncho Buster Hat Delivered anywhere for **$3**

The kind our Texas Cowboys always wear, very picturesque and serviceable; will never flop brim; guaranteed [illegible] shape, right tan color with neatly laced Mexican leather band; made in two dimensions, crown 4½ inches, also 5 inches; brim 3 inches, also 3½ inches, a regular $5.00 hat; sent express prepaid anywhere for only **$3**. Order today; satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded. *Dealers, write for our special offer.*

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A, Houston, Texas

A FEW GOOD AGENTS WANTED A large Dayton manufacturer wants a few good agents in an unoccupied territory to introduce a patented specialty. Never on the market before. Address M. H. MATHEWS, 5066 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

and making a double use of his ground. Many orchardists have established canning plants on their farms to save the wastes of overripe fruit and the losses of those parts of the season when markets may be glutted and prices sag below the point of profitable shipments. There's consistency too.

The townsman who goes to the farm to succeed must fix upon his plan before he makes a move. He'll find plenty of details to be worked out later; but the real plan—the idea—must not wait until the farm is bought and the bridges are burned.

Even after the plan is made in the rough, the prudent man will make no wild plunge. He'll learn all he can of his business before he sets foot in his field or turns a furrow. The man who is rich enough and dogged enough to last through it can gather not a few odds and ends of information about farming merely by treasuring up the memories of his own blunders; but that's the most expensive sort of learning on earth. It would take generations of it to turn a novice into a successful farmer.

The townsman must go to the literature of the specialty he has chosen and make a thorough study of it. He'll find a great fund of invaluable matter in the experiment-station bulletins and reports, and in the textbooks that are coming year by year of late, in ever-increasing numbers, from almost every important publishing house in the country. There's no poverty today in the literature of farming. It won't teach all that's to be learned, but it will make a solid groundwork for what's to follow. A year or two spent in reading the best of this stuff will be vastly better spent than in rooting blindly in the earth on one's own account. The man who neglects such preparation will be a mere blunderer in his work or else—what's even worse—at the mercy of ignorant hired help or equally ignorant farmer-neighbors, to whom he may run for counsel.

Sentiment Butters No Parsnips

Here's the point: Running a farm is a business operation nowadays—nothing else. It demands plain business sense; and business sense dictates that the man shall know all he can about what he proposes to do before diving headlong into it.

The trouble is that this back-to-the-land argument has spent itself altogether too much on the emotional side. That's been misleading. There's plenty of good, wholesome, strong sentiment about the proposition of taking a living direct from the ground with one's own hands, free of the fret of haggling with huckster and grocer and butcher; there's a mighty satisfaction in it that can't be discounted; and there's a fine moral as well as mental and physical health in it that won't be gainsaid. But it isn't a bit fair to put forward these enticements and conceal the rest. The town candidate for the farm ought to be told at the outset, in plain English, that pure sentiment grows no potatoes and butters no parsnips. The day's work in the fields is intensely practical and demands the most prosaic of plain, practical training in methods of soil culture, seed selection, animal breeding, the right use of manures, and suchlike highly unemotional themes. The full enjoyment of the sentiment of it must be hard-earned; it will come along later, in the wake of the first successful year, when painstaking application of head and body has resulted in filling barns and granaries, cellars and smokehouse and pantry, with the fruits of field and feed-lot and orchard. Then the husbandman, smoking or dozing beside his winter fire, will have full right to the enjoyment of a brooding content, which is the true sentiment of the farm. It must be won; it cannot be anticipated.

That is to say, sentiment ought to be the dessert course of farming, not the cocktail. Turning it wrong-end-to has played hob with rational progress in the movement. It has plucked many a townsman in the sour, green stage, only to send him to the cullheap.

Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these two.

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should be courteous when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

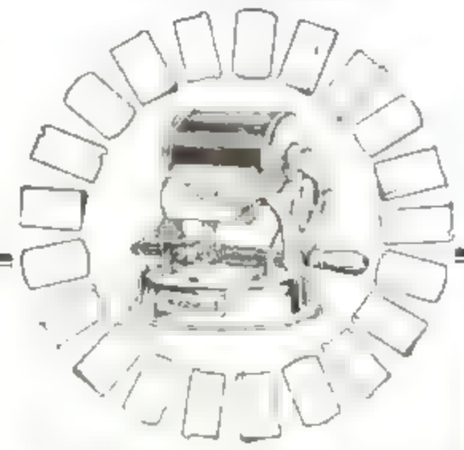
He will not knock at the telephone door and run away but will hold himself in readiness to speak as soon as the door is opened.

The 100,000 employees of the Bell system and the 25,000,000 telephone users constitute the great telephone democracy.

The success of the telephone democracy depends upon the ability and willingness of each individual to do his part.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



You don't have to be a wizard to get the most perfect *concave* cutting edge on your safety razor blades.

The Wizard Stropper will solve all your shaving troubles, and make *your* razor the best—barring none—on the market. It's the edge the WIZARD puts on your blades that will make your shaving a *keen* delight. Price $3.00.

Ask your dealer first—if he can't supply you, write us and we will forward the WIZARD prepaid, on receipt of price. Give name of your safety razor.

Send to-day for free booklet "Keen on Doing it Right"

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., Mfrs.
Established a Quarter Century
4 Prospect St. Newark, N. J.

THE ORIGINAL SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Note the Sliding Cord Back

It is the construction of the "President Suspender" which removes all strain from the shoulders and trouser buttons, making the trousers hang exactly as the tailor intended.

The "Original Shirley President" Suspender will outwear any other make—that's worth considering.

Have a pair for each pair of trousers—it's a time and temper saver.

Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

717 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

BEAVER BOARD

This dining-room is a typical example of the artistic results produced by using BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings in thousands of new and remodeled buildings of every possible type and description.

BEAVER BOARD

BEAVER BOARD

ECONOMY, convenience, durability, beauty, adaptability are the causes of the remarkable and continued growth in the use and popularity of BEAVER BOARD.

Economy, because it costs less than lath and plaster, and lasts longer. Convenience, because the light BEAVER BOARD panels can be quickly and easily put up. Any one handy with tools can nail them to the wall and ceiling-beams of new rooms, or put them over the lath and plaster of old walls.

BEAVER BOARD is made entirely of selected woods, reduced to fibrous form and pressed into panels of uniform thickness. It makes a house warmer in winter and cooler in summer. It greatly retards the progress of sound. It withstands shocks, strains and vibrations that wreck plastered walls and ceilings.

Some of the Many Uses of BEAVER BOARD

BEAVER BOARD can be used to advantage for every wall and ceiling in residences of every type, from the colonial mansion to cottage or bungalow. The decorative panel-strips with which the seams are covered and the pebbled surface of the panels, so well suited to tinting and stencil-work, lend themselves to every type of architecture.

Other buildings successfully equipped with BEAVER BOARD include hotels, theatres, churches, public-buildings, office-buildings, factories, stores, restaurants, schools, clubs, etc.

BEAVER BOARD is invaluable for remodeling. It builds a new room inside the old one in an incredibly short time. It is largely used for making partitions, lowering ceilings, etc.

It transforms the barren attic or cold, damp cellar into comfortable rooms, makes an old out-building serviceable and can be used for closets, dark-rooms, movable partitions, office-railings, exhibition-booths, show-windows, and other special purposes.

How the Demand for BEAVER BOARD Increases

The following brief extracts from letters of dealers who sell BEAVER BOARD show how its use spreads through a community like wild-fire:

NEW YORK—"We have been handling BEAVER BOARD for two years with a constantly increasing sale, although we have practically done nothing to stir up business. What business we have has come as a result of the very excellent quality of BEAVER BOARD, and the entire satisfaction it has given all users."

COLORADO—"We are more than pleased with the volume of business that we have had on BEAVER BOARD. In the past 60 days our total sales aggregated in excess of 150,000 square feet. We have about every known brand of wall board to compete against in this market, but our sales of BEAVER BOARD are unquestionably equal to all of them combined."

NEW YORK—"We have found that one sale quickly leads to another, and we are looking for increased sales the coming season."

CALIFORNIA—"Our sales speak for themselves. We began to sell BEAVER BOARD about the middle of December. Up to February we had sold 140,000 feet, and have quite a number of buildings figured ahead."

MARYLAND—"We think the success that we have met with in BEAVER BOARD is manifested in our orders. A year ago we would order in lots of one thousand (1,000) square feet; our last order, just placed with you, was over seventy-five thousand (75,000) square feet, and this shows that the goods are moving."

NEBRASKA—"We do not consider it good business policy to delay matters awaiting your salesman's call, when inquiries are coming in thick and fast with us now. If you are intending to have a salesman call, we urge him to come at once, otherwise make out specifications for a carload and send it to us."

NEW YORK—"In the sales we have made BEAVER BOARD has sold itself. We first purchased it for a special purpose of our own, and such sales as we have made since have been through our customers advising other people to use it."

Where You Can Get BEAVER BOARD

BEAVER BOARD is sold everywhere by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers and decorators in various sizes to meet all average requirements. Special sizes to order. For your protection, each panel is stamped on the back with the BEAVER BOARD trade-mark. If your dealer doesn't handle BEAVER BOARD, write us direct.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

BUFFALO, N.Y. BEAVER FALLS, N.Y. OTTAWA, CAN.

In the United States address 250 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada address 300 Beaver Triangle, Ottawa, Can.

Write for Illustrated Descriptive Booklet

We shall be glad to send free at your request our handsomely illustrated booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses." It tells about the advantages of BEAVER BOARD in detail and how to put it up and decorate it. Many suggestions for design and testimonial letters from well-known users are included. Write today.

Faultless
SINCE 1848
THE MOST POPULAR SLEEP & LOUNGE SUITS to-day are of Luxurious, Soft RICH, DURABLE FABRICS.
PAJAMAS $1.50
IF LABELED LUSTERETTE SILK LIKE
Presented here IS CHOICE.
In Solid Colorings. All Shades, without Spot or Stripe. Low Neck or Military Collars. Buttoned, Bois-Silk Loops.
ONE of the MANY Fully Guaranteed Garments that distinguish
Faultless DAY & NIGHT SHIRTS
YOUR DEALER SHOULD SELL SAME
If not, write for BED-TIME BOOK and mention his name
We will have you supplied
DAY & NIGHT GARMENTS IN GREAT VARIETY AT ALL PRICES DEPENDENT ON FABRIC
I. E. ROSENFELD & CO. DEPT. E. L. BALTIMORE, MD

Stop Wasting $70

a year (that's 20c a day)—Get your stationer to send you a

U.S. AUTOMATIC Pencil Sharpener

for ten days' **free** use or accept

OUR OFFER:

Mail $3.50 to us, with your stationer's name and we will deliver a U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener. Use it for ten days. If it is satisfactory you keep it. If it is **not** the best sharpener you ever used, pack it up, return it, and ***get your money back.***

Write for our booklet "A Saving Pointer"

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.
431 Atlas Block
Chicago

2 knives free

Chalmers Pearls

5c and 10c a card of 12. All Sizes.

Selected pearly buttons. Fish-eye, Beveled, Smoked, Cup and Iridescent Styles. Finest pearl buttons on the market. Sold by dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Sample card for 2c stamp and your dealer's name. Illustrated Booklet Free.

Don't ask for just "buttons," get Chalmers Pearls

HARVEY CHALMERS & SON
Amsterdam, N. Y.

THE TRAP

(Continued from Page 18)

"Only I didn't learn," said I. "I'm off to cut something tough to make the bow."

"Don't go far," she says.

"Why not?" said I—the sporty way a man does when he pretends that he's going to take a night off with the boys and play poker.

"Because," she says smiling, "I'm afraid the beasts will get me while you're gone."

"Rats!" says I.

"Tigers!" says she. "Oh, Right, you unplumbable old idiot! Do you think you can come into this cave and hide anything from me under that transparent face of yours? The minute you came in and hemmed and hawed, and said as you had nothing to do you guessed you'd have a go with the firesticks—I knew. What scared you?"

I surrendered and told her.

". . . And then," she said, "you think maybe they'll hurt—us?"

I nodded.

"Why, it's war," she said. "I've read enough about war to know that there are two safe rules to follow. First, declare war yourself while the other fellow's thinking about it; and then strike him before he's even heard that you have declared it. That sounds mixed, but it's easy enough. We'll declare war on the dangerous beasts while I'm still in the months of hop, skip and jump."

"A certain woman," said I, "wouldn't let the beasts go down in the old Boldero, as would have been beneficial for all parties."

"This is different," she said. "This island's got to be a safe place for a little child to play in or Ivy Bower's got to be told the reason why."

"You're dead right, Ivy dear," I says, "and always was. But how? I'm cursed if I know how to kill a tiger without a rifle. . . . Let's get fire first and put the citadel in a state of siege. Then we'll try our hand at traps, snares and pitfalls. I'm strong, but I'm cursed if I want to fall on a tiger with nothing in my hands but a knife or an ax."

"All I care about," said Ivy, "is to get everything settled, so that when the time comes we can be comfortable and plenty domestic."

She sat in the mouth of the cave and looked over the smooth cove to the rolling ocean beyond; and she had the expression of a little girl playing at being married with a little boy friend in the playhouse that her father had just given her for her birthday.

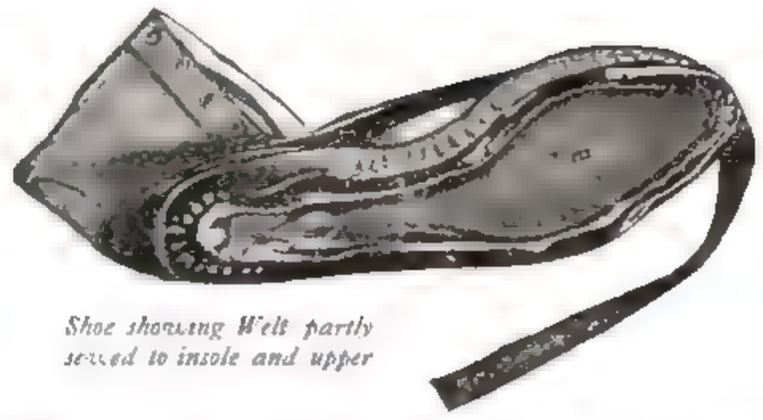
I got a piece of springy wood to make a bow with and sat by her, shaping it with my knife. That night we got fire. Ivy caught some fish in the cove and we cooked them; and—thanks, O Lord!—how good they were! We sat up very late comparing impressions, each saying how each felt when the smoke began to show sparks and when the tinder pieces finally caught; and how each had felt when the broiled smell of the fish had begun to go abroad in the land. We told each other of all the good things we had eaten in our day, but how this surpassed them all. And later we told each other all our favorite names—boy names in case it should be a boy and girl names in case it shouldn't.

Then, suddenly, something being hunted by something tore by in the dark—not very far off. The sweat came off me in buckets and I heaped wood on the fire and flung burning brands into the night, this way and that, as far as I could fling them. Ivy said I was like Jupiter trying to hurl thunderbolts, after the invention of Christianity, and not rightly understanding why they wouldn't explode any more.

VII

THE pines of the island were full of pitch and a branch would burn torchlike for a long time. I kept a bundle of such handy, the short ends sharpened so's you could stick 'em round wherever the ground was soft enough and have an effect of altar candles in a drafty church. If there was occasion to leave the cave at night I'd carry one of the torches and feel as safe as if it had been an elephant rifle.

We made a kind of a dooryard in front of the cave's mouth, with a stockade that we borrowed from Robinson Crusoe, driving pointed stakes close-serried and hoping they'd take root and sprout; but they didn't. Between times I made finger-drawings in the sand of plans for tiger traps



Shoe showing Welt partly sewed to insole and upper

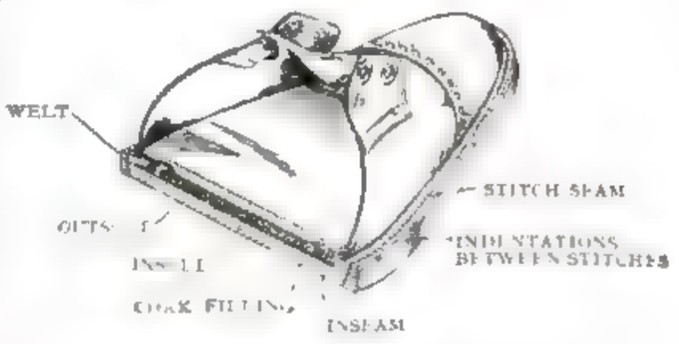
A Sure Way to Tell the Kind of Shoe to Buy

Study these cuts, then go to your dealer and ask for a pair of shoes made with a

GOODYEAR WELT

The manufacturer or dealer who advertises that he makes or sells a Goodyear Welt thereby assures you that he offers a shoe possessing the first requisite of excellence—a shoe, made by machines, which is as comfortable, durable and stylish as one hand-sewed—at only one-third the cost.

A thin and narrow strip of leather called a welt is first sewed to the insole and upper. The outsole is then sewed to this welt, leaving the stitches outside so that the insole is left entirely smooth.



When you purchase shoes, see if there is a "sock" lining or thin piece of leather or cloth covering the sole on the inside. If there is, lift it up at the shank of the shoe. If tack points and stitches show underneath, the shoe is not a Goodyear Welt, no matter how great the resemblance otherwise may be.

Write Today for the following Booklets which will be Sent You Without Cost:

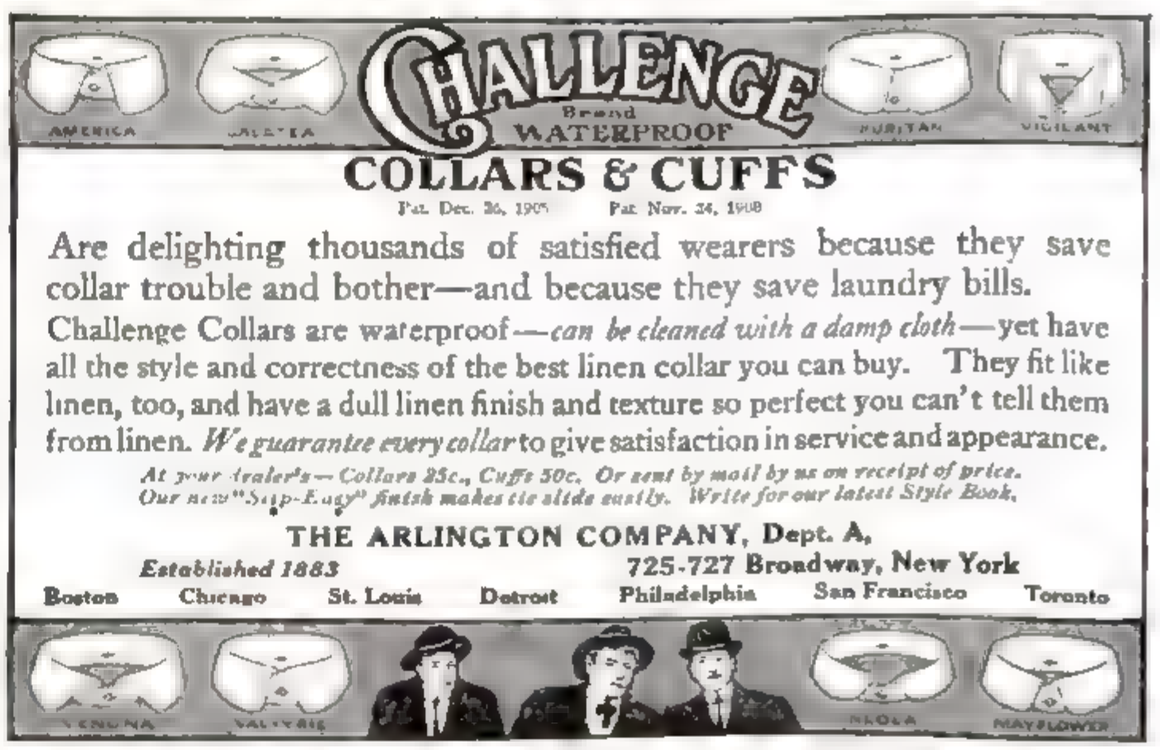
1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark, made by the Goodyear Welt process.

2. Describes the Goodyear Welt process in detail and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.

3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry Transformed." The true story of a great American achievement.

4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated descriptive of the great model factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY, Boston, Mass.


AMERICA
VALETTA
CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF
PURITAN
VIGILANT
COLLARS & CUFFS
Pat. Dec. 26, 1905 Pat. Nov. 24, 1908
Are delighting thousands of satisfied wearers because they save collar trouble and bother—and because they save laundry bills.
Challenge Collars are waterproof—*can be cleaned with a damp cloth*—yet have all the style and correctness of the best linen collar you can buy. They fit like linen, too, and have a dull linen finish and texture so perfect you can't tell them from linen. *We guarantee every collar* to give satisfaction in service and appearance.
At your dealer's—Collars 25c., Cuffs 50c. Or sent by mail by us on receipt of price. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish makes tie slide easily. Write for our latest Style Book.
THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. A,
725-727 Broadway, New York
Established 1883
Boston Chicago St. Louis Detroit Philadelphia San Francisco Toronto
VENONA
MAYFLOWER

Let Me Send You the Rapid FIRELESS COOKER

At Factory Price. On 30 Days' Trial

Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 60 percent on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Boils, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes, Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS FREE. Also metal composition Heat Radiators can't break or crack. Send for free book and 135 splendid recipes to-day.

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept 14 Detroit, Mich.

LEARN at Home by Mail LAW

Grandest profession in the world now open to you. No need to leave home or drop regular occupation. *Big incomes.* Legal Diploma—Successful Students. University advantages. Faculty selected from some of the most prominent legal authorities in America. Our guarantee protects you. 10,000 students now enrolled. Easy Terms. Extremely low cost, payable as you learn. The best legal instruction now within your reach. Write for free booklet and Special Limited offer.

La Salle Extension University, Box 4012 Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS:

For facts about Prize and Reward Offers and for books of Great Interest and Value to Inventors, send 6c postage to **Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.**

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

$1 DOWN puts into your home any table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD and POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

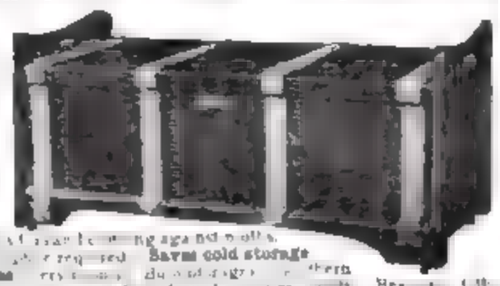
Stop Supporting the Public Pool Room

You can become the absolute owner of a handsome Burrowes Table with the money you spend each month for the use of someone else a table.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 820 Center St., Portland, Maine

Red Cedar Chest—A Splendid Gift



Moth, Damp and Dust Proof

Protects against moths. Saves cold storage charges. We prepay freight charges. Sell direct from factory to home.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept 56, Statesville, N. C.

60 Egg Incubator $5 Freight Prepaid

IDEAL 60 Egg Incubator $5.00 60 Chick Brooder $3.00 Both $6.50

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 137, Freeport, Ill.

6% $100. DEPOSITS

5% Interest allowed on every Dollar you deposit with us. You may withdraw any time. 6% allowed on $100 time deposits.

5% SMALLER SUMS

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York St., Savannah, Ga.

Greatest Rose Catalogue Now Ready for You FREE

THE CONARD & JONES CO. Rose Specialists 50 years experience Box 90 B West Grove, Pa.

Agents! We want you to send for the $6 "Alca" Hand Vacuum Cleaner at the Agents' $1.75 Test Price. With it goes a contract proposal for the handling of this device in your territory, which will bring you a harvest of honest dollars.

Alca Vacuum Cleaner Co., 362 W. 50th Street, New York

CHICKEN BUSINESS There's Fortune In It! We start you. Most successful Poultry Farm. Thousands to choose from. Low prices on lots. Eggs. Big illustrated catalog free. Write for prices.

Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 94, Clarinda, Ia.

and pitfalls. I couldn't dig pits, but I knew of two that might have been made to my order, a volcano having taken the contract. They were deep as wells, sheer-sided; anything that fell in would stay in. I made a wattlework of branches and palm fiber to serve as lids for these Nature-made tiger-jars. The idea was to toss dead fish out to the middle of the lids for bait; then for one of the big cats to smell the fish, step out to get it and fall through. Once in, it would be child's work to stone him to death.

Another trap I made was more complicated and was a scheme to drop trees heavy enough to break a camel's back or whatever touched the trigger that kept them from falling. It was the devil's own job to make that trap. First place, I couldn't cut a tree big enough and lift it to a strategic position; so I had to fell trees in such a way that they'd be caught halfway to the ground by other trees. Then I'd have to clear away branches and roots so that when the trees did fall the rest of the way it would be clean, plumb and sudden. It was a wonderful trap when it was finished and it was the most dangerous work of art I ever saw. If you touched any of a dozen triggers you stood to have a whole grove of trees come banging down on top of you—same as if you went for a walk in the woods and a tornado came along and blew the woods down. If the big cats had known how frightfully dangerous that trap was they'd have jumped overboard and left the island by swimming. I made two other traps something like it—the best contractor in New York wouldn't have undertaken to build one just like it at any price—and then it came around to be the seventh day, so to speak; and, like the six-day bicycle rider, I rested.

"Days" is only a fashion of speaking. I was months getting my five death-traps into working order. I couldn't work steadily because there was heaps of cavework to do besides, fish to be caught, wood to be cut for the fire and all; and then, dozens of times, I'd suddenly get scared about Ivy and go running back to the cave to see if she was all right. I might have known better; she was always all right and much better plucked than I was.

Well, sir, my traps wouldn't work. The fish rotted on the wattlelids of the pitfalls, but the beasts wouldn't try for 'em. They were getting ravenous, too—ready to attack big Bahut even; but they wouldn't step out on those wattles and they wouldn't step under my balanced trees. They'd beat about the neighborhood of the danger and I've found many a padmark within six inches of the edge of things. I even baited with a live kid. It belonged to the Thibet goats and I had a hard time catching it; and after it had bleated all night and done its baby best to be tiger food I turned it loose and it ran off with its mammy. She, poor soul, had gone right into the trap to be with her baby and, owing to the direct intervention of Providence, hadn't sprung the thing.

The next fancy bait I tried was a chetah—dead. I found him just after his accident, not far from the cave. He was still warm; and he was flat—very flat, like a rug made of chetah skin. He had some shreds of elephant-hide tangled in his claws. It looked to me as if he'd gotten desperate with hunger and had pounced on big Bahut—pshaw! the story was in plain print: "Ouch!" says big Bahut. "A flea has bitten me. Here's where I play dead" and rolls over. Result: one neat and very flat rug made out of chetah.

I showed the rug to Ivy and then carried it off to the woods and spread it in my first and fanciest trap. Then I allowed I'd have a look at the pitfalls, which I hadn't visited for a couple of days—and I was a fool to do it. I'd told Ivy where I was going to spread the chetah and that after that I'd come straight home. Well, the day seemed young and I thought if I hurried I could go home the roundabout way by the pitfalls in such good time that Ivy wouldn't know the difference. Well, sir, I came to the first pitfall—and, lo and behold! something had been and taken the bait and got away with it without so much as putting a foot through the wattling. I'd woven it too strong. So I thought I'd just weaken it up a little—it wouldn't take five minutes. I tried it with my foot—very gingerly. Yes, it was too strong—much too strong. I put more weight into that foot—and bang, smash, crash bump! There I was at the bottom of the pit, with half the wattling on top of me!

Floors Made Beautiful

Done in an Hour
Done for a Year

Your home can be made more attractive. You can do it with Old English Floor Wax, which is easily applied with a cloth and, if put on according to directions, gives a finish that will last a year, because it contains more of the hard (expensive) imported wax. That is why, on floors, furniture or woodwork,

Old English Floor Wax

gives the rich, subdued lustre famous in the Old English finish; and that is why Old English outlasts other finishes. A pound goes much farther than a pound of ordinary wax. A 50-cent can covers a large room. If it wears thin anywhere, say in front of your door, you can put a little wax just on that spot. With other than wax finish you would have to refinish the whole floor. Send for

Free Sample—and the Book

"BEAUTIFUL FLOORS—Their Finish and Care,"

which treats on these subjects:

Finishing New Floors	Finishing Dance Floors
Finishing Old Floors	Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
Hardwood Floors	Finishing Furniture
Pine Floors	Interior Woodwork
Cleaning and Polishing	Stopping Cracks
Care of Waxed Floors	Removing Varnish, etc.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.

Send Booklet and Free Sample so I can try Old English at home.

Name

Address

My Dealer is

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1907 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Use "Brightener" occasionally to clean, polish and preserve all waxed, varnished or shellaced finishes, whether floors or furniture. SAMPLE FREE—it's a boon to every good housekeeper.

SAVE MONEY, TIME AND LABOR

Before Building, Write for Free Booklet and Samples of

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than Lath and Plaster; applied Winter or Summer; YOU can do it; no dust or scrubbing. Applied dry it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap; is vermin and sanitary; guaranteed proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin.

Applying Wall Board

CONSTRUCTION

Made of kiln dried dressed lath, IMPREGNATED with A pecial Mineral Compound, and faced on the factory [illegible] sheets, 4x8 ft. and 4x10 ft. Can be cut with ordinary tools. These sheets are delivered to the building and are easily and quickly nailed to studding. Used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

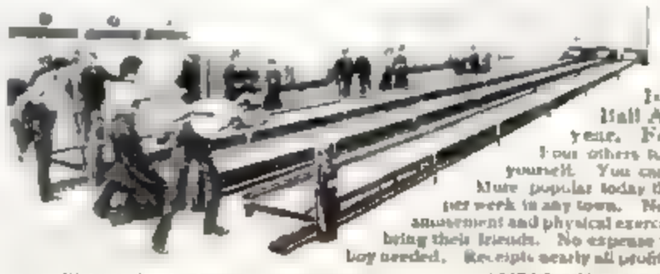
BISHOPRIC SHEATHING saves 75 per cent in material and labor. Same as Wall Board, but has rough surface of Sheathing paper for plastering purposes; therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studding. Makes smooth wall for laths and siding. Makes warm walls. Does away with building paper. Dampness and heat [illegible] pipes [illegible] and with excellent results. Used and recommended for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and other buildings.

Shows weatherboards over Sheathing, lath side exposed, also Bishopric Roofing over Sheathing, smooth side exposed

Price $2.35 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $6 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Write for Booklet and Free Samples of Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 22 E. Third Street, Cincinnati, O.



$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $150

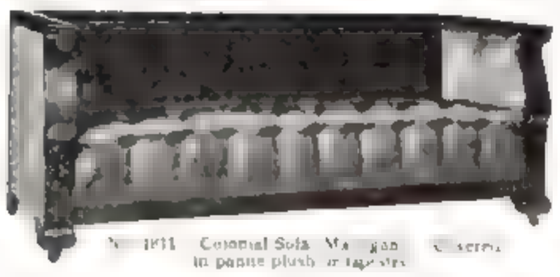
Is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others cleared over $2,000.00 first year. Four others over $1,200.00 in two months. Four others took in $3,500.00 in nine months. Go in this business yourself. You can start with $50.00. Nearly 7,000 alleys sold to date. More popular today than ever. These alleys pay from $30.00 to $75.00 each per week in any town. No gambling device, but the best thing on earth for clean amusement and physical exercise. Patronized by the best people, who form clubs and bring their friends. No expense to install or operate. No special floor required, no pin boy needed. Receipts nearly all profit. We sell only one customer in town of moderate size.

Write today for booklet and easy payment plan. AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 264 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Indiana

Karpen
Sanitary Upholstered Furniture

A Wrong Impression CORRECTED

Because Karpen Upholstered Furniture is the only kind [illegible]



No. 1611 Colonial Sofa. Mahogany frame. Covered in panne plush or tapestry.

Comfortable Living Room Furniture—Economy Prices

The Karpen guaranteed line includes everything in [illegible] Spring furniture, but we emphasize this Spring an unusually attractive [illegible] in comfortable living room furniture. Among these are the many rich leather and other desirable upholsteries, always in taste and now more popular than ever. This dependable furniture is priced reasonably.

20 Inspections to Safeguard You

No. [illegible] Mahogany or Oak. Covered in leather, velour or tapestry; suitable for any [illegible]

Since every Karpen piece bears the maker's *unqualified guaranty of permanent satisfaction*, only the most precautionary manufacturing methods can be used. So extremely careful are we that at each step in the process the work is thoroughly inspected. Twenty inspections are necessary in a Karpen piece.

Karpen guaranteed furniture is of select, seasoned woods; genuine natural seasoned leathers; steel springs as specified by the U. S. Government; clean curled hair filling; painstaking, artistic workmanship.

Unupholstered furniture, the kind which bears no maker's trade-mark nor his guaranty, is often cheapened in hidden, unobservable ways—cheap split leather—excelsior or filthy hair stuffing—useless springs—poor wood—poor workmanship inside.

KARPEN Furniture Given Severest Test

Karpen furniture is more extensively used in government offices, hotels and parlor railroad cars than any other kind of furniture. In offices and hotels it withstands the scars and knocks of an indifferent public as no other furniture could. In offices, where, during business hours, it is pulled to pieces the ordinary furniture, Karpen is absolutely unaffected. How long do you suppose that furniture of this superb quality would endure in your own quiet home? Almost forever.

No. [illegible] Karpen Revolving Rocker. The [illegible] is a perfect rocker and revolving chair combined.

Home Furniture Buyer's Guide FREE

The new Karpen Book of Designs (O) just out is the most helpful guide ever given to home furniture buyers. Get it and see the profuse illustrations of original Karpen and other late approved interior designs, plans for furnishing comfortably and artistically any room, reproductions of popular woods and leathers in their natural colors, and more than 500 illustrations of attractive upholstered seating furniture. To tell the story of Karpen Upholstered Furniture, we have been compelled to make the book as large as THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. We have expended $15,000 on it.

No. 1618. Karpen Davenport. Luxurious and suitable for den, living room or library.

With the Book we will make you *a special introductory price on Karpen furniture*, through your local dealer.

S. KARPEN & BROS.
Karpen Building, CHICAGO
Karpen Building, NEW YORK
(59) 20 Sudbury St., BOSTON

The depth of that hole was full twenty-five feet; the sides were as smooth as bottle-glass; dusk was turning into dark. But these things weren't the worst of it. I'd told Ivy that I'd do one thing—and I'd gone and done another. I'd lied to her and I'd put her in for a time of anxiety, and then fright, that might kill her.

VIII

I WASTED what little daylight was left trying to climb out, using nothing but hands and feet. And then I sat down and cursed myself for a triple-plated, copper-riveted, patent-applied for fool. Nothing would have been easier, given light, than to take the wattling that had fallen into the pit with me to pieces, build a pole—sort of a split-bamboo fishing-rod on a big scale—shin up and go home. But to turn that trick in the dark wasn't any fun. I did it though—twice. I made the first pole too light and it smashed when I was halfway up. A splinter jabbed into my thigh and drew blood. That complicated matters. The smell of the blood went out of the pit and traveled around the island like a sandwich man saying: "Fine supply of fresh meat about to come out of Right Bower's pet pitfall; second on the left."

When I'd shinned to the top of the second pole I built and crawled over the rim of the pit—there was a tiger sitting, waiting, very patient. I could just make him out in the starlight. He was mighty lean and looked like a hungry gutter cat on a big scale. Some people are afraid to be alone in the dark. I'm not. Well, I just knelt there—I'd risen to my knees—and stared at him. And then I began to take in a long breath. I swelled and swelled with it. It's a wonder I didn't use up all the air on the island and create a vacuum—in which case the tiger would have blown up. I remember wondering what that big breath was going to do when it came out. I didn't know. I had no plan. I looked at the tiger and he looked at me and whined—like a spoiled spaniel asking for sugar. That was too much. I thought of Ivy, maybe needing me as she'd never needed any one before—and I looked at that slinking cat that meant to keep me from her. I made one jump at him—'stead of him at me—and at the same time I let out the big breath I'd drawn in a screech that very likely was heard in Jericho.

The tiger just vanished like a Cheshire cat in a book I read once and I was running through the night for home and Ivy. But the fire at the cave was dying, and Ivy was gone.

Well, of course she'd have gone to look for me. . . . It was then that I began to whimper and cry. I lit a pine torch, flung some wood on the embers and went out to look for her—whimpering all the time. I'd told her that I was going out to bait a certain trap and would then come straight home. So, of course she'd have gone straight to that trap—and it was there I found her.

The torch showed her where she sat, right near the dead chetah, in the very center of the trap—triggers all about her—to touch one of which spelt death; and all around the trap, in a ring—like an audience at a one-ring circus—were the meat-eaters—the tigers—the lions—the leopards—and, worst of all, the pigs. There she sat and there they sat—and no one moved—except me with the torch.

She lifted her great eyes to me and she smiled. All the beasts looked at me and turned away their eyes from the light and blinked and shifted; and the old he-lion coughed. They wouldn't come near me because of the torch—and they wouldn't go near Ivy because of the trap. They knew it was a trap. They always had known it and so had Ivy. That was why she had gone into it when so many deaths looked at her in so many ways—because she knew that in there she'd be safe. All along she'd known that my old traps and pitfalls wouldn't catch anything; but she'd never said so—and she'd never laughed at them or at me. I could find it in my heart to call her a perfect wife—just by that one fact of fact alone; but there are other facts—other reasons—millions of them.

Suddenly from somewhere near Ivy there came a thin, piping sound.

"It's your little son talking to you," says Ivy, as calm as if she was sitting up in a four-poster.

"My little son!" I says. That was all for a minute. Then I says:

"Are you all right?"

And she says:

"Sure I am—now that I know you are."

I turned my torch fire-end down and it began to blaze and sputter and presently roar. Then I steps over to the lion and he doesn't move; and I points the torch at his dirty face—and lunges.

Ever see a kitten enjoying a fit? That was what happened to him. Then I ran about, beating and poking and shouting and burning. It was like Ulysses cleaning the house of suitors and handmaids. All the beasts ran; and some of 'em ran a long way, I guess, and climbed trees.

I stuck the torch point-end in the ground, stepped into the trap and lifted my family out. All the time I prayed aloud, saying: "Lord on high, keep Right Bower from touching his blamed foot against any of these triggers and dropping the forest on top of all he holds in his arms!" Ivy, she rubbed her cheek against mine to show confidence—and then we were safe out and I picked up the torch and carried the whole kit and boodle, family, torch, happiness—much too big to tote—and belief in God's goodness, watchfulness and mercy, home to our cave.

. . . . . .

Right Bower added some uneventful details of the few days following—the ship's boat that put into the island for water and took them off, and so on. Then he asked me if I'd like to meet Mrs. Bower and I went forward with him and was presented.

She was deep in a steamer chair, half covered with a somewhat gay assortment of steamer rugs. I had noticed her before, in passing, and had mistaken her for a child.

Bower beamed over us for a while and then left us and we talked for hours—about Bower, the children and the home in East Orange to which they were returning after a holiday at Aix; but she wouldn't talk much about the island. "Right," she said, "was all the time so venturesome that from morning till night I died of worry and anxiety. Right says the Lord does just the right thing for the right people at the right time—always. That's his creed. . . . Sometimes," she said, "I wonder what's become of big Bahut. He was such a—white elephant!"

Mrs. Gordon-Colfax took me to task for spending so much of the afternoon with Mrs. Bower.

"Who," said she, "was that common little person you were flirting with?—and why?"

"She's a Mrs. Bower," I said. "She has a mission."

"I could tell that," said Mrs. Gordon-Colfax, "from the way she turned up her eyes at you."

"As long as she doesn't turn up her nose at me——" I began; but Mrs. Gordon-Colfax put in:

"The Lord did that for her."

"And," I said, "so she was saying. She said the Lord does just the right thing for the right person at the right time. . . . Now, your nose is beautifully Greek; but, to be honest, it turns up ever so much more than hers does."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Gordon-Colfax, "I hate common people—and I can't help it. Let's have a bite in the grill."

"Sorry," I said; "I'm dining with the Bowers."

"You have a strong stomach," said she.

"I have," I said, "but a weak heart—and they are going to strengthen it for me."

And there arose thenceforth a coolness between Mrs. Gordon-Colfax and me, which proves once more that the Lord does just the right thing for the right people at the right time.

Scott Paper Towels

appeal to everyone who now uses textile towels and who will stop to think.

ScotTissue Towels
"Use like a Blotter"

eliminate the possibility of skin infection, and the transmission of eye diseases, that so often follow the use of the roller or fabric towel where the same is accessible to many different persons.

"ScotTissue" Towels are made of specially processed heavy crêpe paper, which is made exceptionally absorbent.

Dentists
Physicians
Office Employees
Boards of Education

appreciate these towels because of their superior sanitary features.

Dr. George Reulings, of Baltimore, says, in a recent issue of the Baltimore Sun:

"Many cases of infectious and contagious diseases have been traced to the use of the roller towel in public washrooms. I am glad to say that the number of places where such an article of toilet is used has decreased from what it was in former years. Some steps should be taken to eliminate their use."

Dr. Jacolyn Manning, in Hampton's Magazine, speaking of the spread of Infantile Paralysis, says:

"It is of the greatest importance that every known method of fighting the spread of this plague be invoked; these methods include (among others) *The abolition of the public towel.*"

Rheta Childe Dorr, writing on "Rebuilding the Child World," says:

"You will see in the dressing rooms, in place of the deadly roller towel of blessed memory, soft towels of paper, which are used once and thrown into the waste paper basket."

Ask Your Dealer for the Introductory Parcel

750 "ScotTissue" Towels
with a fixture
$2.00

Send us $2 (if west of the Mississippi River, send $2.50) together with your dealer's name, and we will send you prepaid, 750 "ScotTissue" Towels, and a fixture. After use, if you are not satisfied, we will cheerfully refund your money.

An exceptionally interesting proposition for large consumers who write us.

Representative Druggists, Grocers and Dealers wanted everywhere.

Scott Paper Company

Makers of the "WALDORF" and "SANI TISSUE"—the balsamized Toilet Papers, and other hygienic specialties.

664 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Macaroni for Lunch, Marie.

We're all out of her kind.

Now, what's that name?

It's a foreign make, I know.

I'll 'phone the grocer.

I'll send you the best.

The Boss says "Yours truly" Miss.

This is not the kind.

But it looks better.

—And it's cooking nicely.

My, but that looks good!

Marie, what's this?

Obey instructions, hereafter.

Glad to see you, dear.

These maids are so stupid.

She ordered a new Macaroni.

Suppose it's tough and tasteless.

Why, this is fine!

Do you like it?

It IS delicious, isn't it?

Let me serve you some more.

Marie, what Macaroni is this?

"Yours truly?" I've heard of it.

Marie, no more imported brands.

"YOURS TRULY."

In Yours truly Macaroni and Spaghetti you now have for the first time an American product that you can depend upon.

Until the introduction of Yours truly the domestic brands have been lacking in gluten—the real nutriment of the food.

Yours truly Macaroni and Spaghetti are full strength—they possess all the food values of the finest imported products.

For this reason Yours truly should be cooked the same as the best foreign kinds. Salted water *must be boiling* before you put in the Macaroni or Spaghetti.

Yours truly is made by Americans, under scrupulously cleanly and sanitary conditions—More dependable than foreign brands and costs less.

Ask your grocer—If he hasn't it in stock, insist on his getting it for you

Yours truly

TRADE MARK

MACARONI and SPAGHETTI

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and whenever I tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the

PHILO SYSTEM

IN THE USE OF THE PHILO SYSTEM OUR PULLETS YOU SEE HERE AND THEIR AS IT TOOK FOR SEVEN CHICKENS THAT WE NEVER RAISED A CHICK UNDER ONE

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects is the reverse, as explaining things it begins at the wrong end. Instead of telling how to get eggs from hens it tells how to get eggs from pullets. Instead of telling how to raise chicks it tells how to raise pullets. In fact it makes no attempt to teach the care of adult fowls at all, but tells how to handle the young pullets in any climate.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

From selecting the [illegible] it tells how to get eggs [illegible] how to raise [illegible] In fact it makes no attempt to teach the care of adult fowls at all, but tells how to handle the young pullets in any climate.

TWO POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than [illegible] the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing [illegible]

OUR SIX MONTH OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of [illegible] any other system, the food used is inexpensive as compared with [illegible]

Our new book **The Philo System of Poultry Keeping** gives full particulars [illegible] to successful [illegible] of hundreds [illegible]

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One [illegible] by the [illegible] 2 eggs and [illegible] 2 eggs and [illegible] were the finest he ever saw, and [illegible]

CHICKEN FEED AT FIFTEEN CENTS A BUSHEL

[illegible] and [illegible] green food [illegible]

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

[illegible] ing up the [illegible] are that [illegible] and [illegible] can be [illegible] at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

My dear Mr. P[illegible] [illegible], N. Y., Oct. 7, 1910

[illegible] for [illegible] of [illegible] chicks by [illegible] of [illegible], however [illegible] [illegible] Frangler

Mr. E. R. Philo, [illegible], N. Y. [illegible], N. Y., Oct. 30, 1910.

Dear Sir:— [illegible] cessful keeping poultry the Philo [illegible] is now over [illegible] $600 [illegible] Hatteras. We are [illegible] the coming year.

Very truly yours, Mrs. C. P. Goodrich.

Mr. E. R. Philo, [illegible], N. Y. So. [illegible], Ct., Apr. 19, 1910.

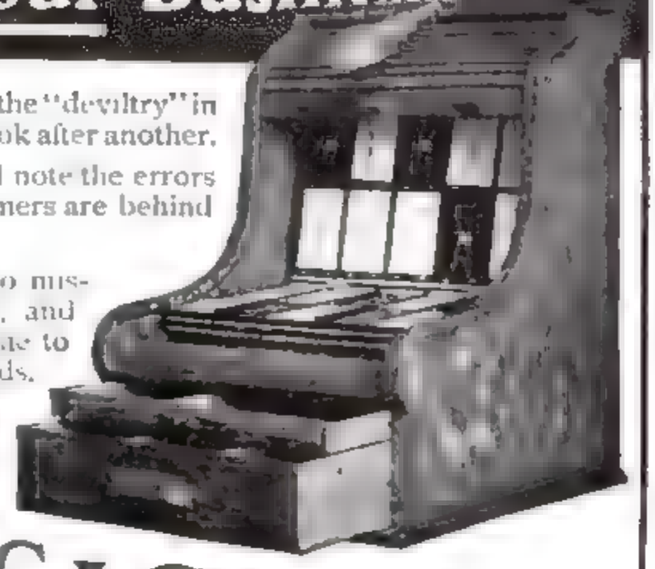
Dear Sir:— [illegible] were the finest he ever saw, and [illegible]

Yours truly, A. F. [illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.

E. R. PHILO, Publisher
2810 Lake Street Elmira, N. Y.

Stop the Leaks and Losses In Your Business



Pore over your books and see the "devilry" in posting from sales slips to one book after another.

Scan each account closely and note the errors in billing, and how many customers are behind in their payments.

Think of the lost trade due to misunderstandings with customers, and the hundred leaks and losses due to present-day book keeping methods.

Then make up your mind to abolish the journal, ledger—all books—and keep your accounts under your own eyes with

Only One Writing

The McCASKEY SYSTEM

Without Any Book-keeper

With one writing the McCaskey Gravity Account Register will handle *accurately* every sale—cash, charge, C. O. D. or approval—without possibility of loss to you.

Pays for Itself—Then Pays YOU!

It will pay for itself in the time it saves by eliminating the endless copying and posting from one book to another, writing statements and wasting hours over unnecessary work.

It will pay for itself by saving the wages of a book-keeper, and by stopping the losses due to carelessness, mistakes and forgotten charges.

It will pay for itself in new trade, pleased customers—and it will bring money into the store quicker than any collector that lives.

Over 70,000 merchants in the United States and Canada use the McCaskey System in their business because it is a money-saver and a profit-payer.

What it has done for them it will do for you.

Ask for Demonstration

or send for free book telling how to stop the leaks and losses in your business and put your credit accounts on a paying basis with the one writing, total forwarding McCaskey.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO., Alliance, Ohio
Dominion Register Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada
19-21 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C., England

Fourteen-Year-Old Boys

BUSINESS men do not seek the fourteen-year-old boy. He gets on their nerves. Yet five millions of them drop study before they reach the High School—just because the parents think the boys better off out of school than "fussing" with teachers.

Too much theory is bad for a boy. Satisfy his instinct for something practical to do, and he'll want to stay in school.

Selling The Saturday Evening Post will satisfy your boy's craving for varied training and will unconsciously demonstrate to him how essential education is to success in that work and in his whole life.

Get your boy to try it. It will develop his ambition and his power of concentration as nothing else has ever done. Tell him to write and find out all about the plan and what other boys have accomplished.

SALES DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

$15 BUYS A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

The PECK Patented
PENCIL SLOT MACHINE
— Price $15.00 —

Offers you the chance.

Machine sells lead pencils of any standard size or make. Can sell 25 to 50 pencils a minute. Each pencil yields at least 100% profit. Can be set up in stores of all kinds, newsstands, cafés, railroad stations, near schools, or other public places. Sold outright—no royalties. Only machine of its kind in the world.

A few sales per day quickly pay for it

Machine built of green and gold enameled steel—12" high, 12" wide, 6½" deep—weighs 18 lbs.—holds 144 pencils in plain sight of buyer. Order 1, 2 or 3 machines as a trial. Send money with order. Express or freight charges prepaid on trial orders accompanied by remittance. Orders filled on day received—no delays.

If machines are not as represented, return them at our expense and we will refund purchase price.

Exclusive city or county rights considered where machines are bought in large quantities

E. W. PECK CO.
1123 Broadway
New York

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

LOOK *for Name* PARIS *on every Garter*

A. STEIN & Co. *Makers*
CHICAGO

Young men who look their best and older men who feel their best in a low collar find ideal style and comfort in the **Shoreham**
—one of the leaders in

SLIDEWELL HALO COLLARS

—the collars with the tie and tume and temper saving shield that lets your tie slide freely

It's up to your haberdasher

HALL, HARTWELL & CO. TROY, N. Y.

THE HOBO AND THE FAIRY

(Continued from Page 13)

"Go on!" he half shouted. "Shoot it into me! If I was washed—if I wore good clothes if I was respectable—if I had a job and worked regular—if I wasn't what I am."

To each statement she nodded.

"Well, I ain't that kind," he rushed on. "I'm no good. I'm a tramp. I don't want to work—that's what. And I like dirt."

Her face was eloquent with reproach as she said: "Then you were only making believe when you wished you had a little girl like me?"

This left him speechless, for he knew, in all the deeps of his newfound passion, that was just what he did want.

With ready tact, noting his discomfort, she sought to change the subject.

"What do you think of God?" she asked.

"I ain't never met Him. What do you think about Him?"

His reply was evidently angry and she was frank in her disapproval.

"You are very strange," she said. "You get angry so easily. I never saw anybody before that got angry about God, or work, or being clean."

"He never done anything for me," he muttered resentfully. He cast back in quick review of the long years of toil in the convict camps and mines. "And work never done anything for me neither."

An embarrassing silence fell.

He looked at her, numb and hungry with the stir of the father-love, sorry for his ill temper, puzzling his brain for something to say. She was looking off and away at the clouds and he devoured her with his eyes. He reached out stealthily and rested one grimy hand on the very edge of her little dress.

It seemed to him that she was the most wonderful thing in the world. The quail still called from the coverts and the harvest sounds seemed abruptly to become very loud. A great loneliness oppressed him.

"I'm—I'm no good!" he murmured huskily and repentantly.

But, beyond a glance from her blue eyes, she took no notice. The silence was more embarrassing than ever. He felt that he could give the world just to touch with his lips that hem of her dress where his hand rested, but he was afraid of frightening her. He fought to find something to say, licking his parched lips and vainly attempting to articulate something anything.

"This ain't Sonoma Valley," he declared finally. "This is fairyland and you're a fairy. Mebbe I'm asleep and dreaming! I don't know. You and me don't know how to talk together, because, you see, you're a fairy and don't know nothing but good things—and I'm a man from the bad, wicked world."

Having achieved this much, he was left gasping for ideas like a stranded fish.

"And you're going to tell me about the bad, wicked world," she cried, clapping her hands. "I'm just dying to know."

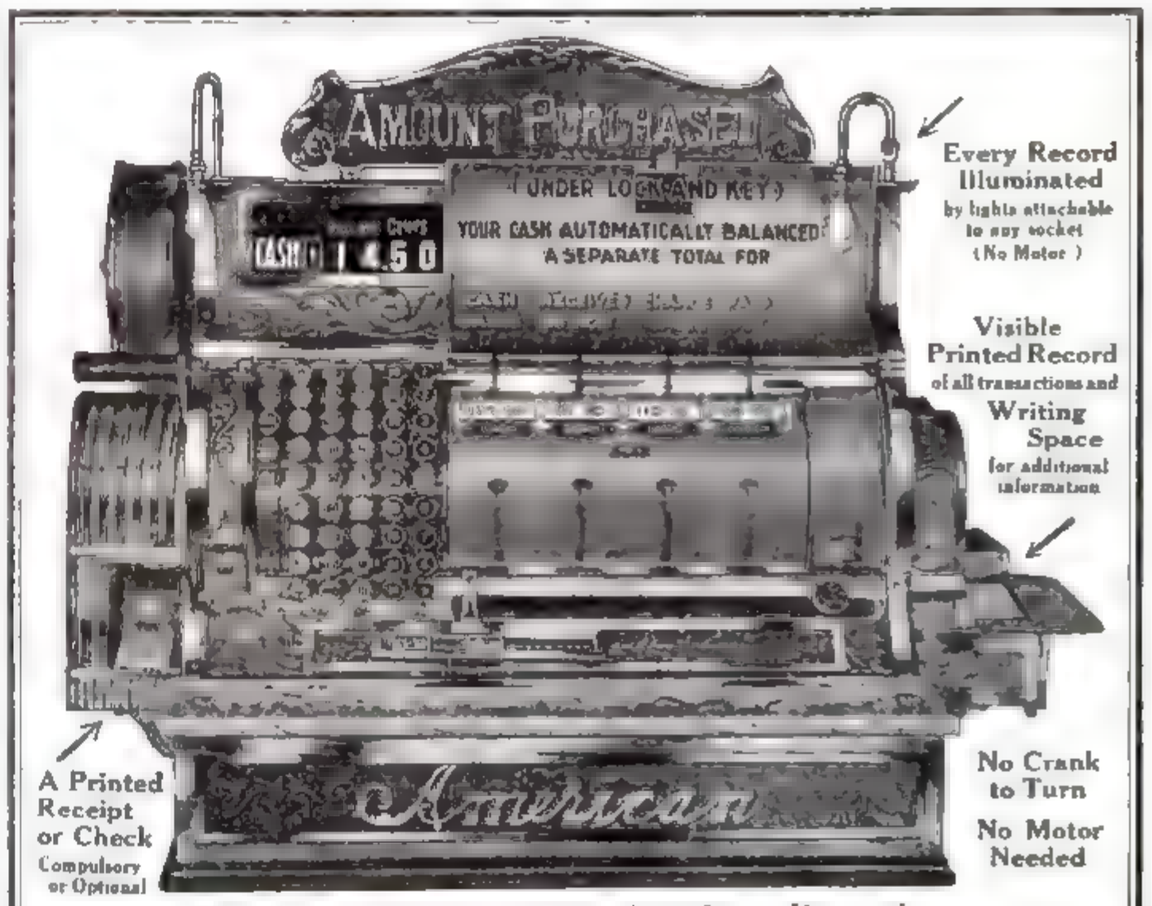
He looked at her, startled, remembering the wreckage of womanhood he had encountered on the sunken ways of life. She was no fairy. She was flesh and blood, and the possibilities of wreckage were in her as they had been in him, even when he lay at his mother's breast. And there was in her eagerness to know.

"Nope," he said lightly; "this man from the bad, wicked world ain't going to tell you nothing of the kind. He's going to tell you of the good things in that world. He's going to tell you how he loved hosses when he was a shaver, and about the first hoss he straddled, and the first hoss he owned. Hosses ain't like men. They're better. They're clean—clean all the way through and back again. And, little fairy, I want to tell you one thing—there sure ain't nothing in the world like when you're settin' a tired hoss at the end of a long day, and when you just speak and that tired animal lifts under you willing and hustles along. Hosses! They're my long suit. I sure dote on hosses! Yep. I used to be a cowboy once."

She clapped her hands in the way that tore so delightfully to his heart and her eyes were dancing as she exclaimed:

"A Texas cowboy! I always wanted to see one! I heard papa say once that cowboys are bowlegged. Are you?"

"I sure was a Texas cowboy," he answered; "but it was a long time ago. And I'm sure bowlegged. You see, you can't



Every Record Illuminated by lights attachable to any socket (No Motor)

Visible Printed Record of all transactions and Writing Space for additional information

A Printed Receipt or Check Compulsory or Optional

No Crank to Turn

No Motor Needed

The Latest and most Complete Store Protection.

THE AMERICAN CASH REGISTER

We are the independent Company, making only high grade Cash Registers, endorsed by thousands of merchants as to durability, simplicity of construction, quickness of operation and the many exclusive features of store protection and information which have made the AMERICAN positively the best Cash Register on the market today. Let us prove this to you Our factory is equipped with the most up-to-date machinery and we employ the best and most experienced Cash Register mechanics.

REASONABLE PRICES—FULL GUARANTEE—MONTHLY TERMS

Liberal allowances for all makes of Cash Registers.
Write for descriptive pamphlet and address of nearest show room.

THE AMERICAN CASH REGISTER COMPANY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

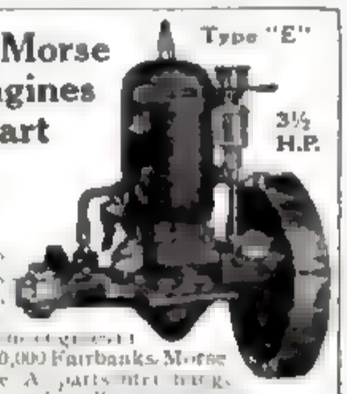
Capital Stock $1,150,000.00

A few good territories open for high-grade specialty men.

All Sizes and Prices

Fairbanks-Morse Marine Engines Easy to Start Without Cranking

Type "E"
3½ H.P.



Made to stand the hardest kind of [illegible] Guaranteed by the largest manufacturers of gasoline engines in the world. Over 100,000 Fairbanks-Morse engines sold. [illegible] parts interchangeable and easily accessible. Best of material, skilled workmanship. Send for Catalog No. [illegible]

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., 481 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Very attractive proposition to Agents

This Fastener for YOU

100 in a box, 15c

Two Points, and two lips, hold top, bottom and middle papers with equal security.

The De Long Hook and Eye Company, Philadelphia

Samples [illegible] free on request

Twin Grip PAPER FASTENERS

$8,000-$10,000 YEARLY

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work, and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carousselles. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write today for catalogue and particulars

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
172 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

"HANDIER THAN THE HAMMER"

UTICA PLIERS

A wonderful old tool made a thousand times more efficient by mechanical perfection of design, quality of material and skilled workmanship. A plier or nipper specially designed and made for every possible requirement, and at a price you can afford. Buy no other—get your money's worth.

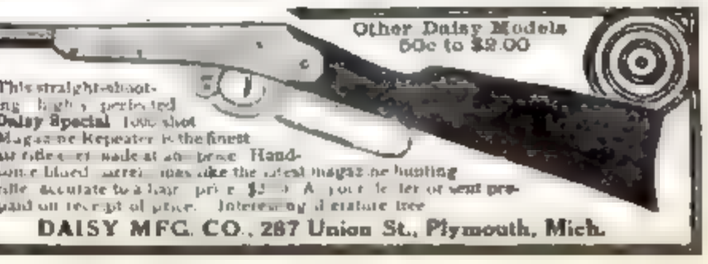
No 700 Household Plier.

Sold by all Hardware and Electrical Dealers.

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO.

Printed Matter on Request. UTICA, N. Y.

DAISY Air Rifle



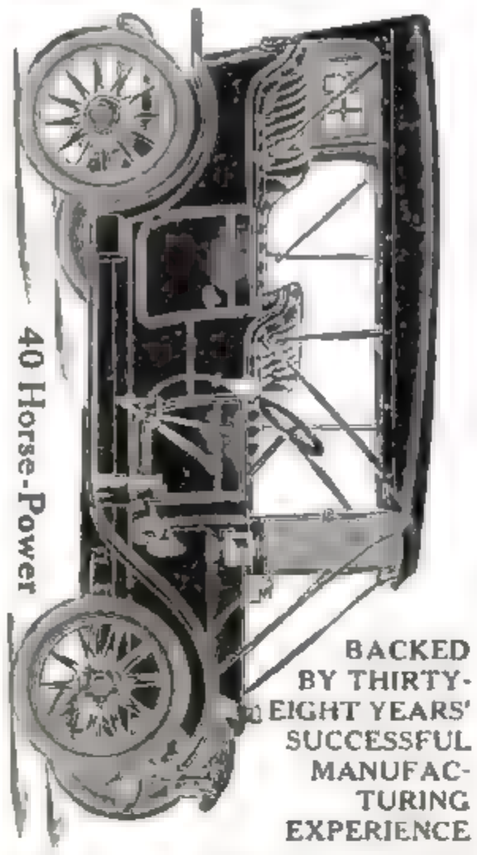
Other Daisy Models 50c to $2.00

This straight-shooting highly perfected Daisy Special 1000 shot Magazine Repeater is the finest air rifle ever made at any price. Handsome blued barrel has all the ideal magazine hunting rifle accurate to a hair price $2.00. At your dealer or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Interesting illustrated booklet free.

DAISY MFG. CO., 287 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

Pratt-Elkhart

"40" is the quietest, simplest and most powerful car in the "40" class. They are in use today in over half the States in the Union



BACKED BY THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS' SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

Made in four classy designs; 117 inch wheel base. Unit power plant. Three-point suspension offset crank shaft. Bosch Magneto. 34x4 inch tires. List price $1800.00. Top and wind shield extra.

We Want a Sample Car in Every Locality—Write for Catalog and Very Liberal Proposition.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co
Elkhart, Ind.

I Can Make You a Convincing Speaker

Give Grenville Kleiser, (formerly of Yale Faculty), fifteen minutes of your time daily and he will teach you *by mail*

HOW TO Make After Dinner Speeches—Respond to Toasts—Make Political Speeches—Address Board Meetings—Sell more goods—Develop Confidence, Power and Personality—Improve your Memory—Speak and Write English Correctly.

Listen to Joseph P. Day, the foremost real estate auctioneer in New York City, who annually sells $35,000,000 worth of property:

"You have put into your course your own personal magnetism and enthusiasm so that men in all parts of the country now have the opportunity of receiving your splendid instruction. Your course has been of great service to me in my business and I commend it to others in the highest terms."

Remember that this man's SPEECH is his fortune. Take the first step—write to-day, and let us show you how this course will help *you* to *earn* more, to *be* more. No obligation—and a postal will do, but write to-day, as this advertisement may not appear again to remind you.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY Dept. 128 New York

ride much when you're young and soft without getting the legs bent some. Why, I was only a three-year-old when I begun. He was a three-year-old too, fresh-broken. I led him up alongside the fence, climb to the top rail and dropped on. He was a pinto and a real devil at bucking, but I could do anything with him. I reckon he knowed I was only a little shaver. Some hosses knows lots more'n you think."

For half an hour Ross Shanklin rambled on with his horse reminiscences. Then came a woman's voice.

"Joan! Joan!" it called. "Where are you, dear?"

The little girl answered; and Ross Shanklin saw a woman, clad in a soft, clinging gown, come through the gate from the bungalow.

"What have you been doing all afternoon?" the woman asked as she came up.

"Talking, mamma," the little girl replied. "I've had a very interesting time."

Ross Shanklin scrambled to his feet and stood watchfully and awkwardly. The little girl took the mother's hand; and she, in turn, looked at him frankly and pleasantly, with a recognition of his humanness that was a new thing to him. In his mind ran the thought: "The woman who ain't afraid!" Not a hint was there of the timidity he was accustomed to see in women's eyes; and he was quite aware of his bleary-eyed, forbidding appearance.

"How do you do?" She greeted him sweetly and naturally.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he responded, unpleasantly conscious of the huskiness and rawness of his voice.

"And did you have an interesting time too?" she smiled.

"Yes, ma'am. I sure did. I was just telling your little girl about hosses."

"He was a cowboy once, mamma!" she cried.

The mother smiled her acknowledgment to him and looked fondly down at the little girl.

"You'll have to come along, dear," the mother said. "It's growing late." She looked at Ross Shanklin hesitantly. "Would you care to have something to eat?"

"No, ma'am; thanking you kindly just the same. I—I ain't hungry."

"Then say goodby, Joan," she said.

"Goodby." The little girl held out her hand and her eyes lighted roguishly. "Goodby, Mr. Man from the bad, wicked world."

To him, the touch of her hand as he pressed it in his was the capstone of the whole adventure.

"Goodby, little fairy," he mumbled. "I reckon I got to be pullin' along."

But he did not pull along. He stood staring after his vision until it vanished through the gate. The day seemed suddenly empty. He looked about him irresolutely, then climbed the fence, crossed the bridge and slouched along the road.

A mile farther on he aroused at the cross-roads. Before him stood a saloon. He came to a stop and stared at it, licking his lips. He sank his hand into his pants pocket and pulled out a solitary dime. "God!" he muttered. "God!" Then, with dragging, reluctant feet, he went on along the road.

He came to a big farm. He knew it must be big because of the bigness of the house and the size and number of the barns and outbuildings. On the porch, in shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar, keen-eyed and middle-aged, was the farmer.

"What's the chance for a job?" Ross Shanklin asked.

The keen eyes scarcely glanced at him.

"A dollar a day and grub," was the answer.

Ross Shanklin swallowed and braced himself.

"I'll pick grapes all right, or anything. But what's the chance for a steady job? You've got a big ranch here. I know hosses. I was born on one. I can drive team, ride, plow, break, do anything that anybody ever done with hosses."

"You don't look it," was the judgment.

"I know I don't. Give me a chance—that's all. I'll prove it."

The farmer considered, casting an anxious glance at the cloudbank into which the sun had sunk.

"I'm short a teamster and I'll give you the chance to make good. Go and get supper with the hands."

Ross Shanklin's voice was very husky and he spoke with an effort:

"All right. I'll make good. Where can I get a drink of water and wash up?"

"Keep chickens,"

says the FARM JOURNAL,

and live better at less cost.

THOUSANDS of families, in city and country, have found this the easy way to IMPROVE their standard of living, and at the same time LOWER THE COST. With chickens you always have delicious food, for the family or for "company." Their eggs supply you with ready money or ready food. They are pets that *pay their board*. By keeping chickens, boys and girls can earn money, and also get an excellent training. Sometimes the back-yard plant grows into a large business like those of CORNING, CURTISS, and FOSTER, who make many thousands of dollars a year.

Raising chickens pays if you know how, whether you keep a dozen hens or run a large poultry-farm; but **YOU NEED THE BEST GUIDES.** Many get from their chickens less than HALF as much as they might get with the guidance of any of these **THREE SPLENDID MODERN POULTRY-BOOKS,** which tell the experience and methods of the most successful modern poultry-raisers.

These methods have all been *tested* by actual experience and proved successful. The FARM JOURNAL stands back of them, for it has investigated them and KNOWS. They can be used with six hens or six thousand. Of the Corning Egg Book alone, **OVER 100,000 COPIES** were sold in one year. Many are using these methods with splendid success and profit.

The Corning Egg-Book is the great guide-book for back-yard chicken-raisers. It tells how two city men in poor health, with no experience, starting with thirty hens, built up in four years an egg business which in one year, with 1953 hens, made an average profit of **$6.41 A YEAR PER HEN.** These men learned how to make hens **lay the most eggs in winter,** when they get 60 and 70 cents a dozen. This book tells how they found the best breed, why they raise only white-shelled, steel-range eggs, how they keep hens **LAYING ALL WINTER,** when they hatch chicks to do the best laying in January, how to mix the feed that produces most eggs, and how their whole system works to that one end,—EGGS, EGGS, EGGS. It gives photographs and complete working plans of their buildings which you can build IN SECTIONS, large or small as needed.

Curtiss Poultry Book tells how Roy Curtiss, a farmer's boy, starting with a few neglected hens has built up NIAGARA FARM one of the **best-paying poultry plants in the world.** Roy agreed that if his father would furnish feed, he (Roy) would supply eggs and chickens for the farm table and all left over were to belong to him. In two years Roy was using so much feed that his father had to cry quits, but the boy kept right on. His brother joined him, and the business grew and grew. But they had no guidance, and had to learn by their own mistakes. Such a guide as the **Curtiss Poultry Book** would have saved them thousands of dollars. This capital book was written right at Niagara Farm by the veteran poultryman, **Michael K. Boyer.** He says he never saw a general poultry plant so well managed. Every day shipments go off, every day money comes in. Their percentage of fertile eggs, of live, strong chickens hatched, of day-old chicks shipped without loss is really wonderful. This book gives all their methods as I see them at work, tested and proved by years of experience. Many pictures. Whether you raise chickens, ducks, or eggs, have a dozen fowls or thousands, you will find in this book help that you can get in no other way.

"Poultry Secrets" is a remarkable collection of successful "wrinkles" in poultry-raising, secured and edited by MICHAEL K. BOYER (known to poultrymen as "Uncle Mike"). Many of these were treasured secrets of famous poultrymen guarded with jealous care because of their great value. We paid hundreds of dollars for them. This is the ELEVENTH EDITION, and thousands are using these methods with great profit. W. R. Curtiss's hen-to-pullet method of hatching 80 per cent. **MORE PULLETS** than cockerels, the Pilgrim System of feeding and developing the chicks, green-bone and meat-scrap secrets of the Anderson Farm, Hogan System, Boyer method of **INSURING FERTILITY OF EGGS,** Hogan Trap-nest system to prevent the death of baby chicks in the shell. Each a farm-tested chart, supplemented by many ready feeding and developing secrets, and MANY OTHER VALUABLE HELPS are here disclosed for the first time.

ANY ONE of these books, and Farm Journal balance of 1911 and all of 1912. 50c

ANY TWO of the books, and the Farm Journal for three years, $1.00

ALL THREE of the books, and Farm Journal for two years, $1.00

Be sure to say plainly WHICH BOOK *or books you want.*

Farm Journal is the standard paper for everyone who grows or wants to grow fruit, vegetables, poultry, or stock of any kind. It has **over 800,000 subscribers, more than any other farm paper.** "Judge Biggle" and "Peter Tumbledown" are characters far better known to many than Hamlet or Micawber. It has a fine poultry department, more valuable than most poultry papers. It is a favorite paper with housekeepers. Clean, clever, cheerful, amusing, intensely practical. Cut to fit everybody, young or old, village, suburbs, or rural routes. Unlike any other paper and always has been.

On any $1 offer, if order is mailed within TEN DAYS of the date of this magazine, we will send also "Poor Richard Revived," the famous Almanac for 1911, full of wit and wisdom for the rural home. Address your letter just like this:—

FARM JOURNAL, 158 Clifton St., Philadelphia

They die outdoors!

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets from the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices to you and dealers' profits. We sell on long time, guarantee satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent. You can buy the well known Regal Rug, 6x9 ft., reversible, all colors and finish, at $3.75. Our Brussels Rug, 6x9 ft., greatest ... $1.98. Splendid grade Brussels Rug ... $11. ... Invincible Velvets ... $15. ... Axminsters, ... $15.00. ... Lace Curtains ... Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums ... Send for NEW ... STRATFORD ATLAS ... Sent free ...

UNITED MILLS MFG CO
2450-2462 Jasper St. Phila.

"You Should Use HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM"

"Everything about it indicates the most refreshing cleanliness and purity—a snow-white creamy liquid in a handsome bottle, always ready to apply, and never requiring tiresome effort to accomplish the most gratifying results."

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

will overcome any skin roughness in a day or two. Chapping and windburn yield quickly to its wonderful soothing and restoring virtues, so that the skin assumes its natural perfect condition after a few applications. It then becomes soft and velvety.

If the complexion should ever show slight shriveling wrinkles, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will soon dispel this tendency, giving to the skin that supple, youthful condition so highly prized and admired.

It is a fact that thousands of careful mothers are using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for the skin ailments of their infants and children. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless, contains no grease, and *will not cause a growth of hair.*

MEN WHO SHAVE are learning that nothing so quickly cools and soothes and relieves cuts as Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

Price 50 cents in bottles. Sold everywhere. Buy of your dealer, but do not accept a substitute.—Postpaid by us for 50 cents.

Write to-day for a trial bottle FREE.

A. S. HINDS, 89 West Street, · PORTLAND, MAINE

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list needed inventions and tells how to get a patent. Write for it. Send sketch or explanation for free opinion as to patentability.

Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned

H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
1307 F Street, Washington, D. C.

LEARN TO DRAW FROM THOSE WHO KNOW HOW

Illustrating and Cartooning

properly taught by mail. Pleasant and profitable work.

Correspondence and Local Classes

Illustrated booklet and sketch sheet free. Address nearest office.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
930 F Street, Washington, D. C.

BIGGEST MONEY MAKERS

100 pens of pure bred, finest strain, prize winning stock. The kind you want at right prices. Eggs, day old chicks, baby chicks, etc. Write for free catalog. Tells how to start right. Contains valuable information.

Catalog FREE

Royal Poultry Farm, Dept 232, Des Moines, Ia.

A Poultry Chance Famous Queen Incubator sent on trial. Can make good profit. Last long time. Low price. 10 year guarantee. Direct from the factory. Hundreds start poultry & money making business. I'll start you. Write for free book, giving wonderfully liberal offer.

WICKSTRUM, Queen Incubator Mfg., Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.

POCKET LAMP

Press button (A) to open lid and light lamp.

A Can be used as torch, cigar lighter, and to ignite gas lamps; it takes the place of matches. Highly nickelplated. Sent $1.00.

J. LENZ MACHINE WORKS
161 Washington Street NEW YORK

Appeals for Advice

come to every busy man in this busy country from young men asking counsel about choosing a life-work

¶ No man can guarantee success to another. But every man who has achieved wealth and honor would choose this for any young man.

¶ He would choose for him a calling in which every faculty would be sharpened, every quality be developed. He would have him made quick, bright, strong, positive and fitted for success by contact with men and women and with the world.

¶ Just this sort of training for success is given to every young man and woman who is earnestly at work on the subscription force of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

¶ All of our agents are making money. The younger ones are fitting themselves for large things and substantial success in life. Hundreds of dollars ordinarily, and thousands in many cases, represent the earnings of a few months.

The periodicals stand at the head of the magazine world. They are universally known and their representatives are respected.

¶ Write for pleasant, profitable employment.

Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

BARNEY & BERRY
ROLLER SKATES

YOU can enjoy the pleasant and healthful exercise of skating at any season. When the ice goes a pair of Roller Skates will keep you in practice. The Ideal Ball Bearings on

Barney & Berry Roller Skates

make them the most satisfactory Roller Skate. They are self-adjusting and cannot drop out of place. Made to stand any strain. Braced and riveted in the most secure manner. For sale by dealers everywhere.

Send for Free Catalog

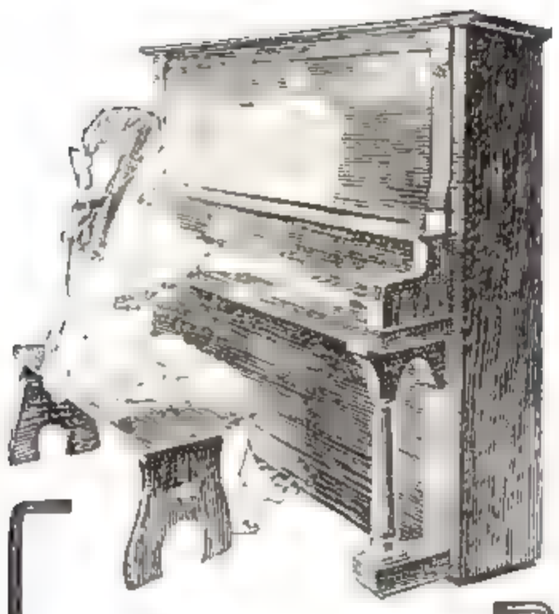
BARNEY & BERRY
Makers of Ice and Roller Skates
111 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent—list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1636 Lehigh Ave., Philada.



3 Years to Pay

For the Splendid

MEISTER PIANO

Price $175

Guaranteed for 10 Years

30 Days Free Trial

In Your Own Home

No Cash Payments Down.
No Interest. No Extras.

We Pay the Freight

Handsome Stool and Scarf
without extra charge

$1 a Week. $5 a Month.

Just to prove to you the splendid worth of this MEISTER piano, let us send it to you on thirty days' free trial. It won't cost you a penny or a moment of bother. First, send for our beautiful illustrated MEISTER catalog and see how the MEISTER is made and the materials used in its construction. Read there the testimony of delighted owners. Select the style you like and send in your order. We'll do the rest. The piano will be shipped to you promptly, freight prepaid, no matter where you live. Try it a month at our expense. You will be under no obligation until you decide to buy. Then you may take full advantage of our easy payment plan which makes it easy for any man of modest income to own this famous instrument. If you don't find it to be precisely as we have represented—then we'll take it back after the month's free trial and it hasn't cost you a cent.

SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU—We deal only with the people direct and are sole owners of the MEISTER piano. It is produced in our own magnificently equipped factories and so it comes from the factory to you. There is only one small profit and that is ours. We were obliged to secure extra factory facilities this year because of enormously increased demand and we are doing the finest work in the history of piano making.

Rothschild & Co.'s resources are in excess of $3,000,000.00.

THE MEISTER PIANO CO.

Rothschild & Company, Sole Owners

State, Van Buren and Wabash Ave.
Dept. 25 D, Chicago, Ill.

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manuf'r, 402 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

MADE IN GERMANY

(Concluded from Page 9)

was really making a better profit than by retailing a thousand cigars singly; but the more he explained the proposition the more mixed the tobacconist became.

"What you say may be right," he protested finally, "but, *Himmel!* I can't do it in any other way. Please buy them singly as before."

A Chicago firm sent a representative to Berlin to sell the German rights to a patented process. He was a young man who had no difficulty in getting the confidence of the house best fitted to buy and push the invention; but the negotiations dragged and dragged. Ultimately, after several cable messages, the senior partner came over from Chicago to hurry matters along.

"You don't grasp the psychology of the Teutonic mind," said he confidently to his subordinate. "Here you have sat for weeks, taking up every little objection with them and becoming a regular German yourself. Now I will put the whole proposition on a new basis."

So he asked three times as much for those patent rights as they expected to get and laid down a lot of radical conditions.

"Ah, this Yankee is a poker-player!" said the Germans; and they treated him as a bluffer, drawing him out without showing their own hands, and then abruptly ended the whole matter. After three days the junior partner started back to Chicago in disgust and the original representative took up the deal where it had been interrupted, patiently finished in the German fashion and arrived at an agreement.

An amusing side of Germany to an American is the respect shown for titles even in business. A Chicago manufacturer went to Berlin and visited different commercial centers in company with his Berlin manager, a youngster who had been sent abroad to build up business because he had shown ability on the salesforce at home. The manufacturer was a selfmade man, who left school to go to work when he was fourteen. His subordinate, however, had taken a degree at a small college. Everywhere they went the young fellow was received as *Herr Doktor* and the German newspapers scrupulously announced his arrival by title; but they paid no attention to the manufacturer.

"By Jove! before I come over here again," said the boss, "I'm going to present a bust of Demosthenes to one of our fresh-water colleges and get an honorary Ph.D."

Herr Direktor is an excellent all-round title for the American doing business in the Fatherland. It is nothing more than the equivalent of our "manager." *Herr Promoter* is not bad. Professor is another impressive title sometimes employed in business by Americans who have taught at a college or academy at home and are therefore entitled to use it—in Germany it is conferred and sported as a matter of law. Every waiter in Germany is by courtesy addressed as *Herr Ober*. This subtle flattery of calling him head waiter is supposed to accelerate service. When a German has occasion to call the real head waiter he will probably address him as *Herr Direktor;* and if the real director is wanted there seems to be nothing left except the awe-compelling Teutonic title of *Geheimrat*, which means privy councilor, conferred officially for honors in the law.

During the first few weeks German titles merely amuse the irreverent Yankee. After he has opened a branch office and begun to do business with the Germans, however, he comes to have some degree of respect for them himself. He sees that in the Fatherland they are of real and instant value in impressing upon people a man's standing with his house and his importance in the world. Then he calls in a copperplate printer and has a new card struck off in the German fashion, reading like this:

SMITH

OVER-DIRECTOR FOR GERMANY OF THE
SMITH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

BACHELOR OF ARTS
ONE OF THE ELECTORS OF NEW JERSEY
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fifth will be published in an early number.

THE cost of shingles has gone way up—the quality way down.

Bird NEPONSET Roofings are the answer to the demand for better, permanent and more economical roofing. In every section of the country you can see Neponset Roofings whose long years of service prove their superior wearing qualities and economy.

NEPONSET Roofings

For Different Types of Buildings

afford protection against fire, save repair bills, and are a continual source of satisfaction. They are backed by the strongest possible guarantee.

Our Bird Neponset booklet describes these roofings in full and also the standard Neponset Waterproof Building Paper, specified by leading architects for a quarter of a century as the best insulator against cold and dampness.

Find Neponset dealers everywhere. If you do not know the one in your locality, ask us.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 235 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass., U. S. A.

Established 1795. Originators of Complete Ready Roofing and Waterproof Building Paper.

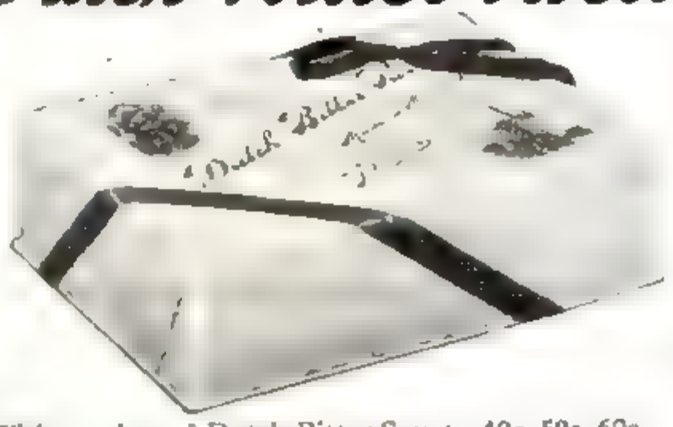
New York, Washington, Chicago, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Hamilton, Ont. Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John
MILLS: East Walpole, Mass., Norwood, Mass., Phillipsdale, R. I.; Hamilton, Ont., Pont Rouge, Quebec

This Attractive Dutch Poster Is Yours

Here is a seven-color art poster of Dutch Kiddies scooting down the slick snow-track on their wooden shoes.

This merry Dutch design was created especially to gladden the eye, as Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets delight the palate. The poster is as fine a piece of art as the chocolates are delicious.

Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets



With any box of Dutch Bitter Sweets, 40c, 50c, 60c, 80c or $1.00 size boxes, we will send the poster.

The name of your druggist must accompany the amount covering the size box desired. Both Bitter Sweets and poster will be sent immediately, express prepaid.

Sample Box

For five 2c-stamps to cover postage and packing we will send you a generous sample box of Dutch Bitter Sweets. (19)

Johnston's

MILWAUKEE

IT'S the hand-work in Corliss-Coon Collars that gives them *lasting* style, makes them "sit" properly as long as they are worn, prevents saw edges and broken corners.

This style is the "Taxicab"—a clean-cut business style. Looks right—feels right. Two heights.

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars

2 for 25¢

In Canada 20c; 3 for 50c.

Complete style book, showing all the latest Corliss-Coon styles, sent on request.

CORLISS, COON & CO., Dep't V, Troy, N. Y.

"I am the Laundry Bag. I know just how many trips all kinds of collars make to the laundry. What brand holds the record! Corliss-Coon! Believe me!"

LITTLE JOE

(Continued from Page 7)

in a contented community would spread his propaganda. Wherefore the mule gave up in disgust and contented himself in dashing off at inopportune moments. Often Joe had first to drive the horses to camp and then return several miles to bring in Speakeasy.

The tenth of December came beautiful and clear. There was the languor of late spring in the air and a soft breeze played from the southwest. It was assuredly not winter weather and the cook augured ill from that. Sam never took a too cheerful outlook on anything: if one congratulated the assembled company on general conditions, Sam was wont to observe that they were all right now, "but just you wait until the day after tomorrow." His orders were to move the wagon to headquarters that afternoon, for the beef herd had been gathered.

By noon the wind had died and a cold, dead calm settled over the country. There was a sinister feel to the air, as though a furtive monster watched with unwinking eyes. Sam waggled his head and told the boys to hurry with their meal and loading, for he desired to hit the trail with all speed.

"Take your coat, Li'l' Joe," he advised.

The wrangler put it on, his teeth chattering. It was a flimsy garment, part of a summer suit the manager had discarded. Joe swallowed a cup of steaming coffee and mounted Scrapper. Then he rode away to drive the remuda in. It was twenty miles to the ranch, with one gate to open.

"Let's go get the herd, boys!" the boss directed. "You-all will have to shove 'em along pretty smart."

The horses grazed on top of a long, low hill. Speakeasy was on the right flank, his head up, his nose tilted toward the north.

"He smells it—the doggone rascal!"

With whoops and shrill cries the boy bunched his charges, cracking his thirty-foot rope at the laggards. The horses were uneasy, sniffing at the north.

It was as if a giant dead hand were laid over the range. There was a tense silence and the air grew colder and ever colder. Once or twice the terrible calm was broken by the noisy flight of birds, heading south in a panic of haste. Joe studied the skyline and renewed his outcry.

"Come on, boys! Come on! That norther'll catch us if you don't watch out. Hi-yi! Ow-oo-yah, ow-oo-yah; ow-oo-yah!"

He raised the long wolf-yell of the cattle drive and the remuda broke into a trot. They headed north, straight into the teeth of the coming storm.

Low on the horizon hung a thick, dirty black pall. It seemed a solid mass banked across the sky, sullen, menacing. Very slowly it grew and the day grew dark with its advance. Little feathery white clouds hovered timidly on its rim. They were swallowed up and the black smother loomed larger. A heavy depression was in the air and it had become stinging cold. Some belated birds whimpered past Little Joe and he eyed their flight wistfully.

Speakeasy brayed a harsh warning and turned back twice. Joe drove him in and urged the band forward. Once again the mule ran out and galloped south.

"Go to hell then!" the boy screamed, his nerves strained to the breaking point.

They went on without Speakeasy. The horses moved along at a steady chop-trot, giving Joe no trouble. They had covered seven miles. It was possible they might win the ranch before the norther broke.

Ike, making one of the drag that drove the beef herd three leagues to the west, pointed a forefinger at the climbing press: "It'll hit us in two hours. Somebody ought for to help Li'l' Joe with them hosses."

"I didn't think it'd come so fast. You go, Shorty," the boss ordered.

Shorty sped away at top speed. He never found Joe and his horses.

A shrill blast piped in the north and the wind tore, screeching, from out the frozen clouds, searing the faces of the men. A breathless moment succeeded. Then the snow drove down on them, windwave after windwave whipping it on. Earth, sky, trees, men and cattle were blotted out. The steers turned as one, with a hoarse bellow, and drifted before the storm. No man or horse could face it.

"Turn 'em into the riverbed! Turn 'em into the riverbed!" the boss shrieked. He held his lips against each man's ear to

Pebeco does more than merely clean Teeth— it saves them

There is a vast difference between the dentifrice that simply "cleans" the teeth and the one that really SAVES them. Tooth preservation must go farther than mere cleanliness; it must get at and *remove* the *cause* of decay.

The cause in 95% of cases is "acid mouth"; and the one dentifrice which neutralizes this condition, preserving the teeth and insuring a healthy mouth by a definite scientific action, is

PEBECO Tooth Paste

We invite you to try it at our expense. See below.

Pebeco not only checks the attack which acid from fermenting food remnants is constantly waging against the tooth structure, but it is a perfect *cleanser*. It polishes and makes the teeth pearly white, even removes obstinate discolorations; and has a beneficial effect on sore, bleeding gums.

A sweet, healthy breath follows the use of Pebeco; it brightens gold fillings—leaves in the mouth a sensation of cleanliness and coolness. Follow your dentist's advice—use it.

Prove these Statements—Let us

Pebeco is truly economical

Send You a Trial Tube

—enough for 10 days' use, also the TEST PAPER by which you can determine whether your [illegible] should be acid.

Prepared by well-known chemists in the Laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., [illegible] Hamburg, Germany, [illegible] the best known dentifrice over the world, whenever Pebeco has been in use for 40 years.

LEHN & FINK, 106 William Street, New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieveris Talcum

Barnes Sprayers

Send for Free Book

BARNES Sprayers lead the world for efficiency and endurance—over 300 styles and sizes of pumps for all purposes. Gasoline Engine Power Sprayers, Brass Barrel Sprayers and Barnes Sprayers. Unequaled for strong pressure.

Enormous Spraying Force

The Barnes Double Acting Barrel Pump has all working parts in contact with liquid. One stroke sprays over two gallons. Does not waste spraying material. We guarantee satisfaction. Complete outfit, hose and 3 nozzles, for $10. Will [illegible] a full one for less. Agents Wanted. Get our special Offer and [illegible] sent free. Address

THE BARNES MFG. CO., Dept. 20, Mansfield, Ohio

Send for our Book of Trees

Lists everything desirable in Fruit and Shade Trees, as well as small fruit. Quotes you lowest at the present prices

Agents' Prices Cut in Two

Green's Trees

Direct to You

Every tree triply inspected, hardy, northern grown and true to name. If you write at once for book we will also send you "30 Years with Fruits and Flowers." Now is the time to write.

GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Box 13 Rochester, N. Y.

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Emerson Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Woodstock, Ill. $60 now—later the price will be $100. The best typewriter made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Emerson machine free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter, "Mail your FREE OFFER."

THE EMERSON TYPEWRITER CO., Box 62, Woodstock, Ill.

PREPARE FOR COLLEGE or complete your high school work at home by our simplified correspondence methods. Our courses meet all entrance requirements.

"An Hour a Day Will Do"

Written by members of the faculties of Columbia, Cornell, Leipsic and Massachusetts Institute of Technology [illegible], Chicago, [illegible], and other leading universities. The American school can educate you cheaply and conveniently. No agents, canvassing or collection. Write for College Preparatory booklet, and full particulars regarding our deferred plan of payment.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
5760 Drexel Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

$50 to $75 Per Day Profits

The well-drilling business offers great possibilities for big, quick money making. Two South Dakota men made over $100,000 in ten years drilling wells. E. A. Price, of Buffalo, Minn., earned $717 in 78 hours with our machine.

Waterloo Well Drilling Outfits

have been standard for over 40 years. Every foot of one farm and town must have its own water supply. Many orders now booked six months ahead. Write today for our 136 page free illustrated book. The finest and most complete ever published on this subject.

THE ARMSTRONG-QUAM MFG. CO.
1528 Chestnut St. (Established 1867) Waterloo, Iowa

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 Days Credit. Samples and Catalog Free.

CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT CO., Dept. 4012, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home—express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3 50
9 x 7½ ft.	4 00
9 x 9 ft.	4 50
9 x 10½ ft.	5 00
9 x 12 ft.	5 50
9 x 15 ft.	6 50

Beautiful new allover patterns. Made in all colors. Handy [illegible] guaranteed to wear. Woven in one piece. Reversible. Straight from the makers and sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send for new Catalogue showing goods in actual colors—free

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 604 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Are You an Odd Fellow?

or a member of any leading fraternal order? If so, let us stamp your name and lodge emblem in GOLD FREE, in one of our [illegible] Fine Black Goat Seal Bill Books and Leather Cases. Our No. 5018 is very popular, measures about [illegible] inches folded and has ladies open [illegible] for passes, lodge cards, etc., a bill calendar and free [illegible] pockets, [illegible] the genuine [illegible]. Price $1.25. Same in Genuine Pigskin or Genuine Seal, $2.25. Add 5% for stamping in gold. Town and state and 5c extra for longer name and number. In ordering, we require [illegible] or postage. If New York [illegible] postage. Money back if not as represented. Address

U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., 2-4-6 S. Clark Street, CHICAGO

50¢ per Pack

A Little World of Art-Beauty is Revealed in

CONGRESS CARDS

GOLD EDGES. IVORY AND AIR CUSHION FINISH
LARGE INDEXES—IDEAL FOR BRIDGE

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES, HOYLE UP TO DATE
SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS
THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

BICYCLE CARDS

LARGE INDEXES. IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
Card Players Appreciate the Splendid Dealing and Wearing Qualities of Bicycle, the Most Durable 25 cent Card Made

25¢ per Pack

Interlock

the lightest-for-warmth underwear

has the metal lock attached. Write for illustrated booklet and sample.

General Knit Fabric Company Utica N. Y.

make his orders heard. They were hard upon the Salt Fork of the Brazos. The cattle trotted down into the riverbed and every man spurred to the left flank to swing them round. Under the high north bank was shelter; the wind swept the snow beyond it a full hundred yards. But nothing could stem the tide of brute fear that had set in. Perhaps two hundred head of the rear guard were beaten back under the lee of the bank. The others walked off resolutely, heedless of man's puny onslaughts, their tails to the blizzard, bawling against the angry skies.

"We'll hold these!" the boss panted, wiping the snow and icicles from his face and eyebrows. "Them others is gone for keeps. We'll have to gather 'em again."

It was quiet under the bank. The steers huddled close and stared at their masters with round, frightened, solemn eyes. Their breath steamed upward in slow mists. The snow, driving across above them, was like a roof.

"Suppose them others hit a fence and lie down and die!" Ike suggested.

"We'll have to chance it; but, anyway, we're all right if we don't freeze to death," the Big Un remarked. "Li'l' Joe!" he cried suddenly—"Li'l' Joe! I clean forgot him. Shorty'd never find him."

His horse snorted and stood rigid, trembling to brave the storm again. The Big Un raked him savagely with the spur and they plunged into the hissing snow. They howled at him to come back; they besought him not to be a fool. What help could he give? they yelled. Their voices were swept down the wind unheard, for the Big Un was fighting his way north.

With the first smashing impact of sleet Joe's horses whirled about of one accord and stood with their tails tucked and heads held low. The boy knew well that it was hopeless to face them against the snow. Soon they began to drift, very slowly and dismally, and he went with them. A tiny butte offered some slight protection and tempted Joe, but he shook his head and kept on.

"If I leave my horses they'll git lost and hit a fence," he told himself. "Then they're done for. No, sir! I'll shore trail along. There's a draw somewheres about here where I can hold 'em."

The wind was whining like a devil. It screamed and howled and jabbered in Joe's ears; the snow smote through his thin coat and pringled his skin. He could not see a foot in front of him. The blurred shape of the nearest horse beside his stirrup was his only guide and the cold settled into his bones. Shooting pains ran up and down his legs and his hands had lost their power to feel. He tried to pray, but did not know how. He tried to sing, but the wind sucked the words from his lips.

Throughout the long night the north winds raged. At daybreak they shrieked their last and passed on and a bright sun smiled kindly on a blighted land. Little rills began to sparkle and chime in the hollows.

Cramped, half frozen and starving, the Triangle men emerged from their hole and poked the cattle to life. The beasts moved painfully, with many protests. It was a long drive to headquarters and the boys were half dead. Gloom sat heavy on their hearts. Where were Little Joe and the Big Un?

At noon of that day the boss set out from a division camp with ten men to search. His eyes were red and swollen from the snow and lack of sleep and one foot was frozen, but he said grimly that it was nothing and they must find the boy.

They came on the Big Un curled up on the south side of a gigantic rock. He was asleep and swore fearfully when wakened, because his limbs hurt him and he had been dreaming such a beautiful dream. The boss gave him much whisky and after a time he became coherent. Then he told a wonderful story of a ghost army that had passed him in the night, led by Little Joe. He had hailed Little Joe, though himself almost dead from exposure, but the ghost had paid no heed. Joe was in front, he said, and about a million horses were following him; and they didn't make a sound.

"His chin was stuck down agin his chest like this," the Big Un concluded.

Shorty heaved the Big Un into the saddle and piloted him homeward. All the way he continued to babble of Joe's host and how steadily and silently they marched before the wind, shuffling the snow in front of them.

The others went on. They picked up a fence rider who had a tale to tell about the carcass of a big dun mule he had found in the barb-wire about four miles to the south The boss was not worrying over Speakeasy's fate and gave small heed to this narrative. Had he seen Little Joe—young Bill Blackburn? He had not.

They entered a saucerlike draw that had been the bed of a river when the world was younger. It was windfended and the snow was not so deep there, though drifted in spots to a height of ten feet, as is the way of northers. Ike gave a shout and wheeled to the right, the boss pressing him close. One of their mounts neighed and it was answered in front.

There, standing in sad ranks in a semicircle, were the horses. Their tails were still tucked and turned toward the bitter north. Scrapper was about five yards in advance of them, the saddle empty. He was knee-deep in snow. A small figure hunched between his legs, the head quite out of sight between the shoulders.

The cavalcade slackened speed and the band turned on them dull, despairing eyes. They were too far gone to move. As in sunshine, so in storm—his horses stood by Little Joe at the last.

The boss raised the drooping shoulders very reverently—and Little Joe grunted.

"Leave me be!" he grumbled feebly.

"Why, damn his ol' eyes, he ain't dead!" Ike howled. "The li'l' scoundrel ain't dead at all. Are you, boy? Where's the whisky? Give him enough to choke him, Luther. Then I'll take a nip."

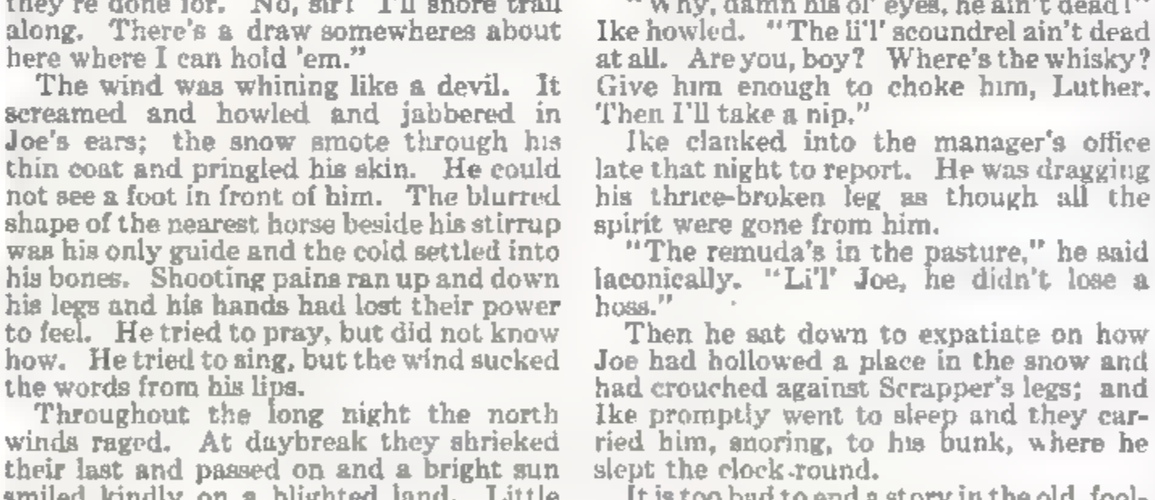
Ike clanked into the manager's office late that night to report. He was dragging his thrice-broken leg as though all the spirit were gone from him.

"The remuda's in the pasture," he said laconically. "Li'l' Joe, he didn't lose a hoss."

Then he sat down to expatiate on how Joe had hollowed a place in the snow and had crouched against Scrapper's legs; and Ike promptly went to sleep and they carried him, snoring, to his bunk, where he slept the clock-round.

It is too bad to end a story in the old, foolish way, but this story has to end sometime. Mr. Blackburn is six feet three inches now and will one day be bulbous as to the waistline; but they still dub him Little Joe. Moreover, he is a farmer. He walks with a slight limp because he has no toes on one foot; and the left arm ends at the wrist. However, his wife is firmly of the opinion that the country never saw a finer man—and there is no profit in arguing with a woman. Her maiden name was not Birdsall, by the way.

Here is the strangest part of all: If you be a child—or a man with the heart of a child, which is as good—and sleep alone in the Saucer, a spectral band will come on noiseless feet to surround your bed. There are many who cannot see them; and there are those who say it is the remuda nickering for Little Joe, who never lost a horse.



All the Music of All the World

is at the command of the owner of a

Columbia Graphophone

(Usual type, with horn) Prices $17.50 to $100

Or a Columbia Grafonola

(Cabinet type—hornless) Prices $50 to $225

Columbia Records are Double Discs

flat, black disc records, with music on both sides, a different selection on each side, and both of unequalled quality.

Hearing is believing—Columbia dealers everywhere provide the opportunity.

Columbia Phonograph Co.

Tribune Building, New York

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry

Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller

Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way

For sale by all leading dealers or mailed upon receipt of price 50c

A Sample Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller

Baby's Teeth

cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Mailed for price, 10c

Mailed, 6c each

Bailey's Rubber Sewing Finger

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large.

Longevity is promoted by friction; declining energy and decay follow decreasing circulation.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush

By its healthy, prompt action opens the pores and assists them in throwing off the waste while the blood rushes to the surface. It quickens the circulation and renewed vigor courses through the body.

The brush used dry will give a delightful "Massage" treatment. Size 3x5 in.

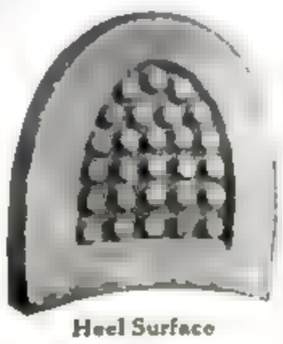
Sent on receipt of price. All dealers.

100 Page Catalog Free of Everything in Rubber Goods.

The Scientific Construction of Bailey's "Won't-Slip" Rubber Heels

Tread Surface

has proved far superior to a solid piece of rubber nailed to the heel of the boot. The tread surface is positively non-slipping and more durable than if solid. The studs next to the heel of the boot give a permanent double cushion which makes them the most resilient, lightest and longest wearing rubber heel made. Brains were used in making them. They will save yours by wearing them. All dealers.



Heel Surface

Applied 50c per Pair. By mail 35c.

(Dealers write for prices.)

Send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Mfrs., 22 Boylston Street BOSTON, MASS.

The UNDERFEED Insures Big Saving

A Sure Way of Reducing Cost of Living By Cutting Down Coal Bills

A DISTINCTIVE place among worth-while inventions has been won by The Peck-Williamson Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, for their well-known *Underfeed* Heating System.

During the last ten years and with constantly increasing force the [illegible] "*One-Half to Two-Thirds of Coal Bills*" has been spread broadcast.

Proof positive of this remarkable claim is available and can be produced from every section of the country. Just now when the question of increased cost of living has taken its place as one of the problems of greatest national interest a question that touches everybody's pocket book—the UNDERFEED lays stress upon the certainty that heating cost *can* be reduced from 50% to 66%.

The bold assertion of a saving of that tremendous proportion may sound extravagant, but investigation puts doubt to utter rout. When the Underfeed plan is studied the reason that clean heat *can* be enjoyed thru the Underfeed, at *least* cost, is simple enough for a child to understand.

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed coal-burning way is the common-sense way. You wouldn't light a candle at the *bottom* and expect successful results. In old line heating systems, coal is heaped in on top of the flames—a process that in itself *chills* the furnace or boiler and causes a drop in the temperature indoors.

In the Underfeed all the coal is *fed from below* and all the fire is on top. Gas and smoke, which are over-plentiful the old-fashioned way, *must* pass through the flames, are consumed, and turned into *more* heat units. This does away with the smoke nuisance—insuring better health—and conserves heat wasted in other systems.

Many municipalities have adopted and indorsed the Underfeed plan as the correct solution of the smoke problem.

The greatest item of Underfeed saving is afforded in the coal itself. Pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal or *cheapest* slack, which would simply smother a fire in any ordinary heating plant, will in the Underfeed yield as much clean, even heat as *highest* priced coal.

Ask your coal dealer what this cheapest slack costs, and subtract it from your season's bill. The difference between the two amounts is what you save on the cost of the coal alone.

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnaces have had ten years of success. Several years ago the Underfeed Steam and Water Boilers constructed with the same coal-burning principle pleased heating device were first marketed. These boilers scored an overwhelming hit from the very start and now it is possible to heat buildings, from the modest cottage to large apartment and business houses, with Underfeed plants.

Underfeed furnaces come in three sizes, and boilers come in fifteen sizes, with ratings ranging from 450 to 2725 square feet.

Underfeed heaters are *easily operated*. Coal is placed in the hopper at the side of the furnaces and boilers and the process of pumping it up by means of a wooden lever, which operates the plunger, forces it through the feed chute onto the grate and underneath the body of burning coal. The fire is pushed upward and outward and the fresh coal is thus surrounded on all sides and the top by fire, which is *always in direct contact* with the heating surfaces of the heater. The few ashes are removed as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

If you are about to build, or improve your property, or desire to replace old, unsatisfactory heaters with a plant that will give *clean* heat at *least* cost, write The Peck-Williamson Co., 329 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for FREE Underfeed Booklet or Catalog of Steam and Water Boilers.

Cost of Heating *this House*

For Entire Winter of 1909-10 **$28.00**

WITH THE

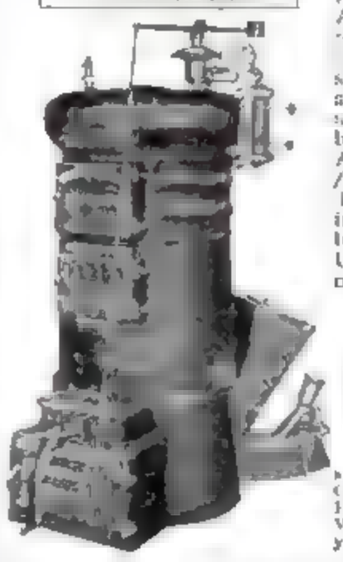
UNDERFEED

SYSTEM

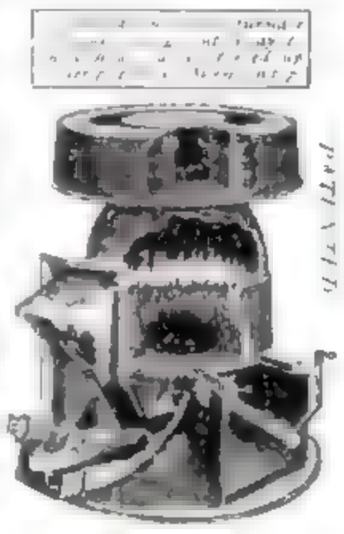
HERE'S the handsome home of Leo Caruthers, at Christiana, Pa. Using the *cheapest* grade of fuel in a Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace, it cost just $28 to heat this entire house last winter. Other nearby homes just as large weren't nearly so comfortable and it cost the owners of these homes *three times as much* to foot their coal bills. Thousands who have adopted the modern *Underfeed* Heating System—either Warm Air, Hot Water or Steam—have *solved* the problem of *reducing* living expenses. There's only ONE answer to this most important economic question: How can I save ONE-HALF to TWO-THIRDS of coal bills? USE

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS — WARM AIR FURNACES - STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS



Instead of *choking* and *smothering* fires by the old-fashioned way of throwing coal *on* the fire, coal in the UNDERFEED is easily *fed from below*. All the fire is on top. Smoke and gases *wasted* in other heating systems are consumed and turned into *more* heat. *Cheapest* slack and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal yield as much clean, *even* heat as highest priced coal in *other* furnaces or boilers. The *difference* in cost is *yours*. An UNDERFEED heating plant soon *pays for itself* and then keeps on saving. The few ashes are easily removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers. In addition to *saving* money, the UNDERFEED requires less attention than other heating [illegible].



S. D. Lancashire of Oberlin, Ohio, writes:

"The Underfeed holds fire the best of any furnace I have had experience with. We found that it would hold fire an entire week without being refilled and have started a new fire at the end of that time without rekindling."

Let us send you an Underfeed [illegible] Booklet and the [illegible] Catalog of Steam and Water Boilers—both FREE. Heating plans of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Write today giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers are Invited to Write TODAY for Our New Selling Plan.

Send Coupon Today and Learn how to

SAVE 1/2 to 2/3 of your Coal Bill.

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know more about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66⅔%. Send me—FREE

UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet
Boiler Booklet.

Indicate by X Booklet you desire

Name _____ Street _____

Postoffice _____ State _____

Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal

Way Up in Michigan

I. A. Pancher of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., tells a cheerful story of a *worth-while* saving. He says: "Last winter I commenced operations with slack at a cost of $1.75 per ton, although I made the investment in two 12 tons of nut coal at $4.50 per ton. That was a useless expenditure as I have since found that the furnace will successfully handle the slack, as it has given me the volume of heat sufficient to heat my house during the present winter, with a saving of at least $70.00, as compared with the furnace used before the Underfeed was installed. I have used four different makes of furnaces in my experience and the Underfeed is by far the best of the lot and costs less to operate than any of its predecessors."

From Colorado and Virginia

John R. N. Vos of Denver, Colo., writes: "I find that in bitter cold weather we now have heat to spare. The Underfeed has reduced my coal bills considerably. Where I once spent $40 in 12 weeks, I now spend only $19.50 for coal. I consider the Underfeed the best heater I have ever used and I recommend it to every one as the best and cheapest on the market."

J. S. Goetchius, Assistant Secretary of the Matheson Alkali Works, Saltville, Va., says: "Last season I replaced a boiler of another make with one of your Underfeed steam boilers. It was the *best* investment in the way of a heating plant I have ever made."

Cheerful Testimonials to UNDERFEED Saving

A Few Appreciative Notes from the National Chorus of Heating Satisfaction

TEN years' experience with the Peck-Williamson Underfeed have enabled thousands who have adopted the *modern* coal-saving way of heating to collectively keep in their own bank accounts enough money to lift a corner of the national debt. Incidentally, they know what clean, *even* heat is. One of the most gratifying features of sending out Underfeed heaters is found in the flood of congratulatory letters of appreciation that come back from all parts of the land. From the New England States and the Canadian provinces, to the frosted line in the Southern States, comes the same story of wonderful satisfaction and saving.

During last summer hundreds of people took out old-fashioned, expensive-to-maintain and unsatisfactory heaters and put in the modern Underfeed. The actual cost of an Underfeed plant is quickly saved in reduced coal bills and the savings continues after the plant has paid for itself.

In a College Town

Northwestern University is located at Madison, Wis., and the fact that houses of most of the faculty of that famous institution are heated by the Underfeed is in itself the strongest sort of proof that the system fully meets all requirements of the age along hygienic, as well as economical, lines. Lawyers, ministers and physicians are represented among Underfeed owners in this college town and Underfeed stronghold.

A Big Binghamton Saving

Binghamton, N. Y., has been won to the Underfeed standard and over 200 furnaces and boilers have been installed there. G. W. Stanton's experience is worth relating. He says: "I have heated my 10-room house at 127 Pennsylvania Avenue, keeping the temperature at 70 degrees. I have used seven tons of Buckwheat coal at a cost of $23.80 and have heretofore used nine tons of Chestnut coal at a cost of $57.60, making a saving of $33.80. I am well pleased with my Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace and would not let it go out of my cellar for $1000, if I could not purchase another like it."

A $15.00 Pennsylvania Coal Bill!

C. J. Rupert of Connellsville, Pa., writes: "All it required to heat my 10-room house all last winter was ten tons of slack, which cost me just $15. I found that the fire has kept sometimes nearly a week without attention."

The Underfeed in Winnipeg

Manitoba and British Columbia have been represented in some of the recent cheerful letters of appreciation. The Wortman & Ward Co., of London, Ontario, looking for a heating plant for their warehouse and office building at Winnipeg, Manitoba, chose an Underfeed boiler—the result of satisfaction given by Underfeed heating plants in many homes in their own city.

Five Years of Indiana Experience

G. A. Reader of Harlan, Ind., put an Underfeed in his home in 1906. He says: "Slack coal and the Underfeed when used together are O. K. Your furnace installed in 1906 has proved satisfactory in every respect. The Underfeed method of heating is cheaper, cleaner and holds fire better than any other way I have ever tried. It is easy to start, easy to control and easy to operate, with an abundance of heat at all times."

These testimonials might be multiplied by hundreds, but they all tell the same delightful story of saving of coal bills, ease of operation, cleanliness and temperature that is dependable even.

If you are about to build, or improve your property, or desire to replace old, unsatisfactory heaters with a plant that will give *clean* heat at *least* cost, write The Peck-Williamson Co., 329 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for FREE Underfeed Booklet or Catalog of Steam and Water Boilers.

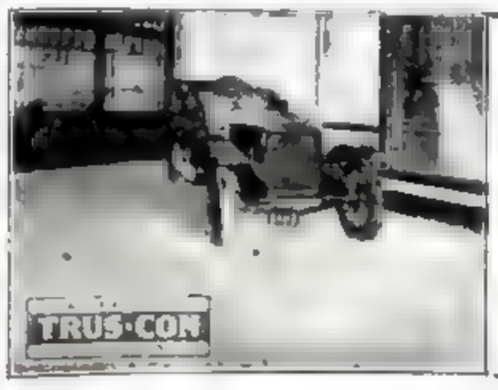
10,000 SEEDS 10c

We want you to try our Prize Seeds this year and have sent 50 best varieties and put up 10,000 seeds especially to grow Prize Vegetables and Flowers. They will produce more than $25 worth of Vegetables and 10 bushels of Flowers.

800	Beets	Cabbage	5	Best Varieties	5 pkts
2,600	"	Lettuce	6	" "	4 "
800	"	Onion	2	" "	2 "
1,000	"	Radish	6	" "	4 "
300	"	Tomato	3	" "	3 "
2,000	"	Turnip	4	" "	4 "
2,500	"	Flowers	30	Grand Flowering Varieties	

In all 10,000 Seeds, and our new Seed Book with a 10c Credit Check good for [illegible] purchase.

FAIRVIEW SEED FARMS, Box 122 Syracuse N Y



For Dusty Concrete Floors

Trus-Con Floor Enamel, applied with a brush, gives a wear resisting, tile like surface to concrete floors. It becomes part of the concrete—does not peel or chip off—like ordinary paints. Stops dusting—easily cleaned by mopping.

Trus-Con Floor Enamel is [illegible] in a variety of colors for use in factories, warehouses, hospitals, power plants, hotels, schools, offices, residences, garages, etc.

Tell us condition and size of your floor. Sample, Booklet and Color Card *free*.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
401 Trussed Concrete Building Detroit, Michigan

Trus-Con Wall Finishes [illegible] *Trus-Con Paints* [illegible] *Trus-Con Snowite* [illegible]

FREE Murray Style Book

Save $30

[illegible] our 1911 Catalog [illegible] of every farmer in [illegible] Buggies and [illegible] Auto Buggies [illegible] 2 years' guarantee. Send for this Big Free Book today.

Wilber H. Murray Mfg Co., 339 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

Government Reports show that

STRAWBERRIES

yield more dollars per acre and give quicker returns than any other crop. Our Strawberry text book tells Kellogg's way to grow big crops of big, red berries. IT'S FREE.

FREE BOOK

R. M. KELLOGG CO.
Box 30 Three Rivers, Mich.

BENNETT TYPEWRITER SOLD ON APPROVAL

$18

This wonderful new typewriter, at one sixth the cost, with one-tenth the number of parts, does the same work as expensive machines with quickness, neatness and ease. The **Bennett** is a portable, visible-writing, inkribbon typewriter; standard keyboard, light, simple, speedy, compact, strong. In neat case, size only 2 x 5 x 11 inches, weight only 4½ pounds. Made from best materials by experts in the Pope-Toledo factory. Fully guaranteed, $18, and your money back if not satisfied. Send for free sample of writing and handsome catalog.

M. B. BENNETT TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 366 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

ARITHMETIC

SELF-TAUGHT

A plain, easily-understood volume for all who have not had the opportunity of learning this subject thoroughly, or who have forgotten what they once learned. 287 Pages. Requires no teacher. This great little book sent postpaid for 50 cents. Stamps accepted. Leather binding $1.

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
Est. 1870 6470 W. Belle Pl. St. Louis Mo.

Don't forget to get a box of Oxo Bouillon Cubes to-day. Your druggist or grocer has them.

Then—whenever you want delicious strengthening bouillon, just add hot water to

"A Cube to a Cupful"

Saves you work, waste and money. No trouble to make. Scientifically measured—seasoned—flavored.

Good any time—lunch—afternoon—after theatre—for the extra guest—for the whole family. Fine for soups and gravies too.

10 for 25c

Also tins of 4 cubes for 10c

At your grocer or druggist or sent postpaid by us

Send us the name and address of your dealer and we will send you a box of OXO cubes *Free* for a trial

CORNELLE DAVID & CO.
9 North Moore St. Dept. E New York

YOU
cannot find elsewhere, at anything like our price, this gun's equal in shooting qualities, material or workmanship.
Our experts target and test every gun on our own shooting range.
$18
"Six Shots in Four Seconds"

Genuine imported Damascus Barrel, 24 to 32 inches. Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight and takes the glare off barrel. Hammerless non-clogging action. Hinged breech block.

All working parts covered up. No danger of shell back firing and in[illegible] tooth. Black walnut [illegible] finish. 12 and 16 gauge. [illegible] and drop of stock optional. *No extra charge for any features named.* Sent with privilege of examination if desired.

Send for our free book describing our repeating and double barreled rifles.

The Union Arms Company
Auburndale 411 Toledo O U S A

GALBRAITH NEW LAND FRUIT TREES

Free from Disease [illegible]

Galbraith Nursery Co., Box 48, Fairbury, Neb.

THE UNIVERSAL CRIME

(Continued from Page 15)

the amount at a million dollars. It probably is much more, for the scheme had been worked for years.

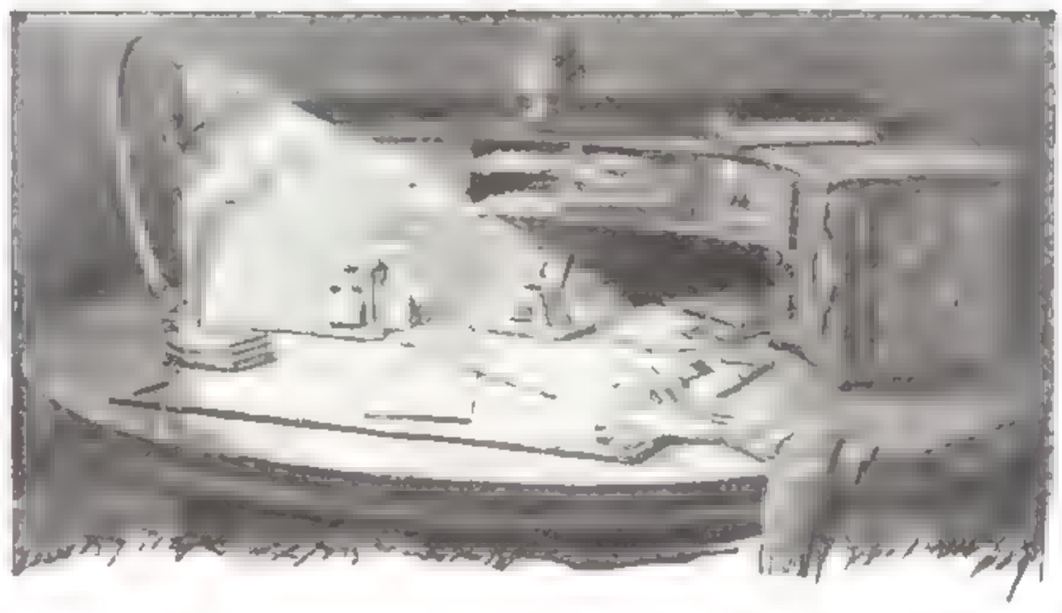
There were a great many other seizures. On May fourth, 1910, an ex-governor of New Hampshire, with his wife and son, arrived on one of the Cunard boats. They brought with them a large quantity of dutiable merchandise, which was only partially declared. The property was seized and the facts laid before the United States district attorney for the southern district of New York. The ex-governor was indicted for smuggling and pleaded guilty. He was fined two thousand dollars and compelled to pay upward of three thousand dollars for the release of his property. Right on the heels of the ex-governor came a rich mill-owner of Minneapolis, who came in on the steamship Amerika and produced a detailed declaration concerning the articles he had bought on the other side. However, the special agents had been [illegible] he was asked for the two pearl necklaces he had bought abroad. He protested, but the necklaces were found in a coin purse in his pocket; he not only lost the necklaces but Judge Rellstab, in the United States District Court at Trenton, fined him five thousand dollars.

There have been dozens of other cases, for each ship has its smart traveler who thinks he or she can smuggle in something—and thinks, moreover, that it is all right to do so, usually salving the conscience with the thought that the Government doesn't need the money anyhow. Still, in order to make it more difficult, it was recently announced by Judge Hand, in imposing sentence in the Morgenthau case, that in the future he would impose a prison sentence as well as a fine. Nobody thinks this will stop attempts at smuggling, which will continue as long as there are customs duties and travel; but it may help some. Indeed, it begins to look as if smuggling, instead of being universal, will soon be sporadic; and thus another inalienable right of the human race will have been trampled in the dust by the iron heel of authority. A curious part of it is that the husband of one woman who had jewelry seized protested vigorously on the dock that there should be no duty collected on imports. This man is one of the most highly protected manufacturers, under the terms of the present and the previous tariff bills—which is funny to an outsider.

Some Notable Seizures

These cases and the dozens of others are but examples of the universal crime to smuggle if possible. The other phase of smuggling is undervaluation; and it may be said at the outset that the tariff schedules of the various tariff laws of the United States are or have been a constant temptation to men who want to be dishonest, or who, perhaps, do not want to be dishonest if they can help it, but are met with such close competition that they think they have to be. The remedy is specific duties. Many of our duties are ad valorem, which means that the duties are measured by value—the marketable value or worth of the goods at the original place of shipment, as sworn to by the owner and verified by the customs appraisers. Take certain grades of cloth, for example. Suppose there is an ad valorem duty of fifteen cents, say, a yard, or a pound, or a square, or whatever the designation may be, on a certain kind of cloth. Now, if the importer has that cloth undervalued in the invoice to, say, fourteen and seven-eighths cents a unit of valuation, though the total undervaluation on the consignment may not amount to more than two thousand dollars, the total saving in duties will run far up into the thousands because of the different tariff schedules. It is the same with most other merchandise that is imported into this country.

The McKinley tariff law provided that the two and one-half per cent commission allowed importers was not dutiable, but this commission was made dutiable in the Dingley law; and here the undervaluation business began to grow to the enormous proportions discovered by Collector Loeb as existing in New York and undoubtedly existing at all other ports of entry in this country. Recently, unless I am mistaken,



The Social "Night Letter"

Good form and good breeding demand prompt acknowledgment of social communications and a consideration for the plans of others.

The Western Union provides a graceful means of meeting many exigencies of social life, combining the courtesy of a letter with immediate dispatch.

Fifty words may be sent in a Night Letter for the price of a ten-word day message.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
"Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service."

LIMBERT'S DUTCH CRAFTS

Our New 1911
STYLE BOOK
Mailed Free

IT gives an authentic and interesting history of Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts Furniture from the 15th Century to the present time—contains color plates of interiors suggesting dif[illegible] [illegible] goods can be seen and procured at a reasonable price

Charles P. Limbert Company
Grand Rapids, Mich. (Dept. S) Holland, Mich.

Saves the Gums, Cleans the Teeth

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

This *flexible* curved handle instantly adjusts itself to the shape of the gums, passing over them gently but firmly

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Flexible Handle Tooth Brush

It gives a new sensation and preserves the gums—keeps them in a healthful condition

The Pro-phy-lac-tic (rigid or flexible handle) thoroughly cleans *all the teeth* back and front alike. It's the one tooth brush with a well defined purpose

Packed in an individual yellow box which protects against handling before the brush gets to you

Prices: 25c., 35c., 40c.

Our interesting booklet "Do You Clean Your Teeth" is yours for the asking, send for it

Florence Mfg. Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair Military and Hand Brushes

Thousands of City People Are Making Big Money in the Poultry Business

Why not **you?** It's **easy.** All you need [illegible] 10 square feet of back yard—a good [illegible] good brooder. Table scraps make fine [illegible] **hens.** Hens make fine feed for **you.** Why [illegible] doubtfully "fresh" eggs? [illegible] pay 15c to 30c a pound for shucks? Raise **your own** poultry and eggs. Use all **you** need—then **supply your neighbors.** They'll be **glad** to pay **your** price.

But, to make a **big success** of Poultry Raising you must start **right.** Send a postal **now** for the

Old Trusty

free book of poultry raising for [illegible] tells all about Old Trusty Incubator and Brooder. [illegible] 100 Egg [illegible]

My Price Less Than $10
My Profit Less than 7%

Johnson Pays the Freight E. of Rockies

[illegible] on each Old Trusty [illegible] start right

1911 BOOK FREE

[illegible] Old Trusty you say so. Terms [illegible] as our offer guaranteed. Write [illegible]

M. M. JOHNSON, Incubator Man
Clay Center, Neb.

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Ask for Esterbrook's and you get the best pens—easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half century's reputation.

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co., [illegible] 26 John St., New York

$1 English Knock-about Hat

$1.00 [illegible]

Genuine Panama Hats $1 and up

Panama Hat Co., Dept. A 830 Broadway, New York City

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF

CLASS PINS

The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

the customs court has declared this commission not dutiable. The result of this undervaluation was to give dishonest importers a great advantage over honest importers. There were many cases where men refused to continue in certain lines of business because of the general practice of undervaluation. The fact is that importers in any line where undervaluation is practiced, or has been practiced, could make as much money if all were honest as if all were dishonest; but when some were dishonest and some were honest the honest ones suffered heavily.

Cloth importers were large offenders, especially certain importers of linings and woolens from Bradford, England. Hair-net importers detected in undervaluation have already paid in over thirty thousand dollars as settlements; and negotiations are pending with importers of Panama hats, cheese, figs and various other commodities. It is also contended that there have been great frauds in the importation of antiques and works of art. Two members of the firm of Duveen Brothers, in New York, have been indicted and the entire stock in their store seized, together with their books and papers. The collector holds that these seizures will show false valuations on works of art and on antiques that will run close to a million dollars in money due the Government.

This practice of undervaluation extends or did extend through many lines of business. There are ten or twelve lines that are under investigation at the present time and there are twenty-five other lines where it is known that undervaluation has been practiced. If Collector Loeb were a hundred men, and each man had as many employees as the collector has now, the whole mess might be uncovered. As it is, the most flagrant cases are being tackled first. The sugar frauds are too well known to need more than mention. They consisted in underweighing the same as undervaluation—and the Sugar Trust has already paid back more than three million dollars to the Treasury, while various employees, both of the trust and the custom house, have been convicted.

How to Avoid Dock Inspections

Thus it will be seen that the universal crime—smuggling—bids fair to become a most languishing pursuit at the port of New York. The same is true of the other ports in this country, for collections have increased everywhere, stricter discipline is being maintained and drastic punishments are being handed out. Formerly, when a smuggler got into trouble, political influence would help him to hush up the matter; but that, too, has languished. The facts are that Collector Loeb, finding certain sets of laws and Treasury regulations on the books, has enforced those laws and regulations strictly and impartially. He has increased the revenues of the Government to a great extent, and is working toward the very desirable end of keeping a large number of otherwise impeccable American citizens honest in their dealings with the Government.

There is a way to escape the pawing over of finery and the searching of trunks on the docks, which usually are none too clean. The regulations of the Treasury Department provide that passengers may send their baggage to the appraisers' stores for appraisement and examination by merely making the request to the customs officers taking their declarations; or they may send home their purchases, through express companies or as freight, and have them regularly passed and entered as merchandise. Few avail themselves of this opportunity. To get stuff by is a sporting chance. Wherefore the stuff in the trunks and bags and pockets must be examined on the docks; and, inasmuch as the various Congresses of this country have made tariff laws that provide certain payments in certain events, the only place those taxes can be collected is on the docks if the passengers will not avail themselves of examination at the appraisers' stores.

Neither the Secretary of the Treasury, nor the collectors at the various ports of entry, nor the customs inspectors, nor the appraisers, made the laws. Congress—our paternal Congress—did that. As there seems to be a disposition at the present time to enforce those laws and levy every cent of the legal toll, it may be just as well to suppress that natural, inherent, prehistoric tendency to smuggle that everybody has, and stay at home, buy at home—or pay up.

A Tempting Dessert Delicacy

to serve in place of pies or pastry, and at luncheons or afternoon teas.

Nabisco Sugar Wafers make instant appeal to everybody.

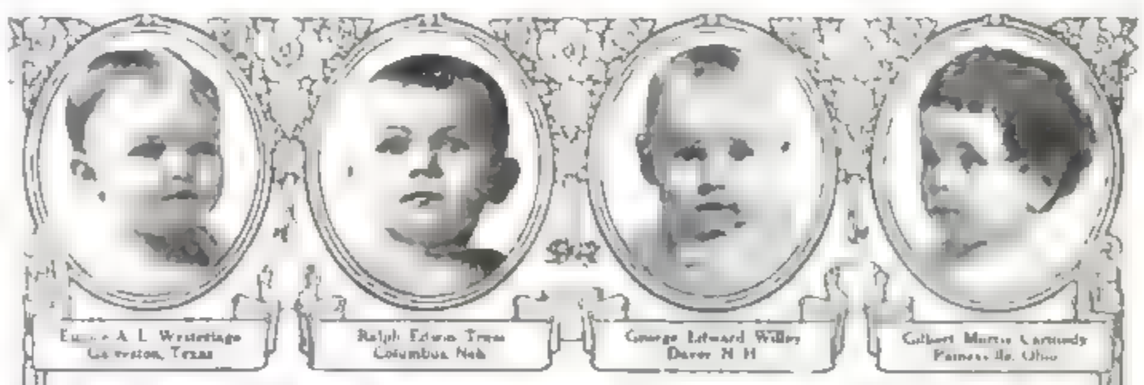
They have a charm wholly their own, and are exquisitely superior to any other confection delicacy ever produced.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS NABISCO-like goodness enclosed in a shell of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Mellin's Food Babies are Strong and Healthy

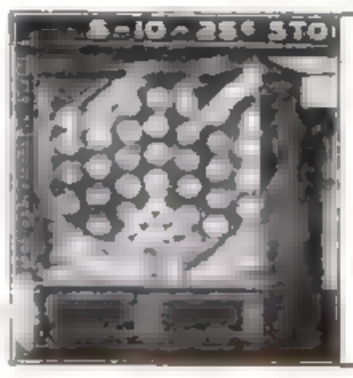
Would you have *your* baby strong and healthy?
Then you must follow Nature's principles in feeding him.
If your baby cannot be nursed, *he must have food that is fresh.*

You cannot take away from him the fresh, life-giving mother's milk and give him dried or cooked milk and expect that he will grow as he should. But you can give him *fresh cow's milk* modified by Mellin's Food to exactly suit his individual needs. When you do this your baby will get the fresh, wonderful life giving element that Nature demands.

Start your baby on Mellin's Food *today*, and put him in the class with the thousands upon thousands of other healthy and happy Mellin's Food babies.

We have a very helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." We shall be glad to [illegible] you a copy, together with a Trial Size bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and grow with the beginning with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including my 200-page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Mrs. Rorer Blends Fine Coffee

YOU many admirers of Mrs. Rorer and her wonderful cooking recipes may at last enjoy that perfectly blended coffee of hers hitherto denied you, because she would not risk sending out her blend in faulty packages which lost the aroma.

But the wonderful, patented, Sanitary, Triple-sealed package now carries her coffee to you (the only package guaranteed non-aroma-leak). Safe from dust, moisture and germs, her own blend comes to you as fresh, strong and full flavored as from our roasters.

We are sole roasters of this famous blend, exclusively authorized to sell it over her name and signature thus:

Mrs. Rorer's Coffee

None Genuine without my signature Sarah Tyson Rorer

CLIMAX COFFEE AND BAKING POWDER CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

We have authorized your grocer to return your money if you are not entirely satisfied that our coffee is the best you ever tasted at any price.

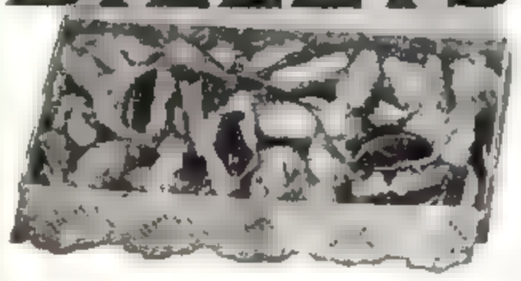
You'll enjoy Mrs. Rorer's free booklet "25 Recipes," tells how to use coffee as a dessert flavor. Just send in coupon below

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer,
care of Climax Coffee & Baking Powder Co.,
39 Main St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Please send me your free booklet "25 Recipes"

Name
Address
My Grocer's Name
My Grocer's Address
Does he sell Mrs. Rorer's Coffee?

"To the retail dealer—writes us if your jobber cannot supply you with Mrs. Rorer's coffee. If a trial will see that you are supplied and authorize us to refund purchase price if your customer does not find Mrs. Rorer's coffee equal to, or better than any other.

ZATEK CHOCOLATE BILLETS



The above shows a full quarter pound of solid chocolates—no cream centers

They have a rare, rich chocolate flavor. We would like you to try them and learn for yourself how good a chocolate can be

The flavor is delicious The chocolate used is far above the Government standards.

Get acquainted with Zatek Chocolate Billets, solid chocolates in tin-foil jackets—160 in a pound—which keep them dainty, fresh and clean.

How to Get Them

Ask your dealer for Zatek Billets If he hasn't them send us twenty-five cents and your dealer's name and receive by return mail the special quarter-pound box shown above.

A half-pound box prepaid to your express station for 50 cents; or a full pound box for $1.00; or a five pound box for $4 the

We have a proposition that will interest every dealer.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE CO.
Dept. N, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Makers of Cocoa, Chocolate Liquors, Coatings, etc.

GRAY MOTORS 2 H.P. $60

Largest marine [illegible] 311 E. Fort Lamed and Statham

Guaranteed to develop 4 h.p. Made in 1, 2 and 3 Cylinders 3 to 35 h.p. Marine or Farm Engine Catalogue. GRAY MOTOR CO., 333 Lieb St., Detroit, Mich.

A WOMAN WINS

(Continued from Page 5)

"Yes, if their wives ever looked at those trade papers; but you know they don't."

He thought differently.

"I'll try it on a wager," I said. "I'll run a keyed millinery ad with you for two months, offering a specially low-priced hat. If it brings business we pay for the ad and continue it; if it doesn't you pay for it and kill it."

He wouldn't agree; it wasn't the risk of the price of the space that held him back, but he didn't want me to have in my office evidence that his paper wouldn't pull among the wives of the trade. Like all the rest, he wanted the client to take the chances. It was not a very businesslike proposition on my part, but at least it showed him that I was fair—that I was not considering personal gain.

This brings up another phase of the advertising business that confronted me when I first started out for myself. As all advertisers know, though the layman may not, what we call a recognized agency receives a commission from national publications on all advertising placed with them. In the West the commission ran all the way from ten to fifty per cent, according to what the agency could make the publication give up. To be a "recognized agency" and receive the established commission from national publications, one must have been in business a certain length of time—two years, I think have a certain number of general-publicity clients—those who advertise in national publications as opposed to merely local ones—and have strong financial standing. The agency is responsible for the payment of the bills of the advertisers it places. I had none of the requisites. My bank account registered on the wrong side of two hundred dollars; I had few national advertisers, and I was new. I soon discovered, however, that it was customary among the agencies, whether recognized or not, to hold up the local publications, especially the smaller ones, for as large a percentage as could be got; and to use the columns of those that offered the agency—not the client—the largest inducement.

The Matter of Commissions

I remember the response of a rural paper representative when I said I had no business for him.

"Come, now, Miss Gale, what do you say to a straight split—half and half? Now, if that ain't fair, I'd like to know what you are holding out for."

They couldn't someway sense the fact that I was in business to further the interests of my clients and thereby further my own. I think the usual agency that does business on these methods goes on the principle that clients will change at the end of the year anyway; and therefore it pays to gouge them for all they're worth while you've got 'em!

Another solicitor said to me one day, when he had run the gamut of bait from ten per cent—they began low with me because, being a woman, I probably didn't know the game—to twenty-five, and then fifty, and still I held out: "Do you want to hog the whole cheese? What is it you are after?"

I replied: "I am after a good, clean sheet, with a bona-fide circulation that will bring business to my clients."

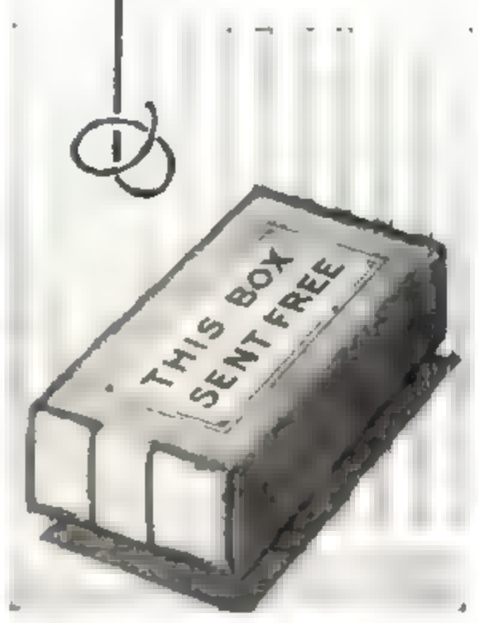
He drew back. "Well, what's the matter with mine?"

"I don't know; you have only talked commissions."

He came to earth, sat down and went into the important details—and I gave him business.

I decided not to accept any commissions from any of the publications. By the advertising law, I was not entitled to them; but this would not have hurt my conscience, as the common law of advertising was to take all you could get. I had signed up each of my clients on the distinct understanding that they were paying me fifteen per cent of their appropriation to produce original, resultful copy and place it in the channels most advantageous to them; and I had been at much pains to show them where their mistake had been in the past—in using haphazard copy, thrown off in a hurry by some clerk and given to whichever solicitor proved most insistent. I wanted them to see that I was in a neutral position with all the publications. If I accepted ten per cent from one,

Sunshine Specialties



Biscuit Confections

Five Kinds Sent Free

We offer to send to each Miss and each housewife a box of these new desserts. We want the biscuits themselves—these Sunshine Specialties—to tell you how delightful they are.

They will surprise you, for never before were such biscuit confections produced in America.

One is a chocolate wafer filled with sweet vanilla cream. One is a sugar sandwich. Others are crisp, sweet biscuits with enticing flavors. This sample box will make you wish to always have a box at hand.

It will also do more. These Sunshine Specialties come from the Sunshine Bakeries—the finest in the world.

All Sunshine Biscuits—from soda crackers up—are made with the skill which makes these. All are baked—as these are—in ovens of white tile.

When you taste these exquisite productions you will insist on biscuits with the "Sunshine" brand.

Send us simply your name and address, and the name and address of your grocer. A postal will do. The next mail will bring you this assorted box. After that, let your grocer supply you the kinds which you like best. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget to write for the box today. (14)

A reminder to write to
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.
181 Causeway St.
BOSTON, MASS.
for a free box of
SUNSHINE SPECIALTIES

Your Education

All over the country are thousands of young people to whom a college or conservatory education would be of inestimable value but who hesitate to make the cash outlay necessary to secure it.

The Saturday Evening Post

offers a full course in any college, conservatory, or business college in return for a little work done in leisure hours. There is no cash outlay. You can learn all about it by addressing a line of inquiry to

Educational Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

James Dole
BE SURE THIS NAME IS ON THE LABEL

Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

A wonderful, new, Healthful all-the-year-round Drink.

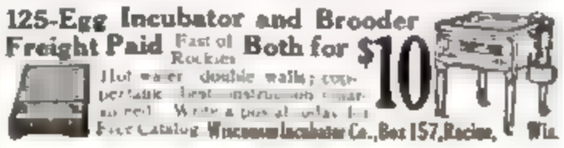
Physicians prescribe it in throat, stomach and intestinal troubles. A refreshing drink during fever convalescence. At Druggists, Grocers and Soda Fountains. Write for Booklet

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS CO., Ltd.
112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Trade supplied through regular channels

200 Egg Incubator $3.00

No freight to pay. Actual hen in Natural Hen Incubator heats, ventilates, controls everything. No lamp, no costly oil stakes. Best [illegible] world. Agents Wanted. Catalog free. H H I Co. 1349 Constance St., Dept. 37, Los Angeles Cal

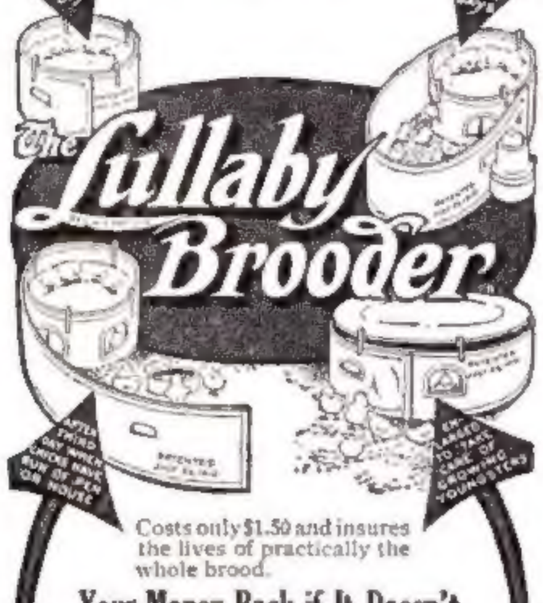
125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rockies **Both for $10**



Hot water double walls; copper tank; best [illegible] No. 125. Write a postal today for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

Insure Your Chicks

SAVE That 50% LOSS



Costs only $1.50 and insures the lives of practically the whole brood.

Your Money Back if It Doesn't

Requires little space, adjustable to different stages of chick life.

Plenty of fresh air, no artificial heat, no lamp to smoke—to poison the air and kill them off.

Get the Lullaby of your dealer today. If he cannot supply you, order of us direct. Anyway, write today for our Poultry Almanac, tells all about the Lullaby Brooder and full of valuable poultry information. Worth $1.00 but absolutely free.

The PARK & POLLARD CO.

Originators of DRY-MASH *Feeding System* makes them "Lay or Bust"

2 CANAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

To Poultry Supply Dealers: Write today for our liberal proposition, so that you may deliver the Lullaby Brooder to poultry raisers in your locality.

7% Collateral Trust First Mortgage **BONDS**

These are $100 coupon bonds, interest payable 3½% semi-annually, and secured by the deposit with Hillyer Trust Company, Trustees, of First Mortgages on improved real estate.

Bonds were issued in denominations of $100, and $1,000 and mature in 20 years from January 1, 1911. **These 7% Bonds are an exceptional investment opportunity.** Write at once for particulars.

HILLYER TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus $500,000.00. **Atlanta, Ga.**

6% NET 35th YEAR

SAVE SMALL SUMS

You could accumulate more cash capital in a very few years by saving up comparatively small sums of money—your dividends and interest income for instance.

You probably never seriously considered such a thing, because the amounts looked so small and no opportunity has ever before offered itself to you to save and invest only $25.00 at 6% interest.

There is no need for you to wait until you have saved up $2000, $500, or even $700 with which to buy one of our mortgages in order to secure a 6% investment with us. Our Certificates of Deposit yield 6 per cent, payable semi-annually—the same as our mortgages—and are withdrawable after one year, on 30 days' notice. Send $25 to-day. Please ask for Loan List 724.

Perkins & Co. FINANCIAL BROKERS
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs, and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 19, Freeport, Ill.

50 Best Paying Varieties Pure-Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Eggs, Dogs and Incubators. **All at Low Prices.** Send 4c. for my Book which gives reliable information worth many dollars to you.

W. A. WEBER, Box 941, Mankato, Minn.

and twenty from another, and forty from still another, my clients might soon conclude that I, like other agents of their experience, placed their advertising where I personally had the most to gain. I was establishing my business on the idea that advertising was a commodity and the appropriation an investment. I was trying to win, in a hotbed of disbelief and incredulity, on a platform of honest dealing. I was new—an experiment with every one of my clients. I could run no risks; so I declined to accept commissions, except in a few cases of which the clients were aware and at their special request.

Even though the client doesn't think skeptical things about your service you may rest assured that there are others to suggest them. As in all businesses, some are square and aboveboard; others are skulking counterfeits of men. You must deal with both kinds; therefore I preferred to decline the rake-off and so leave no loophole for suspicion.

A wrong word at the right time, a note of adverse criticism, a smile of quiet sarcasm, may spoil a campaign that has been days in the making. And there was the usual quota of "counterfeits" to whisper the word that would set the client to wondering whether he had not been a fool to intrust his business to a woman.

One of those little mouse-men who go sniffing about where anybody else is doing anything, in the hope of gathering a few crumbs, had got into the habit of dropping into my office every few days. He was very sweet and brotherly, always, if possible, reaching the private door before my staunch little bodyguard caught the patter of his rubber heels. His regular greeting was, "How's sister?"

"Sister" was never very fond of being interrupted at any time by anybody; but this particular mincing gray mouse of a man got on my nerves.

"Keep him out," I told Nelda, "no matter if you have to be abrupt."

She did so; but in a few days she came to me, much disturbed:

"That little man ——"

"The Mouse?"

"Yes, the one you call the Mouse—he keeps coming in every day or so; and he always wanders about the office and looks at the pictures and handles the copy on the hooks. Yesterday he actually opened the clients' record book—the one showing for how long each one is signed up. I took it from him; but what am I to do?"

The Mouse-Man's Scheme

Just then the door opened—the Mouse slunk in. "Howdy, sister?" He smiled and ambled toward my desk.

"Stop!" I cried, raising my finger as though it were a gun and pointing it toward him. He paused, startled.

"Do you want to be the most popular man that's entered this office today?" I asked.

"Anything to gain your good will, my dear Miss Gale."

"Then, go!" I said, still pointing. "Right-about face and get out of here as fast as you can! We are a busy office; we can't be interrupted."

I turned back to the stenographer and resumed my dictation; he went.

A few days later he again came in and, my private door being open, spoke before I could close it.

"Not so fast, sister; I've a business proposition here—I'm going to give you a chance to make a neat little pile." He ambled on in and nestled into the chair by my desk. I closed the door.

"Come," I said; "what is it? You know women are such fools; they only know how to make money by hard work—and every lost minute is a lost dollar. What is your scheme?"

He laid his idea before me. He had the exclusive right to sell space in the patent insides of country newspapers for all that part of the country. The people back of him were satisfied if he turned in a certain sum—we'll say ten cents an inch—and all over that amount was clear profit in his own pocket. He confided that it was a great graft; he could sell the space all the way from twenty-five cents up to two dollars an inch, return the ten cents to his people and pocket the rest. What he wanted me to do was to sign up all my clients at—well, to be conservative, say, one dollar an inch—that would be four dollars a month—around fifty dollars a year. With fifteen clients, that would total

"Certainty is what a man seeks in everything."

The man who buys a model 10 visible

Remington Typewriter

buys absolute certainty: a certainty of satisfaction guaranteed by the greatest typewriter makers in the world.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

Don't Pay Anybody More Than We Ask—

We Guarantee Results —Give Two Hatches Free

Ask us for our 1911 surprise on the famous Jewel Incubators and Brooders before you accept *any* offer. We have outwitted all other makers again and are making the best bid of the country for your order. We have outstripped them all in quality, as usual, our record-breaking Jewel hatchers are better than ever—and our rock-bottom factory price is irresistible.

Two hatches Free to prove quality—besides a $5,000,000.00 Guarantee—and the value speaks for itself. Time Payments if wanted. We fix it so you get the *best* start on the smallest investment—*quickest* chicken profits and *most* profits for the longest time.

Jewel Incubators and Brooders

insure success from the start and *keep on* making largest possible profits for owners year after year. Surest, simplest, safest, most durable of all because they have the most *improved* features. See the letters we get from our incubator customers. Then you'll want a Jewel quick. Self-regulating, self-ventilating and a marvelous heating system that insures strong, thrifty chicks. And the Jewel Brooder *raises* them. *Send Coupon* or postal and get the banner offer of all offers for 1911—the only real bargain of the year.

M. W. SAVAGE, President
The M. W. Savage Factories
Dept. S. E. P. Minneapolis, Minn.

M. W. SAVAGE, Dept. S. E. P. Minneapolis, Minn.

Savage Factories:—Please send full particulars about your most attractive offer on Jewel Poultry Machines.

Name_____

Address_____

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

are better than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen, etc. Your name can be interwoven with a fine cambric tape in FAST COLORS. 12 dozen full name $2, 6 dozen $1.25, other prices on application. Send for Samples to

J. & J. CASH, Limited
400 Chestnut St., South Norwalk, Conn., U.S.A.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. **Casts no shadow.** Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

Learn Mute

I TEACH BY MAIL WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. Write today. Address
F. W. TAMBLYN, 417 Keyser Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

PRINT FOR YOURSELF

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

seven hundred and fifty dollars. Seventy-five dollars would be returned to the owners of the patent insides and the residue of six hundred and seventy-five dollars would be divided between us. Oh, I could see he was on the square—nothing crooked about him! He would divide even; or, wait, why not sign all the big uns up for two—three—four inches apiece?—even ten inches had passed unnoticed. They'd never notice it; and if they did they wouldn't think anything of it. We could pull off something really handsome—something like a thousand apiece? What did I say to that—eh? Pretty slick way to make money—eh? Beat working—eh? Did I have anything that could beat that—eh?

No, I admitted, I had not.

He warmed up. It would take quite a while, working, to make that amount. He was willing to bet I didn't clear that much in two months of hard grinding, sitting up nights at it too—all played out—oh, it was foolish! A nice-looking woman like me wearing myself out. "Do you know you're not nearly so good-looking as you were when you opened this office?" he gave gratis. "Every one says so; you're working yourself to death. Now"—his voice became honeyed—"I just said to myself, 'Miss Gale is a mighty fine little woman if she is a bit gruff, and I'm going to help her out. I'm going to give her a chance to get on her feet!' I always believe in helping another—especially a woman—when I see her struggling among men to get a foothold. It touches me; I think of my mother—how I loved my mother!—she's dead now. Always, when I see a woman struggling in a hard, cruel world of men, I say to myself: 'I'll help that woman—so help me!' The other fellows can knock her all they please, but I'm right on her side." He got almost weepy at that part about his mother.

"You're a real good-hearted man, after all," I said when he was busy with his handkerchief and his eyes.

"That's what I am, if I do say it myself. Any one that really knows me finds a tender spot—it's always here—for a struggling woman. Now let's sign this matter up right away, for I know you're busy." He began pulling out his book of contracts.

"Of course you consider this advertising good for the clients?" I said innocently.

"Certainly; all advertising is good. Who shall say what builds up a man's business—his car-cards, billboards—the newspapers—dailies, weeklies, monthlies—who shall say? All good—all good."

"You consider it correct to charge the client a dollar for what he could buy for himself for ten cents?"

"He can't do it. I control the patent insides and I never let them go for ten cents—unless I can't possibly get more." He added the last lamely, with a quiver of his receding chin.

"So many of my people do only a local business," I again demurred musingly. "I can't quite see how a sale of coats in this town is going to draw from the adjoining states."

"My dear Miss Gale, that is because you are new in the business and you have a woman's viewpoint. As you said yourself in that clever interview in the paper, women are fine on detail, but men are better on the outside. Now you go ahead with your nice little detail, sister; get up pretty copy for each of these clients of yours—give the Western Fruiterers ten or twelve inches—and leave the rest to me. I'm to be the man on the outside."

"People who read country weeklies buy so much canned fruit," I remarked, gazing out the window at the low, purpling hills.

"Now, see here, sister, you know as well as I do that those big fellows like the Western Fruiterers don't half the time see their ads. And if they did they wouldn't know the difference between patent-inside space and any other. A dollar an inch sounds like pretty cheap advertising."

"But, Mr.——"

"Do you know, Miss Gale, I've an awfully pretty investment up my sleeve for you?—a house on a hill in the suburbs, surrounded by tall firs and all snuggled in rose vines; just the place to rest after a hard day's work. I've just found I can get it cheap. A small deposit—five hundred dollars or so—will make it yours. I was thinking the other day, sister, how you showed the need of country air! You're going all to pieces, any one can see it; but let's get our money before we spend it—eh? Shall we sign up and have it off our minds?"

"Do you know you are the most interesting exhibit I've seen in the advertising business!" I said lazily. "I shall mark you, in my calendar, 'Exhibit A.'"

"Eh? What's that?"

"And women—good, sensible, practical women, honest women—are afraid to go into business: and it's just such little things as this they run up against," I continued in a musing tone.

"What's that? I don't understand you at all."

"No—and you never will; don't attempt it. Take your nice little graft to some agency—if you can find one—that hasn't already been bilked by your schemes. You must have just about milked this town dry when you came to me to help you out."

He stared so uncomprehendingly that I was obliged to be stupidly explicit.

"That kind of thing doesn't go here." I rose.

"But, my dear Miss Gale, you are turning down the greatest ——"

"Graft going!" I finished for him. "I know it; but I'll be alive when you are dead in this town. I'll have a name for clean business when yours is as black as pitch. I'll make money and I'll make it square while you loaf about on grafted dollars. It's such men as you—and such practices—that have just about ruined advertising here; that make every firm wave off any one representing an agency; you—you ——" I changed my mind and finished: "You had better go."

I heard afterward that the Mouse said I was a mighty nice little woman and would make some man a pretty good wife; but that I had no business head; hadn't the first notion of real business—big things, you know. He wished me well, but I'd come to grief in time. I was a fad now—new from the East and all that—but my clients would see that a man was required to handle big things in a big way.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Anne S. Monroe relating the experiences of a woman advertising agent. The second will appear in an early number.

Venomous Toadfishes

UNTIL within very recent years it was denied that such a thing existed in the world as a venomous fish. Yet the notion was a mistake.

It has been proved that certain toadfishes, native to the waters that wash the shores of the American continent in warm latitudes, are exceedingly venomous. To handle them is highly unsafe, inasmuch as to do so is to invite a wound not only painful locally but producing secondary effects, including fever, similar to those that follow the sting of a large scorpion.

Strange to say, the instrument used to convey the venom is in its general design much like that employed by a cobra or rattlesnake. It is hollow, exceedingly sharp at the point and connected with a large poison sac which, when squeezed by pressure on the point of the piercer, emits its contents with a squirt—under suitable circumstances—into the wound that the piercer makes.

This is exactly the principle on which the serpent's apparatus works; but the piercer of the toadfish is not a tooth. It is a spine. Just as the snake has two grooved fangs that carry venom, so the fish is provided on its back behind the head with two spines, to serve as weapons. Each one—as in the case of the serpent's teeth—has its own poison sac.

Dr. Barton A. Bean, of the Smithsonian Institution, discovered, incidentally to a study of the venomous toadfish, that a moderate pressure on one of the creature's spines would cause it to pierce its covering of skin, and simultaneously the poison would be ejected with force.

A specimen that had been in alcohol for thirty years, when treated in this manner experimentally, threw the contents of its sac—still fluid—to a distance of more than two feet.

It seems there are in reality a great many species of poisonous fishes. On numerous occasions it has been noticed that the wounds made by the spines of certain finny creatures produced symptoms far more serious than could be accounted for by the mere mechanical laceration. In some such cases, at all events—as proved by recent investigation—a true venom, secreted in glands, is accountable for the mischief.

For Your Protection These Standard Marks

Our business for fifty years has been the making of solid gold and gold-filled watch cases—not the *works* of a watch, but the *case*. Our trademarks stamped in a watch case have always meant absolute integrity in assay and bullion value.

When you buy a gold watch from a reliable jeweler the chances are that you get one of our cases. If not, then you probably pay the price of our case and get something else.

That is the thing you want to find out.

When a jeweler points to the words stamped inside a case "Guaranteed for 25 years" or "20 years," remember that a guarantee means nothing of itself. Your guide is the integrity of the maker back of the case.

Some day there will be a law regulating meaningless guarantees. At present there is nothing to prevent an irresponsible maker from guaranteeing for a period of years a watch case made of base metal and washed with gold.

Every Good jeweler knows our marks and the quality of our cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.

CRESCENT GOLD FILLED — KEYSTONE 14K KEYSTONE SOLID GOLD — JAS. BOSS GOLD FILLED

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
PHILADELPHIA

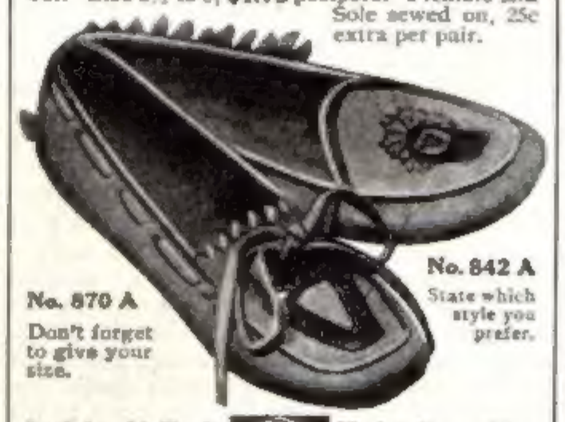
Try a pair of
"Yipsi" Moccasins
for Solid Comfort

Made from Ypsilanti Moosehide, soft and pliable as thick velvet, warm as heavy felt and durable as rawhide.

For Men—an ideal den or smoking slipper. Travelers, put a pair in your grip. Size 5½ to 10, postpaid. . . . $2.00

For Ladies—a dainty dressing shoe. Mothers find them silent and warm to slip on at night. Size 2½ to 7, postpaid. $1.90

For Boys—a real Indian Shoe for indoors or out. Size 2½ to 5, $1.75 postpaid. Flexible Elk Sole sewed on, 25c extra per pair.



No. 870 A — Don't forget to give your size.

No. 842 A — State which style you prefer.

Look for this Trade YIPSI Mark in Every Shoe

Your dealer can get these or we will send either style shown and guarantee to please you. Booklet of a dozen other "Yipsi" Indian Shoes mailed free.

Ypsilanti Indian Shoe Co., 260 Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.
Dealers—Write for terms on these fast sellers.

"Woman's Work is *Always* Done"

if, when sewing, she can call to her aid that little labor saver, that protector of woman's health so largely in use the country over—in homes and in shops—

THE BISSELL
SEWING MACHINE MOTOR

which does the sewing in less than half the time, and much easier than the old way of foot-pedaling. The motor does all the *hard* work. Easily attached to any machine, including drop-heads, in place of the hand wheel, and connects to any electric light socket. Electricity costs only one-half cent per day, three cents per week. *Perfect control.*

Send for Booklet—"Sew Without Labor." It's for women and it's *free*. Sold on easy payments or for cash. Address Dept. 24.

THE BISSELL MOTOR COMPANY
228 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO — 209 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

?

A

Valentine Puzzle

$50, 1st Prize
$25, 2nd Prize
$15, 3rd Prize
$10, 4th Prize

Do you recognize the outline of the jar within the heart? We say you will. Many advertising experts say you won't. They say that we make the contest too hard.

Come, clever and observing people! Come, amateur detectives! Prove you exist. There are rewards for the cleverest. **Warning!** Don't be too sure that you are right. Like most popular products, this cleansing massage cream has been widely imitated in regard to shape of jar, color of cream, etc. Try this puzzle on your husband, wife or friend! Hold up this page before him or her and ask what product comes in jars of this shape, and what company made popular the following famous sentence:

"Don't envy a good complexion; use ———— and have one"

The Contest. Write on a sheet of paper a sentence of ten words or less. This sentence must contain the name of this cleansing massage cream, and said sentence must suggest its merits and benefits in a truthful, logical way. For the four best sentences, we will award the above cash prizes totaling $100 to four persons.

Suggestions: We like sentences such as these: "Don't envy a good complexion; use ———— and have one." (C. F. Ahr, of Denver, Colo., won $25 prize for that sentence in a previous contest we held.) Again: "———— gives to all what Nature denies to many,—complexions." (R. F. Reynolds, New York City, won $50 for that.) Again: "———— clears the skin like a month in the mountains." ($15 to D. R. Frary, Philadelphia, Pa., for that.) Again: "———— introduces you to your handsomer self." ($10 to L. L. Gearheart, Buffalo, N. Y., for that.)

In short, study the above and the following: Write out a dozen sentences. Have your family or friends decide which is best. Make your prize sentence simple, clear and truthful. Don't claim for this massage cream any virtues which we ourselves do not claim.

Note. This famous product is not a "cold," "grease" or "vanishing" cream. They have their uses, but this invigorating massage cream is entirely different in purpose, uses and results. Remember, use cold creams for cold cream uses, but for an invigorating, cleansing massage, get ———— ———— ————.

Will Your Cold Cream Thus Benefit Your Skin?

1. Will your cold cream get into the pores, and after a few moments of massaging *roll out*, laden with dust and other infecting matter which cause so many complexion ills? *This cleansing massage cream will.*

2. Will your cold cream bring a natural, healthy glow to the face? *This invigorating massage cream will.* It is so scientifically made that a slight invigorating friction induces the rosy circulation through your cheeks.

3. Will your cold cream remove the dried and discolored tissues, which cause many a dull, sallow, lifeless complexion? *This massage cream will.*

4. Will your cold cream work without clogging the pores, or without leaving any greasy, sticky or shiny after-effects? *This greaseless massage cream will.*

5. Briefly, will your cold cream change an unattractive skin into one that indicates the "clean-cut" man or the "deliciously clean" woman? *This completely cleansing massage cream surely will.*

TRIAL JAR AND ART PICTURE

sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. For years you have heard of the merits and benefits of this standard face cream. In order to get you to act **now**, we will send you both for 10c, a trial jar and a beautiful Art Picture whose Art Store value we hesitate to state lest you think we exaggerate. You do not have to enter contest in order to get trial jar and picture. This is a rare offer. Clip the coupon now, enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and packing.

All dealers
50c, 75c and $1

NOTE

The above jar shows a style of our product you may have seen, although that style of jar is not bought much except by barbers, professional massage specialists, etc.

RULES

1. Only one sentence of ten words or less from each person.

2. Your sentence must contain the first name of this massage cream, and may contain its last two names.

3. Write no letters. Use sheet of paper with *only your sentence*, your *name*, and your complete *address on it.*

4. Letters postmarked later than March 6, 1911, will not be entered in contest.

5. Announcement of prize winners made April 15, 1911, in this magazine.

6. No questions can be answered on this contest.

7. You do not have to send for trial jar and picture offered above, though you may send coupon when you send us your prize sentence.

8. Use address on coupon.

You may send this coupon with or without a contest sentence

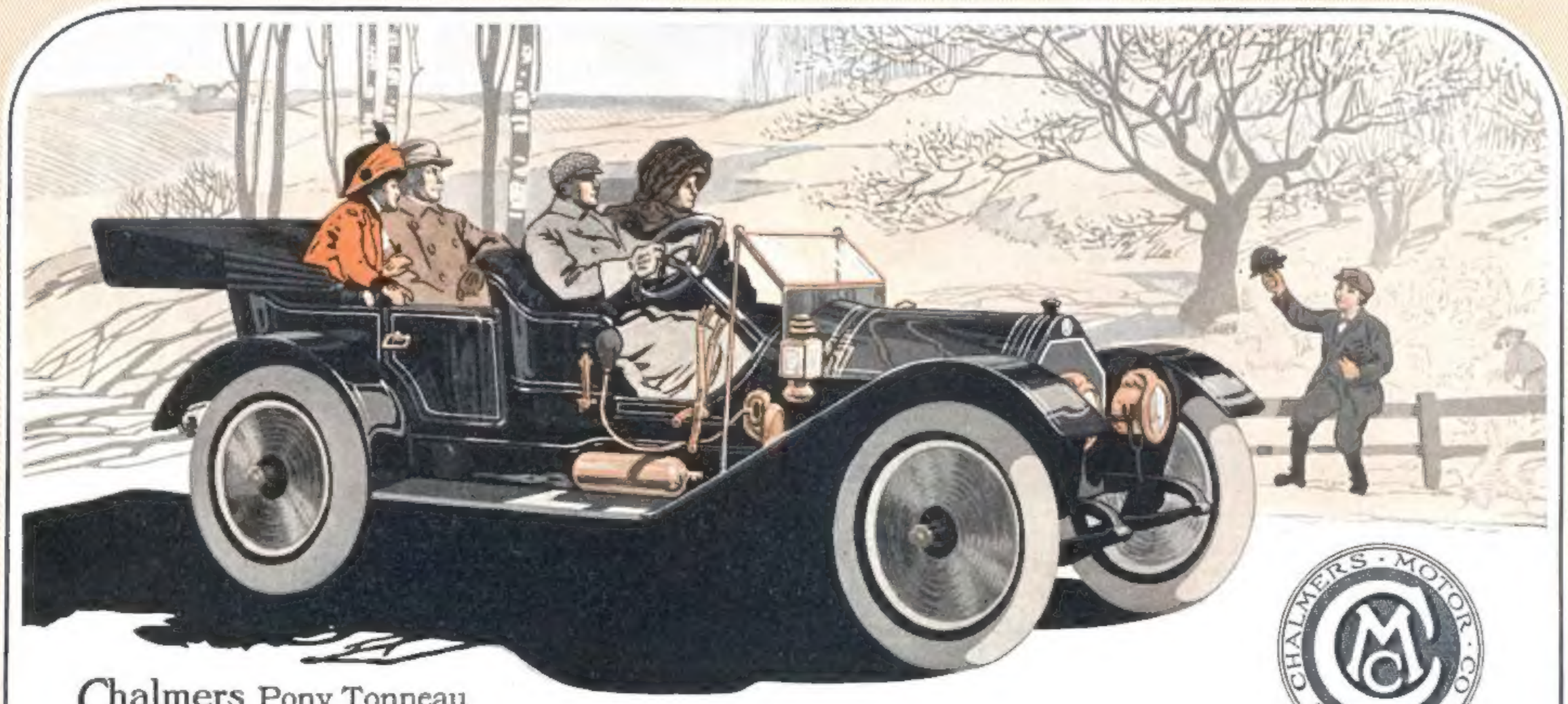
General Offices: 409 Tenbusch Building
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. Please send me a trial jar of your famous massage cream and an Art Picture.

Name ————————————

Address ————————————

City ———————— State ————



Chalmers Pony Tonneau
$1600

Spring Days are Motoring Days

This Monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Spring is now just over the hill to the south of you, or a night's ride at most. It will be at your front door in a week or so, teasing you out to the fields, the woods and the open roads.

Certain wonderful things have happened in this land each spring for a long, long time. Those certain things will happen again this year: The snow and ice will slip into the earth and into the streams; the ground will warm and soften; sap will mount in the trees and swell the buds; a robin will hop around on the front lawn; fresh green grass will spring up by the road-side; a crocus will burst through the soil, amazingly as song from a bird's throat; there will be plowing and planting in preparation for new harvests and new wealth; the golf links will get good again; and the World's Champion Athletics will be beaten by 'Possum Hollow in a practice game down South. Thus shall we know that spring is here.

The spring is the best motoring time of the year, except possibly summer, fall and winter.

Certain wonderful things have happened *in you* each spring, too, and they will happen again this year: New life and new desires will surge through you. Most of all the race-old instinct to move about—the instinct to "hit the trail"—will itch in your heart and burn in every pulse.

You will yearn for change, for movement and variety—most of all for what we call "the country," where corn grows and flowers bloom and birds sing—where fresh air and sunshine are free and unavoidable.

To gratify this ever-recurrent yearning to be out and on your way, there is nothing so good as a motor car. In a good car you can see 200 miles of country—your whole county—half your state—in a day.

A motor car not only satisfies your desire for motion and for change: It renews your health and vigor; fills your lungs with the sweet spring air; wipes away the cobwebs that in-door winter living has lodged in your tissues. It is a joy to all the family. It educates the children because it takes them to the country where they can see things grow. The best education is in things rather than in books.

Your car saves time. Every day it "makes two minutes grow for you where only one minute grew before."

You can't always get the car you want just when you want it. The demand for Chalmers cars has always been so strong that it has seldom been possible for a dealer to supply a car immediately. An order placed at once for a Chalmers would, however, insure your getting your car before the spring days are gone.

It seems to be unusually fitting to have a fine new Chalmers car—beautiful in its grace of line, smooth paint and polished glass and brass—pull up in front of your door some bright spring day, to be yours, to have and to drive. Somehow or other this seems right in keeping with the season,—sort of a new Easter outfit, so to speak.

Chalmers "30"—$1500. Chalmers "Forty," $2750.

Some Questions For You

Chalmers cars are good cars. You have the word of 12,900 Chalmers owners if you care to ask them. You have the word of other makers and sellers of motor cars if you care to ask them. You have the record of Chalmers cars in all kinds of contests—their crowning victory being the winning of the Glidden Trophy in the longest, most trying tour ever held.

The most satisfied Chalmers owners are those who have owned other cars. They best know the differences—the many important details that make the Chalmers more satisfying.

A few years ago when you started out on even a short motor trip the serious question always was: "Can I get back?" Nowadays with any one of many cars, the chances are 999 in a thousand that you will get back, no matter how long your trip. Nowadays the buyer must ask other questions than—"Will it take me there and bring me back?" Such questions, for instance, as:

How long will this car last and keep its youth and its good appearance and its wholesome sound? Will it be economical? Is there an organization back of this car that can make good the guarantee of service?

Has this car beauty of line and finish? Refinements? Style? Will it give the uttermost comfort at all times to driver and passengers, even the children and older people?

Will it be a good seller in a year, two years, five years from now? A Chalmers car will be because our strict one price policy establishes a standard price for second hand Chalmers cars.

As for the answers to these other questions we believe the Chalmers Company can give better answers than any Company in the business. For these answers we refer you to our dealers and the cars.

Judging by our sales records, they give pretty good answers. Our dealers are in all leading cities. We will be glad to send name of the one nearest you on request. Also our new catalog E.

Chalmers Motor Company, (Licensed under Selden Patent) **Detroit, Mich.**